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## RICHES.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

*Adam to Lambert.*

DEAR FRIEND: I have been here in my native place since yesterday. How everything has changed! Not that I am surprised to find that rascal Bungert's nose shining with a brighter glow, or to see that round-cheeked little Gundula has grown into a pretty girl—that is all natural enough, and was inevitable—no, I am only amazed to see how the hand of man—for what are ten years, Lambert?—has made a stirring, busy world out of the deepest of woodland solitudes. The place is transformed!—changed so that I can never find it again—never find again what it used to be to me, Lambert.

A bit of my life hung upon it! From it, as a child, I struck out the roots of my being—extending them very far—and bound myself fast to noble Mother Earth.

You would smile if you could see how I sit here on a little detached plot of heather, about which forgotten flowers still linger as reminders of old times; how I sit and mourn, as the Jews once mourned upon the ruins of Jerusalem.

"Ruins!" you would say; "you are dreaming! Ruins here, where everything glistens with newness; where even nature appears like a neatly ordered room!"

You are right—I am dreaming; and it's true that dreaming is out of place here. Restless saw-mills toil on, screeching as they work; chimney after chimney fills the neighborhood with smoke; darkness fills the air; loathsome odors; clouds that do not come from heaven. Are there not enough in preparation for us? Must we also shamefully becloud the trifle of free air that our northern Nature possesses? Truly, it is a horribly harsh and discordant sound that

pervades this region!—discordant even for less sensitive nerves than mine. It drives *me* nearly wild. Must all the voices of Nature be overcried by it? If this devilish machinery is to have the last word, then let men, too, be made different from what we are! Lambert, I feel like one who has been robbed of what he held dearest. It was my child's paradise: what has been destroyed here belonged to me; for I had taken possession of this fair region with my very soul, with all my thoughts. Barbarians of the New Era! are there not barren places enough on earth where you could have built your old bone-mills, your paper-mills, rag-mills, and the rest; your breweries, distilleries, dye-houses? The place is sickened and poisoned with them! Need you have chosen this holiest temple of Nature—these sacred beech-groves, these gentle slopes, crowned with green, between which the merry brooks run like children at play?

All that can be called *spirit*—take the word as you will—all that I should call "good spirits," have abandoned this cursed place; it has been entered in the great arithmetical problem of life, in which nowadays the cipher plays so great a rôle! My cousin Laurence carries his fat paunch proudly; the creator of a world could not be prouder than he is of his factory. What would he say if he knew that I spoke of missing something—here, where everything smells of money, tastes of money, is valued in money, swelling with wealth?—that I spoke of anything having been destroyed—here, where his strong purposes lift themselves to heaven like the very sign-posts of order! With him I count as the troglodyte—the barbarian. His beliefs and my beliefs are at perpetual war. My creed has a real reverence for some old tree; *his* shudders, if the nut-wood that is in it goes unused. Mine delights in flowery meadows, in the scattered bloom of the

shrubbery; his tears up everything that is not of immediate use. Every corner is fenced in, squeezed out, till the most insignificant sparrow could not find a grain of corn left free to him. It is incredible, the number of places where one is not allowed to go—not allowed to stand; if it could be done, sun, moon, stars—yes, even the bit of sky under which we breathe—all would be rented, for money!

In spite of it all, I can not help having a certain respect for this new era—for this great iron fist—which has brought such an empire into being, and sustains it. Only—it is not *my* empire. When I see our hands side by side, Lambert, I have to laugh; it is really a phenomenon in natural history—two utterly different species—and they are to be united!

Poor little Gundula! What sin have you committed, that you are treated thus?

Those few thalers, that my father advanced to hers, may cost her dear. If the good child only had the least dislike for me, I could not do it. It is for my mother's sake. My poor mother, who has borne so much for me, shall never want again if I can help it.

I am acting in this matter quite after my own heart; and yet it often seems to me as though the most extraordinary things arose to give it another result. I can never *live* here, as I understand *living*. It may be healthful for me; but thus far I feel ill—sick for my old circle, for companions who think like me. We went on in one path—happy, untroubled, speaking the same language—toward the same hallowed country. Woe is me, that I have been permitted to live thus far with truly congenial souls! It is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man.

#### *Lambert to Adam.*

Old friend, I expected your Jeremiad. You have not wandered beneath the palms without being punished for it! But, as soon as you acclimatize yourself a little, you can erect again the grove you had here—only that in the new one you will have a trifle better eating. I have always looked upon poesy as a bad trade, and haven't concealed that opinion from you; yet in spite of it we have remained good friends from childhood up. Why shouldn't it be the same with Cousin Laurence? You Sunday-children of humanity need a strong lining, like us, for your light summer raiment. But, apart from all that, is there anything more poetic than when happiness looks out upon one from such kindly maiden's eyes? Marry the good girl that loves you—even because she is wont to hear you spoken of as her destined husband: habit is a strong ally. You despise money; good, despise

it; but artists must first *have* it, in order to despise it. Believe me, money is a thoroughly poetic thing, if you only call it "*gold*." Who doesn't love it—only under different names—power, honor, position—in short, all those things which appear desirable in this walk through the dust that they call "*Life*"? Even the dog sees whether one has it, and, yelping, snaps at the beggar's rags. We have experienced it ourselves—a torn coat, a shabby hat, and one's dignity as a man is as good as gone.

Ah! I wish I could scatter it with full hands! How I would despise it then! Why should I have this taste for a cultured luxury, for refined enjoyment, that is wanting in so many rich men?

You are an enviable fellow, Adam! Only the other day I saw your little gold-fish, with her great, surprised-looking eyes—blue eyes, full of a heavenly lack of wisdom. For simplicity is a rare thing in this era of over-clever women, who never let a man get a little well-earned rest for his brain, in his dressing-gown and slippers. Why do you hesitate? Though the spring of your verses comes from Parnassus itself, it will not bring grains of gold with it. Who has time or inclination to read verses now? You would need to put the stock-market report into rhyme.

You are frightened, my dear fellow, because you are just beginning to see that one must come out of his child's paradise. But, first, what is *necessary*—and then pleasure will come back again.

#### *Adam to Lambert.*

You are right—the necessary first! My mother must be provided for. She can only stay here in case of my marriage—here, where she has everything that her feeble condition demands. I shudder when I think of the days in which she suffered from real want; you only half shared this experience with me, for there are miseries that one does not speak of.

I wrote till my fingers were sore. I was willing to lower, to degrade my art, in order to turn it into current coin—but one might as well try to make himself a new nose. I never hit upon what pleased or satisfied this age—whose child I am, nevertheless. With all my work, with all my wakeful nights, with all the strength, power, fertility, that I felt within me, I could not succeed in comfortably providing for that one poor life!

That was a bitter time for me, Lambert. I began to despise my art. My world seemed suddenly to dissolve in mist—the world in which I lived, and which seemed to me as real and as justifiable as yours to you. The ground beneath my feet began to tremble; I looked askance and enviously at the work of men whose hands often filled themselves with gold by a stroke of the

pen. "Money," I cried, as I heard them cry around me—"money is the chief end, the criterion of all things, the time and purpose of life." It pursued me like a brain-fever.

Just then came Cousin Laurence, and rescued me. His fortune was on the increase. He took my mother to his home; and the final solution of the matter was to be my marriage with Gundelchen. I was satisfied with it all—I felt nothing then but that for the moment I was free. Free! I remember the day yet. Nature was in its freshest youth. I went out through the gate, and lay down upon the grass; above me the blue sky, to which I once more looked up with free eyes.

How happily we roamed through the world then, as though it belonged to us! Tell me, Lambert, did we really ever want for anything? It's so easy to live when one is young and strong! Why could it not remain so? Why must life always bring forward problems that tear our very hearts, and that we can not answer?

I delayed my decision from day to day. Cousin Laurence is kindness itself—he treats me like a sick person, in whose case a well man can not understand why he has not an appetite for good food. He loves me entirely and completely, with the whole strength of his healthful heart. But I, Lambert, am like one who is secretly hiding a treasure. In my heart there is a hoarding-place that I can not open to him—I can not—either to him or to Gundula, much as I may try; and in that close-locked chamber lie my best powers. Am I not false to them, Lambert? Do I not take what is true and give what is not true in return?

I often ask my cousin, "Are you not giving me your child too carelessly?" Then he laughs in his sonorous voice, and answers: "My dear boy, what are you going to do with her, then? A good son always makes a good husband. I have chosen you especially for my little Gundula, for where there is honey comes many a fly. The child is not adverse to it; the devil himself must needs interfere if the plan does not succeed. You have no other attachment?" "None but art," I reply. "Well, we are not jealous of the Muse—neither Gundula nor I. Write as many billets-doux as you like to that apocryphal personage. I can't see the importance of your ink-splatters, nor can you that of my machines; but in one thing we are in accord—esteem for one another, just as we are." He is right, Lambert; I respect this energetic nature from the bottom of my heart.

*Lambert to Adam.*

Cousin Laurence is the shrewder of the two! Live and let live. How comfortable he makes it

for you, yet how cautiously he reserves his own domain at the same time! Truly, it's only in combination that you two make up a complete man. You, with your fastidious taste, want some one to dig your truffles for you; and it's all the better if he does it gracefully and *con amore*. Ah! I should know how to prize such a father-in-law! Make an existence for yourself, such as it is the fashion for great artists to lead in these days. How cheerfully and brightly art bears luxury and wealth in these times of ours! Make your Muse a convenient lodging-place on earth—you can't do more, for there are too many disagreeable things in the world that can't be cured in any way whatever. Alas for ideals that must make our daily bread for us! They run till their feet are sore, and yet accomplish nothing. It is pitiable, how they go about with their treasures of thought, exposed to every blast of criticism, every gust of fashion. What seems precious beyond words to-day is good for nothing to-morrow: one lives quickly nowadays. Save yourself from it; and think yourself happy to come out of difficulties with a true and simple child, like your Gundelchen, beside you.

*Adam to Lambert.*

Simple! What is simple in the world in these days, Lambert? To me Gundula seems decidedly complicated—we understand scarcely one time in seven.

You call her simple! Heavens! in contrast with her I might rather be called so myself. Her costume, her coiffure, even—all are enigmas. A wonderful structure, in which I can truly hardly discover her little person—never discover, indeed, what is art and what nature. Her little head is full of all the worldly wisdom that you miss in me. Perhaps you don't know that she has been at a boarding-school? What is there that girls don't learn there? When her friends from town collect at her house for a coffee-party, you should hear the twittering—like a nest of young birds. An owl couldn't sit among them more shyly and embarrassed than I. I don't know how to put in one fitting word out of the whole store of my thoughts. If I am alone with her, she too is silent; and we two, who have so little to say to one another, must solve the great problem of life.

Cousin Laurence says: "Be glad when your wife can keep quiet in your presence; I wish mine had understood the art." But I detest all that is dead, that is dumb; for me, everything must speak, even shrub and forest. A watch that stops, a bird that doesn't sing, a human being that doesn't talk to me, make me sad. Am I on the right path? Am I a sleep-walker, whom they are calling here and there, and who, waked out of his dream, sees an abyss at his feet?

Why do my little earnings discourage me, as I see them losing themselves in this great stream of gains? Why am I ashamed of them? Are they not the fruit of my labor? Is not every man in his true place who feels that he is offering his shoulder to lighten the common burden of life? And am not I doing that? Is not a word which falls as a fructifying seed into the soul often of more use than all this busy striving? And yet it confuses my vision, draws it downward toward the earth. What a real, tangible thing this profit is! Have I been living in error? Does the center of gravity of our being lie in this manual labor, in this all-subduing materialism?

*Lambert to Adam.*

Let it lie where it may—every man accepts it according to his own ideas. I am not surprised that Miss Gundula is silent in reply to such questions. How can you expect an echo, except in answer to your own voice? Besides, you have always said, "Poets expect their answer from the world." Were you to speak with tongues of fire, who, in this every-day life of ours, could understand such stuff? It would be nonsense to many besides that innocent child. Once more is Cousin Laurence right: far better would it be, in the daily business of life, if there were less talking.

Why can you, moreover, not be comfortably happy? Why all these scruples. Suppose yourself to live in the land of your dreams, without care, without labor. Nothing else will be demanded of you. Could you the live-long day lie idly beside verdant slopes, it would give you new vigor. Why this sudden longing for a burden to sustain? Enjoy life, for that, too, is an art.

*Adam to Lambert.*

Enjoy! What can I enjoy here in this desolate place—this prosaic industry, under which human beings toil, chafe, and consume themselves until they are no more than machines or beasts of burden? My land of dreams is far from this splendid misery, where want and degradation, side by side with superfluity, look with hungry, envious eyes upon the favored ones. I call to mind one day: we were three of us in a place overgrown with ivy, and half concealed from view. We had been walking beneath a summer sun, and the moist, luxuriant verdure was a sight doubly welcome. In a kind of enchantment we threw ourselves upon the ground; here and there through the foliage we caught glimpses of cooling streams—blossoms, leaves, all filled with sunshine and moisture. Countless insects, seeking enjoyment and fanning the sultry air with glistening wings, hovered around us, all in the fullest happiness of innocent life. There,

in the midst of this ecstasy of living things, there fell upon me something of this same irresponsible Eden-like joy—every creature rich in happiness, lovingly cared for; and I slept as a child sleeps, at once near earth and God. Here, in my cousin's home I could not rest, could not remain inactive. I am a stranger here—a stranger! of no use, and capable of doing nothing.

II.

THE room appropriated to Adam's mother was in the most retired part of the house. One thing, however, had found an entrance there—selfishness. Bodily infirmity, unless transfigured by a light from beyond this earth, is peculiarly a victim to it. The highest consideration of which the sufferer is capable is his own physical well-being. And who can blame him? Suffering can not be measured. From his point of view every one in health is happy.

Why did the devoted son hesitate to make his cousin's house his own? To her, the price demanded, his marriage with a beautiful, wealthy maiden, did not appear unreasonably high. Besides, in no better way could Cousin Laurence pay the debt which he had in former years, though against her will, incurred with her husband. She had loved Adam's father, but never approved of him; his son was like him to a hair. She regarded them both as visionaries, to whom others must show the right way through the world. Her work, in consequence, was the rolling stone of Sisyphus. Money, in such hands, vanishes as sand through a child's fingers. To no one could they refuse anything; therefore, when Cousin Laurence came, a vigorous though poor young man, asking a loan, Adam's father gave him all that he had. Had it remained in his own keeping, it would have flown like chaff; here it fell upon good soil. From the tiny seed springs the lofty tree, from a small beginning often arises a great fortune. Adam idolized this father—to him he seemed the ideal of all that was glorious; had a golden halo suddenly encircled his head, the child would not have been surprised. He took him with him in many a long walk through wood and field, showed to him Nature's thousand wonders in the light of poetry; or, tired with walking, they sat down in a verdant solitude, and the child listened devoutly, when the father would repeat with glowing eloquence verses from the old masters, whose tones seemed to him music, while unconsciously their beauty sank into his soul and unfolded its buds, like heaven's own light. From the poverty of their small dwelling they trod these green halls as though belonging to a palace. If he had oftentimes longed for the toys of wealthy children, here he thought himself richer than they



all. On other evenings the father would read aloud, surrounded by spectators. He remembered one particular evening—above them the many-leaved lindens in whose fragrant blossoms ditty bees were humming. The glowing sun was sinking to rest behind the wood, but it seemed to him that its light lingered long upon his father's face. How he loved that father! How he rejoiced when the applauding voices of the listeners shouted around him! A king he seemed to the child. In such a world of enchantment he would fain live. In comparison all else seemed poor, mean, and unreal. And now he was to end his days in Cousin Laurence's factory!

In strange confusion his duties lay before him. Which was the greatest? Could he refuse his mother the aid which she asked of him?

Her daily question was: "How do you progress with Gundula? You act as though you thought I had so much time before me that I could afford to wait for this last joy."

He kissed her pale hand. "If it had depended on me alone to procure it for you, it would long ago have been yours."

"It does not depend upon the child," said she, bitterly; "she is only waiting for you."

"The child," he repeated, "knows not what she is doing. I do know it, and I can not feel myself worthy of her."

"Ah! that is strange," said she; "sometimes you think yourself superior to the whole world, and now you say you are not good enough for such a little maid. These are nothing but your dreams, Adam, the webs of your brain."

"Dreams, mother, often come to the soul from heaven."

"But are not sufficiently durable for earth, my son. Give me the right to remain here; it is not the least of my trials that I am sheltered here, an invalid, and dependent on their kindness. For long years I have hoped for relief. Shall I also perish miserably, like your poor father?"

Then came to Adam's mind the day on which his dear father had died. All around was poverty, but at that moment appeared a most glorious background to those poor surroundings. He saw the dying man lie before him, in the majesty of a noble death. Could any one die more gloriously—as a star extinguished in heaven's azure? Long, long remained the splendor of that departure in his soul.

"Would that I could live and die like him!" said the youth; "and that I need not like a beggar reach forth my hand for wealth which is not mine."

"The old story," said the mother; "and I must be set aside for your far-fetched ideas."

"No!" cried he. "I will do as you wish, will sacrifice my inmost being, and in your happiness seek mine."

### III.

#### *Adam to Lambert.*

ALL is over—I have pledged my word. The good, loving child! I must ever be her debtor, for with what can love be bought if not with love? Can a man have so little power over his own soul that he can not inspire it with a feeling which he must and will have?

As I have said, it would indeed be strange if two well-disposed people who want to love each other could not succeed in doing so.

Once, Lambert, I had a vision of a marriage of souls—its crown, a crown of stars. We, I fear, must be content with artificial flowers. Well! what is that which the world calls happiness? Even in the midst of my deepest sorrow I have had glimpses of it—and now?

Oh! of all things in the world the greatest ingrate is the heart! If it can not have exactly what it wants and in the way it wants it, it turns angrily away and will have naught; should it on that account pine away, it can not take the water of life called love from any and every one.

The affair came off in the garden—for they have gardens here, Lambert—such gardens as though not the dear God, but the confectioner, had made them;—all so splendid, according to their fashion, so mean according to mine. Gilt fences, pale green, ornamented with silver balls in which the world appears topsy-turvy. Shade-trees are banished, all as bare as a shaved poodle. Trees are more in their place in the saw-mill. Like a snake panting for water, I shrank from the burning rays of the sun. A sort of temple as they call it, not to insult the gods, received us under its shelter.

We took our seats here, as in a bird-cage. That is what the people here call fresh air. Above us the glistening balls, toward which the sun shot fiery rays; before us the yellow gravel, along which an enormous snail crept. To what destiny was it tending? To what was I? Which of us best knew? I confined to it my philosophic reflections, and thought, "If it reaches that flower, or that grass, I will speak." But it turned about suddenly and moved off in another direction. In spite of this bad omen I took heart, and told all to Gundula as plainly and as truly as I could.

She was working on a piece of embroidery—a golden pheasant, which comes to my mind whenever I think of that moment. Coolly she let me have my say out, then looked up and laughed in my face. You know that suits her—she laughs like a child; but laughter is not al-

ways apropos in life: I never know a man truly until I have seen him weep.

"Well committed to memory," said she, and she again laughed. I felt cut, for all had indeed been prepared and put together beforehand. "You should at least have put it into verse," she continued, merrily, "though certainly I am not a fit subject for poetry. Why should we imagine such nonsense? We will marry, like good children who do as their parents bid them; and it is not so bad, after all. You take me for your mother's sake, and I—" (she paused, the blood mounted to her face), "because I like you, Adam."

Then we kissed each other. As I looked up—you will laugh, Lambert, but it put me out of humor—I saw our distorted image in the balls; it is somewhat awry, in point of fact. As to disposition we suit each other passably. When she looks at me so kindly through her childlike blue eyes, a feeling of blissful warmth transfuses my stubborn heart. If I could but take her with me away from this barbarous luxury, away from this civilization which is no civilization—could we but live together in some quiet corner near Nature, where I could have a garden of herbs all to myself! What most keeps us apart is the weight of this property, which seems to me only a burden, banishing in the tumult of its activity all the gentle spirits whose slave I fain would be.

#### *Lambert to Adam.*

I wish you joy for the misfortune of having to marry a charming maiden, and I hope that the burden of wealth will be the heaviest that it will ever be your lot to bear. Pardon me, if there should appear on the surface of this letter something which, bitter as gall, eats at *my* heart. You speak of wealth as he that is sated of food; I am, however, among the hungry ones. You will not insult me by taking this for a begging letter. Seldom does he respect the feelings of poverty who has not Want sitting by his own hearth. Old friend, from my standpoint your sorrows seem like childish follies. They are a luxury in which your soul may permit itself to indulge, as though one could not with gold help poetry as well as all else to beautify every relation, even that of love. Want is prosaic, need is barbarous; a misfortune which becomes a pitiful, degrading misery. Could you but see me! It would be laughable, were it not, for him who has it to endure, a fit subject for crying, to see how I twist and turn in order to give to my shabby existence a respectable appearance. If only I might pitch in to win with my own muscle my right to a position in this civilized world, which asks but for gold! Hitherto I have dealt only moral blows, but they hit their man, and

can likewise annihilate you. This is a relentless age, an age of spiritual warfare, when every one makes for himself a place with his own elbow. Why should I not do the same? The power of doing harm is all that I have at my service, and shall I let it lie idle?

Enough—I am meddling with your trade, although no one could certainly call what I write by the name of poetry. But I have gained this advantage, that I have partly succeeded in throwing off the poison engendered in the soul by this dog's life of mine.

#### *Adam to Lambert.*

We are, and we always will be, egotists! Before we look about us, we stand confronting our own selves, buried in ourselves, occupied alone with our own destinies.

Poor friend! What I have to offer you can in no wise wound you. We are in as great need of you as you of us. In everything that you have ever attempted you have acquired skill. You are especially versed in manufactures, and only circumstances have forced you away from this life. Here a place is open. Come! Help us! From here you will easily work your way up. You will do us likewise a great favor, for people with an inventive head like yours are scarce; that you know yourself. In a short time my wedding will take place, and I know no more welcome guest than yourself.

#### IV.

EVERYWHERE in the spacious manufactory preparations were going on for the wedding. Business connections came together from all quarters. Relatives besides Adam and his mother there were none.

Cousin Laurence, who had come hither a young man with five thalers in his pocket, had no knowledge of his own relations—cut off, estranged from his family, as though he had never had any. No tender memory of father or mother ever came to his mind. Early accustomed to rely upon himself, he felt forcibly his own position, gained after a desperate struggle with circumstances. His friends were men of the same caliber, full of the consciousness of the strength which lay in them. With them he talked freely of things which he communicated to none else. Adam learned to know him to be a many-sided man, and discovered in him a warmth of heart which he had never suspected. These friends of his formed a phalanx through which he could not penetrate; do what he might, he remained ever on the outside—he, a being of an entirely different species, brought up under another sky, diverse from them as the Caucasian and the Ethiopian. No bridge to span the

chasm between their souls—no intercourse. He understood not their language, he could not reckon with their figures. Gundula, too, seemed every day farther and farther from him; her young girl friends, acquaintances formed at boarding-school, seemed to absorb all her interest. Mysteries, whisperings, laughing, without end, Adam saw her display herself to them in a very different character from that in which she had appeared to him. There was a joyous reality in these young spirits, a childlike demeanor which he in vain endeavored to approach. For the first time in his life he thought himself old. A kind of soul-weariness overcame him, a kind of relaxing of the muscles of laughter. He was like a deaf man who can not understand the jest at which every one else is almost convulsed with laughing. He wrote to his friend:

"A change is taking place in me. I would be like others here, and I seek to suit myself to them when I can. My opinion is here the opinion of no one: were we to interchange ideas, there would be a new Babel. But one must accommodate himself to the climate of the country in which he is to live. These people look down upon me, because in life he who takes hold of it practically has always for the time being the advantage, and he enjoys this advantage for a while; the question, however, is, for how long?"

"Now here, now there, I make a blunder. Gundula laughs at me. She may do so—it does not detract from my dignity, which I seek in other things—but the rest shall not. An uncomfortable feeling lies, like a leaden sky, over all. One thing I can not endure, this isolation of soul, this state of solitude in which I live. I need the fullest sympathy of those around me; if it were only a dog, I could not live unless I were in a certain *rapport* with him. I will break through the wall which surrounds me; why should I not make myself happy after their fashion? I am determined to be happy. Every day I labor in the factory with old Bungert, and learn book-keeping. I will awake, for really it appears to me that I must have been in a dream."

*Lambert to Adam.*

Now I see that you really are in need of my help. I will come. You lost to art! ridiculous! The sacred fire of your soul would not avail to boil the thinnest soup of common life. Leave that to others, my dear friend. You can become a very passable poet, but a most miserable manufacturer. Do not be vain enough to think that every career is open to you. Every one has his own path, and from entangling these various paths arises the greatest unhappiness. First

make sure of Miss Gundula, then all will be well; then you can set off with her upon a journey to your much-praised country. Cousin Laurence and I will keep house charmingly. Man is a born rebel: be Fate to him never so kind, he finds a way to ruin the game.

V.

THE wedding-day was at hand. Gundula, amid the cheers of her young companions, had tried on piece after piece of finery. Entirely absorbed in the silken pennons which hung, so to speak, as a curtain before her destiny, she took no note of her betrothed until she observed that Adam's interest in these externals was as far short of its due measure as hers exceeded it. For him there were needed preparations of a very different nature.

She accosted him: "But, Adam, you have nothing—nothing at all, in which you can be married."

"Nothing?" repeated he, astonished. "I must have a plenty of things."

"Nothing new," she continued; "all your things are old, and out of fashion. On a day like that one must put on a new man."

"I did not know that that consisted in one's coat."

"I confess," she continued, somewhat pettishly, "that your exterior goes for nothing with you. A man who travels all over the world with a single change of linen, and a hair-brush in his pocket, can not have many ideas on the subject. But something is demanded of us by the people, and they have a right to demand it. My wedding-dress is of the heaviest silk, and a half-yard longer than that of Lisa, who works in the sugar-refinery. If it were necessary, it could stand alone at the altar."

"You do not expect that of my coat, do you?"

"We do not understand each other," said she, angrily. "When I am in fun you think I am in earnest, and when I am in earnest you are the one to jest."

Thereupon she came to an agreement with him in regard to the important matter in question, and began to console him after this fashion:

"You will soon get accustomed to style when we are in our beautifully furnished villa. I, too, before I went to boarding-school, took up a notion that I would rather drink out of a mug in the kitchen than from a goblet of glass in the parlor. But you will soon get over that."

The house was festally arrayed, hung all over on the outside, by the workmen, with wreaths of evergreen. Within were long tables lavishly spread. Upon the lawn were large tables for the people. Cousin Laurence had a generous

soul. If anything pleased him he wished a like pleasure to others, and tried as far as in him lay to procure it for them. To Adam he was most liberal. But one condition was annexed to all this: the manufactory must never be sold; as a token of his might, it must descend from child to grandchild.

Amid all the arrangements and the clauses added to make it binding, the wedding-day approached before the contract was completed. Cousin Laurence looked with a smile of compassion upon all Adam's artistic architectural designs. "For my sake," he cried, "if you want to make a house fit for a monkey, fix it up according to the present style. You will never get me inside of that heathenish building; I go for the old, respectable, square house, made for use, without any such trumpery."

Lambert was to arrive in the forenoon. Adam went out to meet him as far as the open heath. His favorite little retreat lay forgotten, by the edge of the wood. Foaming torrents leaped from rock to rock, loosening piece after piece of ground in their destructive course, and precipitating them down the declivity. Now they would disappear from view with their burden of blossoms; then, arrested in their progress, they would form little islands upon which, as if in defiance, tall weeds rebelliously shot up, binding their roots protectingly around them. Even the cleft willow sent forth shoots of tender green, witnesses of still-remaining vitality. Greedily they stretched themselves out, drinking in the light and air, growing, spreading themselves, entirely useless, but enjoying the splendor so bountifully lavished.

Adam lay buried in weeds, his gaze, as usual, turned toward the blue sky—no longer free. Tomorrow would be the day. He had let it steal upon him almost unconsciously, dreamer that he was, and now a bolt shot into his soul, almost terrifying him. There was no retreat. He lay there almost stunned with a sense of guilt from which he could not divest himself. Oh, that he were dead!

Meanwhile, approached Lambert under the burning noonday sun, his pack in his hand, dusty, weary, and depressed in spirit. The pedestrian upon a country road, covered with dust, and overcome with the heat, plays no very elevated part. Sulkily he thought: "If I were rich a welcome of a very different sort would await me; everything depends upon that." With envious eyes he looked around on the flourishing manufacturing village, one of the most important settlements made by Cousin Laurence, situated on an eminence, like a citadel of the new era. In long rows stood the houses of the operatives, without the slightest individuality about any one of them to denote whether its occupant were

Hans or Conrad. It gave to the whole region the monotonous expression which Adam abhorred.

"If I were only in his place," would Lambert often sigh, "I would soon learn to create for myself many pleasant things out of this great place. Such work, I flatter myself, brings its own recompense, as surely as the blade the ear, and no one can persuade me out of the belief that for pay you can get any work done, even the most idealistic. If gold would only come in quantities sufficient to make a halo out of it! Now," said he, throwing down his bundle on the grass close to his friend, upon whom he had come without being noticed, "here is the poor parasite who comes humbly to receive alms from your abundance, the crumbs from the rich man's table."

"Let us forget that tiresome question of money, Lambert," said Adam, greeting him heartily. "It comes like a demon intruding itself into our purest thoughts. The helping hand of a friend is of more use, and no one will turn away from that when he stumbles. Besides, here the advantage is on your side. We stand in need of you."

"So much the better," answered Lambert. "I will see to it that you profit by this. You always take hold of a thing with a will, but not invariably by the right end."

"There is no right end as far as I am concerned," said Adam; "the best thing I could do would be to let go altogether. Of what use is gold to me? I do not need it."

Lambert laughed aloud.

"Do not be angry with me, but that is really barbarous. That sovereign contempt for money can be felt by none but the aborigines of the forest. Your estates must be situated in the moon."

"Not exactly," said Adam, smiling in his turn; "but they are in a different planet from yours. I despise all luxury, all elegance with its gilded discomfort; its furniture of satin, ladies' trains, white cravats, and fashionable novelties, are an abomination to me. My soul, amid all these, is starving; must it always go empty? Can all this satisfy it? It is as real as the body, for it I require life and wealth. But let us go, Cousin Laurence is expecting you."

Upon the road they met a rider driving in hot haste. As he approached, Adam recognized through the thick clouds of dust in which he was enveloped a servant belonging to the factory. Filled with fright, he called to him. Breathlessly the man told him that there had been an accident, caused by the explosion of a boiler belonging to the machinery. He was going for the surgeon; there were many injured—



how many it was not yet known; fortunately, it had happened at about noon, and many of the workmen were away. Adam and his friend hastened to the factory. Women and children were standing in crowds before the houses, crying and lamenting in their senseless fashion. The air was filled with groans. The confusion was doubly terrible, doubly sad beneath this still, clear summer sky, in this usually quiet, orderly spot. Closely pressed together a dark mass surrounded the men at the entrance of the factory, threateningly looking on. Every new arrival of a wounded man was met with a menace. "It does not matter about us," they said, "whether it is one more or less. But if we are cripples we will make them support us, for our limbs are all that we have. They shall pay dear for them. At such a time of trial the masters might at least be present," and they looked resentfully at Adam and Lambert as they pushed their way through their midst. It was incredible to them both that Cousin Laurence should not be present. To their repeated questions they received no answer. Suddenly the muttering crowd ceased its murmurs. A sudden sensation pervaded the defiant mass of humanity; reverently a way was opened. All recognize the majesty of sorrow. Cousin Laurence was, indeed, at his post. They brought him out burned, maimed, like the others—living—but a cripple. "Well," said a voice close beside him, "it had better be he than one of us—he is rich," but no one assented.

Deprived of sense, the great man lay prostrate, as falls the forest oak with all its foliage. The physician gave them hope of saving his life, but only as the shadow of its former self.

To whom does not life appear the highest of all possessions, as it is about to take its flight? It is not until after bitter griefs that one learns that it can be otherwise, and that even this noble gift can be converted by the weak hand of man into a sorrowful burden.

#### VI.

ADAM felt an emotion of joy when the physician gave his verdict. At his request, with the aid of friends, Lambert took the management of the factory. As a general he went to work, never lenient, but always just. The men, appeased and pacified in that their master had shared the fate of his people, silently obeyed him. It cut Adam to the heart as he saw one young creature after another carried by him, worse than dead. Upon the battle-field his sensations had been very different.

They bore Cousin Laurence upon a bier to his house. Gundelchen stood trembling by the door, but did not go in; she fled in horror whenever she even thought of blood and wounds.

Her companions, too, were stunned, and could not speak a word. The guests departed as soon as possible. Every one suddenly bethought himself that he was wanted at home. These men held not much counsel together. Who can be efficient when misfortune falls suddenly, like a stroke of lightning, upon our heads? Half out of his mind, as though his little destiny were the destruction of a world, the stricken one endures; no one reckons his loss according to his own measure of it, and there remains to him nothing but to suffer alone, until he returns to the common, every-day life, and sees that he was not the world.

The hitherto noisy household was now still as the grave. The half-finished garlands swung helplessly in the air, the usually prim order of the establishment was subdued by the tyrant sickness.

Gundula sat, terrified, amid all her preparations, like one suddenly reduced to poverty.

"It seems as if nothing were of any value," she sobbed; "and yet it all cost an immense amount of money. Everything will get out of fashion; who knows how puffs will be arranged when I get married?"

Her entire appearance underwent a change in the clouded atmosphere of the house. The artistic arrangement of her hair vanished, her tresses hung limp and disheveled about her face, a careless indifference succeeded to her former air of *hauteur*. At the sight of this, Adam experienced a sentiment of pity approaching to love; he drew her to himself, began to be uneasy if she were not present, and often beguiled her to her father's couch, which he seldom left.

She could not bear to remain in the darkened chamber. Like a bird caught in a snare, she would sit beside the only crack through which the light could penetrate, and impatiently await the moment when she could, with decency, leave the room. Often she would entreat him: "Come out and take a walk with me; here it is impossible to breathe. Out-of-doors the flowers are in bloom and smell so sweet! Papa takes no notice of anything, and does not even thank you for cooping yourself up with him. No one can enjoy life in that way."

But he would stay in the dark room, and she would go out alone. She would stand in the garden, chat with this one and that one, interchange words and smiles, especially with Lambert, as he came home from the factory; she was tired to death of trouble.

#### VII.

WEEKS and months flew by. Work went on at the factory as though nothing had happened, and coined money by thousands and

thousands. Its poor victims suffered and died, were forgotten, or crawled about like half-dead flies, and yet people were all eagerness to get their places. Adam lived only in his care for his cousin. Absorbed in this one thought, he no longer felt the severe struggle which had been going on in his soul during the last few weeks. Every thought of self had died out. His art was set aside, melted away into clouds, like a dream in comparison with this solemn reality whose sovereignty over that of the body was absolute—sorrow, its purple robe—suffering, its crown. For some time the mind of the sick man was beclouded. The physician feared a permanent softening of the brain, but now Cousin Laurence again began to put his thoughts into words. All that he said bore some relation to the factory. Adam endeavored to quiet him by telling him of Lambert's presence. He persisted in seeing him, received him with suspicion, and declared that he would manage everything himself. But, when Lambert came with his accounts and calculations, his poor mind again began to wander, and a violent outbreak, which renewed their old anxiety for his life, put an end to the matter. Unceasingly he would cry out that he was master at the factory, and that no one had any control there but himself. They pacified him as well as they could, and Lambert continued to manage the business, which, in his hands, became more and more prosperous. At last came the day when Cousin Laurence began to move about on crutches—his body restored to health, but his mind overclouded. It remained a mixture of consciousness and confusion, from which you could make out nothing. You could never be certain where one stopped and the other began. At times he was under the control of violent outbursts of rage—had he not been physically helpless he would have been dangerous. Every one was kind to him, but kept out of his way. It made Gundula's heart beat to hear his lame step approach her in the passage. She would enter her room and hastily bolt the door, for she had not the patient endurance of love to abide him in her presence.

But worst of all was it when he began to drag himself about in the factory. It was a pitiable sight to hear him threaten, give orders, countermand those orders, and entangle himself in his own plans. The invariable winding up of his speeches was, that he was still master here, and would show them that he was so while breath was in his body. Lambert entirely lost patience with him.

"You gray-headed old fool," he would often mutter behind him, "you master here! Your possessions are falling from your grasp like too heavy toys from the hands of children."

Adam endeavored to quiet him, but he would not listen to him. "If he is out of his mind," he would answer, "why not pronounce him so? Must people in possession of their senses guide themselves by the humors of an irresponsible person? Who is master here? Certainly, not he. You are. Conclude your marriage, and put an end to this insufferable state of affairs."

"My marriage would change nothing. As matters stand, I would never feel myself master here."

"Lunatics ought to be taken into custody," muttered Lambert to himself; "but unhappily there are here more than one. The precious Gundelchen is the only sensible person here, with her something can be done; I will go to her and try to soothe her grief, for I know it is insupportable to her."

He succeeded beyond his expectations. Once more, smiling and rosy-cheeked, she resumed the interrupted tea-parties with her friends. Adam rejoiced as one rejoices when a flower which seemed ready to perish raises its head; but not from him had gone forth the ray of brightness which brought to her the new life. A strange, sad feeling stole over him as he felt this. He had become really fond of her; it had not been in vain that he had gone hand in hand with her over a part of life's journey, however short it might have been. Now, he stood again alone, and all the restless spirits awoke within his bosom. Restlessly he wandered for miles trying to regain his composure, but he did not succeed. As, before the storm, an ominous sigh goes through all nature, his thoughts tumultuously surged within his soul. Had he had time to write it would not have helped him. He was like a man in a burning desert whose tongue cleaves to his mouth, and who can not speak. One afternoon he wandered through the wood as far as the seashore. There arose a settlement composed partly of fishermen's huts, partly of handsome country-seats, half in the wild luxuriance of nature, half trim and decorated with all the devices of art, like the birds of passage who had established themselves there, a watering-place on a small scale. Forests of oak skirted the shore; here and there between the gaps could be seen glimpses of the yellow plain, with blue thistle-flowers and blasted blades of grass. He sought out the most barren, most retired spot, and laid himself down on the burning sand. The sea, still feeling the influence of the storm just over, dashed itself threateningly against the shore. Surging billows, in some places dark from the overhanging clouds, in others shining with opalescent luster in the light, shook their drops in spray in his very face. They did good to his thirsty soul. He watched

them as they crept up close to him, and gazed wistfully after them as they rolled away from the shore. How beautiful it all was—how rich! How was it that his lot, the vast estate which awaited him, and which others would have considered as riches, seemed so poor to him in comparison with this wealth of nature?

He lay there until star after star peered through the clear blue sky, small at first, scarcely visible, then beaming, sparkling in exceeding splendor. Over the dark forest arose the moon's slender sickle. Why did he feel himself estranged from this beautiful nature, outside of all this peace, rest, and dream-life, as though he had been driven from fairy-land into bare, blank reality? Suddenly, as though the magician Night had been gifted with voice, arose the sound of a violin, now joyous, now plaintive, in its tones. The sound came from the pure air, and yet it seemed quite near, close to every ear and every heart, inspiring for the people of this world, and yet not of the world.

Adam listened attentively: this voice called him; that was his mother-tongue, which he understood, for which he had longed, as one longs for a voice from home in a strange land. As he listened, gone were all the confusing sounds which had been disturbing him. The harmony revived his soul. He followed the music as though it had been the call of a long-lost love. He found the player upon the veranda of the inn, a poor old man, and beside him a maiden of perhaps thirteen years, scantily appareled, like himself. His thin, white hair fluttered in the breeze; the lights threw a quivering brightness over the pair, and a halo around them against the darkness, while the magic tones of his violin rose to heaven. As the last note died away he was greeted by a murmur of applause, loud and prolonged, like the roar of the sea. Adam stood in the midst of the crowd, as close as possible. After a long time his heart swelled within him. The fragrant elder-blossoms, the shining stars, the sounds of applause, all intoxicated him. He would have liked to cry out: "I belong to you! Nothing else in the world concerns me."

"Like the swan, this must be his last song," said a voice near him—"old, blind, as he is, and his right hand already paralyzed; such people can not forget their gypsy life. At another time he might have coined gold out of his talent."

Adam looked about him angrily; near him stood Lambert, disturbed, excited, with a red mark on his cheek, as though from a recent blow.

"I was looking for you," said he, "and they directed me here. Awake! This sort of thing is not now for you. You will at last, and even now, be compelled to look to your own affairs.

Your cousin has treated me like a dog, but I do not love the hand that smites me. For your sake it is a pity that he does not lose the little sense that he has left. Decide! You take the reins into your own hands, and I will continue to serve you. But, if you will not be master here, then I will go. Such treatment can not be atoned for by a few pleasant words. I am not yet so poor that I must creep in the dust."

Adam took a seat beside him in a thicket of elder-bushes, whose blossoms wafted their odors around him like sweet memories. Friends and admirers were entertaining the violin-player at the table; here and there, far and near, resounded enthusiastic expressions of applause.

"Resolve now! Sell the factory," said Lambert.

"How can I sell what is not mine?"

"It will be yours as soon as you are married. A child can see that the old man is not competent to manage things, and you are not in a position to carry on so extensive a business."

"I have given my word never to sell it," said Adam.

"Such promises avail nothing in law, and usually are good for nothing except on the day that they are made. Nowadays one gets over many a thing as though it had never been said, changes his mind and intentions like a glove, with the help of that Argonaut called Progress."

"If you choose, bend before this idol," said Adam. "I stand fast, and will not move."

"As if you could! You will be hurried along—if not by your own destiny, by that of those belonging to you."

"You are right," groaned Adam. "Nothing is more certain in this world of confusion, which undermines the ground from beneath the feet of all of us. No one can say with certainty, 'This I will do, that I will not.' If you leave us, I must help my cousin as well as I can to carry on the business. I can, at least, interpose myself between him and that rogue Bungert, who takes the very marrow from the life of those poor workmen. Enough! I must take my fate upon me."

"Many a one has said that, and has perished; a keen blast blows in the murmurs of these laborers. Do not take upon yourself the duties of a reformer. That is one of the most impractical of poets' dreams. One must take things as they are, and draw all the profit that one can from the place where he may be. Do not venture with the banner of idealism into the throng of this world's children, into the struggle for existence. The one devours the other as surely as the fish does the worm; it only depends upon whose mouth happens to be the largest. Keep away from them, Adam; they demand from you

wares of another sort from the spiritual gifts you have to offer, and they will run up with you an account which you will have to pay with your heart's blood!"

They parted in coolness, each sticking to his purpose. "To-morrow morning, early," said Lambert, "I shake off the violin-dust from my feet, and I do not envy you your situation. It is the worst thing in the world to have money, and not know how to use it."

#### VIII.

ADAM could not make up his mind to go home immediately. He drew near to the table beside which sat the violin-player. The board seemed almost deserted, for the greater number of the guests belonged to the neighboring city, and the evening railway-train permitted no longer time to their enthusiasm. After an absence of many years, the old musician was once more at his native place, having buried his wife in the south, and returned home with his little daughter, who looked as though she needed a milder climate. Once he had insisted that he was at home anywhere, if he had his violin, but now, in his old age, the well-known places of his childhood, as though with spirit-hands, took possession of his soul, drew him back with enticing images of memory, until the past became to him more real than the present.

Adam recognized in the old man a favorite friend of his father, a member of his holy round-table. Those glorious evenings were once more present to his memory—he, a child, listening in the corner, half asleep, half intoxicated with joy. The blind man started at the sound of his voice, named his father's name, and a new light shone in his countenance.

"It is his son," they said to him.

"His own son," he said in a tone of satisfaction, while he passed his hands caressingly over the well-known features; "he must be like him."

It seemed to Adam that he had found, in this old man's love, a rich inheritance, which rested there like a hidden treasure, and of which he now took possession in his father's name.

"He is a poet, too," said one of the bystanders—"one of the invisible band who seek azure flowers."

"An apostate," laughingly exclaimed the second man; "an idolater, who marries presently the daughter of the rich manufacturer Laurence, and sells his soul to Mammon."

"As though gold did any harm," said another. "Everything must give way to us. It makes one a great man. Poets understand that as well as other people, and reconcile themselves to it. Art and science rule the world to-day, to-morrow, and for ever—the mind. Go to History.

Who are her heroes? Artists, all of them! Some of them, I confess, sculptors, as it were, who carve out the physiognomy of the age. Long life to intellect! That must perish which attempts to get along without this breath of inspiration!"

All assented gleefully, and Adam stood in the background with the old man and the child.

"They have spoken the truth," he said, with a troubled voice. "I am about to leave my own career and take charge of the factory. I can not do otherwise. An honorable, upright man, I think, is always in the right place." And he related to his old friend the condition in which he found himself. "Oh, that I could make wings for this dull body of toil," he concluded; "that it, too, poor, lowly labor, might find its ideal, freed from the pressure which materialism casts over it, to gain its own miserable end!"

"I fear you are not the man for that, Adam," answered the musician. "It is easy enough to the artist to build with fancy a bridge between heaven and earth, but no one has yet succeeded in doing so out of real bricks."

The little girl, meanwhile, had drawn close to her father, and put his cloak around him to protect him from the night air.

"How things are reversed in life!" said he. "Only a little while ago I took care of her, now she cares for me. It is not until one depends upon another that one knows what it is to belong to one's self. Earth and plants could not be bound closer together. Who gives? Who receives? It matters not.—Is not that so, Crescentia?"

The maiden embraced him passionately.

"If I were to argue as is now the custom in the world, the demon of gold would have got me too into his power," he continued. "Everybody has his weak side by which he can be attacked. My anxiety for my child was mine. I could not gain wealth for my Crescentia without humbling myself. Riches are not allotted to all, but I leave her something better, Adam; a name which brings many people together, all whom I have won by my art. Their family will be hers! There is so much talk about the glory of art; the love which it wins us gives a thousand-fold more; although poor in other respects, in that I am rich. Crescentia will have a rich inheritance."

"If I should lose you," cried the maiden, passionately, "I should have nothing! Now I am rich."

"Poor child!" said he, caressing her.

"Poor—why poor?" repeated she; "what do we lack? Do you not yourself say that I have gold in my throat?"

Thereupon she hummed a melodious cadence,



which one would think must have awakened the nightingale in his leafy bower.

The musician bowed approvingly, took his violin to accompany her, and there sounded over the silent plain a strain to which the rhythmic surging of the billows played the bass. Adam was in another sphere, loosed from all the cares of the world; it was not until the last note died away that he came back to earth. The maiden led her father into the house, where he took an affectionate leave of his friend's son. She extended her hand to Adam, a bright light overspreading her pale countenance.

"Who dares call us poor and unhappy?" said she, proudly.

He continued to sit beside the sea; to him it sang with siren-voice. Might he not, perhaps, sell the factory, and fly with Gundula from that busy, anxious life? Away from there she would soon understand the mysteries of his soul; when they should be alone, would the love which, like a tender seed, was in them both, spread itself forth in life and beauty. He pictured it all to himself in glowing colors. Why should he take upon himself the responsibilities of another's shattered life, if he had the right, as Lambert had said, to create a glorious career for himself? Could he not be happy?

# IX.

RESTLESSLY he paced up and down the beach; the waves splashed against the shore in the mysterious darkness; nowhere was light to be seen; the very ships looked, through the mist, like phantom-ships; above were the stars, unchanging and unchanged.

He had been accustomed to spend the night amid the ruins of an old castle in a little inn, which had been built there, like a swallow's nest among the rocks. Is stood on a rocky height, amid green slopes overlooking the sea. As he was about to make the ascent he spied an old man, like a vision in gray, sitting on a boat turned bottom upward, and recognized in him the keeper of the little inn.

"What are you doing here, Josias, out in the mist, in the darkness?" said Adam, regarding him with astonishment.

"I am waiting to die," said the old man, looking vacantly at him.

"Death comes soon enough unbidden, and you would do much better to wait for him up there in your own little room."

"My room!" he repeated. "My son, with his wife and children, lives there now. There is no room for me."

"They ought to be ashamed to drive you out-of-doors in this way."

"No, no," said the old man, looking at him

again with a somewhat perplexed expression, "they ought not; it is quite in the order of nature, and happened very quietly. I can no longer work, and am good for nothing, and they were obliged to feed me, and with a good grace, too; but I see that the undergrowth must spread out and have room, so—I wait for death."

Adam led the old man up the hill.

A young woman opened the door, behind her a little crying urchin, plainly just out of bed, who screamed and kept pulling her by her dress.

In a tone of reprimand she accosted the old man:

"You back here, father, and everything eaten up? I am always obliged to get a separate meal for you."

Then she gave him a push into the room.

"Shame on you, Barbara!" said Adam, who had known her from childhood. "You ought to have more respect for old age."

"What will you have?" answered she, blushing; "he is always troublesome, for ever in the way. We young people now manage the inn; he has been long enough at the head. Everybody has his day—we should be careful not to let ours slip. Soon we will be set aside by such as he," pointing to the little fellow hanging to her apron; "that is the way of the world."

"The principle of utility is a barbarous one," thought Adam, as he lay down to sleep. "By that rule, it would be better to kill the old. I will not sell the factory."

The next morning he passed by the inn on the hill. The sun shone and sparkled on the waves. A joyous company of the boys of the neighborhood were frolicking in the water; looking at them sat old Josias, stupidly gazing on the scene. No one seemed to notice him; no one spoke to him.

"A few more years," thought Adam, "and these lusty fellows will be as he is, and then there will be a change in their views as to the relation of the young to the old."

To-day the sea was motionless—clear blue, well-defined, having thrown off yesterday's mysterious veil. Such was the path before him in life. He found Gundula sitting on a bench in the garden.

"Gundula," said he, "I have something serious to say to you."

"Ah! don't begin in that way," said she, in a tone of despair; "everything is already as black as a dungeon. And now Lambert has gone, the only person with whom I could have a little fun."

"If you like, we will try once more to be happy, and have a feast—I mean, celebrate our wedding."

"Oh, yes!" cried she, throwing her arms about him, "let us make haste, and get away

from all this trouble. Take me away from the life I am now living—on one side your eternally complaining mother, on the other my scolding father; I can endure it no longer. Let us go away and take a look at the world. We can be young but once. The old people are well provided for. When we get old and troublesome it will be time enough to settle down."

"No, Gundula, I did not mean that; when I am married I must stay here and look after the factory. You know that your father can not, Bungert shall not; and to sell it is impossible."

She hung her head. "Lambert is right: you will never be reasonable on that subject."

"No," said he, "not as you mean."

He attempted to throw his whole energy into his new business, but where the inspiration is wanting the soul is shorn of half its strength. It was continually working against nature. Every tree that fell grieved him, every romantic spot which vanished to make room for his plans. Like a monster the factory swallowed up the woods, far and near. He could scarcely endure the sound of the falling trees or the creaking saw. The smell of the bone-dust really made him sick. From the beginning he recognized in Bungert an enemy. Cousin Laurence paid dearly enough for the privilege of maltreating him. There will necessarily be parasites surrounding the wealthy. One of them once said, "I am satisfied if I get the largest piece instead of him." There was soon a revolution. Adam struck at the wasp's nest, but he was of too merciful a nature to destroy it, for he would rather that poisonous insects should live, if he had to kill them himself.

The prosperity of the house was no more. The real owners, as is usual in such cases, suffered loss, while Bungert and his family appropriated all the gains. And Bungert did not stand alone in his desire to fill his own pockets at his master's expense. Then began a struggle to undermine all authority. The workmen grumbled; the tempest began to utter in advance its voice of thunder. In a little while all stopped work, went tumultuously up and down the country, destroyed the machinery, and committed a thousand acts of violence. It went against Adam's nature to set himself as a rock against the force of these surging waves.

Bungert sent for aid to the city. After a few days a new set of workmen replaced the old. The latter looked on in sullen wrath. A terrible state of destitution began to prevail. Sickness came. There arose quarrels between the two parties. It became daily more and more difficult to say which was in the right, for there was wrong on all sides.

Adam felt that the cords of avarice had been

too much strained. They must at some time break with a fearful sound. "Who can place his happiness," he thought, "in possessions which must be preserved by such means? In comparison, the encounters of the pugilist seem noble; this age is as coarse as that, only nowadays might is money. Money! And is not that a shadow in their hands, and does it likewise not vanish from their eager gaze when trust fails?"

# X.

OFTEN in the evening, when all was dark and still, he would seek his favorite resort at the edge of the wood. To-night the moon was shining brightly; innumerable glow-worms came out in the warm summer air. A deer came fearlessly to drink from the clear stream. Adam enjoyed the peace around him. As he arose refreshed, strengthened, there was a rustling close beside him in the bushes, and a pitiful-looking man, intoxicated, as was almost always his condition, crept up to him like a toad over a bed of flowers. Now and then Adam had said a kind word to him out of pity; he had a heart for all sorrow, even when brought upon himself by the victim.

"What are you up to now, Kilian?" cried he to him. "Have you been again to the inn, while wife and children are starving?"

"My wife is dead!" he answered, setting his teeth; "my child will soon follow, and it is best so. If certain people have their way, we must all soon die out like vermin—that is, if we are not sharp! You will soon see what will happen. There is a band of us in the wood; all of them belong to your side, Herr Adam."

"I know nothing about sides," he replied, disgusted. "No honorable man would take sides with such as you."

"We do not ask you to do that; put on as many airs as you will. Of course, the leaders must not soil their fingers, but one of us must handle the dirty thing if we want to get rid of it."

"I do not understand you," said Adam, turning away from him. "Once more, take heed to yourself; I will take sides with no one."

As he returned he found everything in commotion, and his mother dying. He forgot the occurrence in the wood, and his meeting with the man passed from his mind.

The next day, however, the report ran like wildfire through the village that Bungert had been found dead in the wood, with his skull fractured.

Adam was obliged to leave his dying mother's bed and go to the inquest. He did not conceal his adventure with Kilian in the wood. He felt as though he had blood on his hands. The

entire community was at variance—innocent and guilty, a pitiable sight, a maze of want and crime.

Cousin Laurence had another attack caused by fright, and lay deprived of sense. The physician went from one patient to the other. Adam's mother suffered torture for a few days and died. He was not present at her death, and she had not asked for him. As he stood desolate and alone by her body, a veil seemed to fall from before his eyes. How near they had stood to each other, when he had carried her up and down in the little room, nursed her, procured this or that restorative for her!—and now? Cold and tearless he stood beside her bed.

"Poor mother, forgive," he cried; "I thought to do so much for you, and I have done nothing. I did not make you rich; I impoverished both you and myself. A bitter grief it is to stand beside your death-bed, which gives me once more my liberty. No, it does not restore my freedom, for a thousand ties bind me to a fate which I can not escape. I know not if Gundula loves me, but my heart craving love has drawn close to her in the sad times we have passed through together; she was the only thing which made me feel that I still lived."

At that moment the maiden stole timidly past the door; he drew her in in spite of her resistance.

"I am afraid," she said. "I can not bear the presence of the dead. Is there nothing for me in this world but horrors?"

But he would not let go his hold.

"Face to face with the dead, Gundula, we will have no secrets. Speak the truth—naught else. Do you love me?"

She trembled like an aspen, and was silent.

Before her was the face rigid in death, which now had solved the great mystery of life and death, and learned to distinguish the real from the unreal.

Sobbing, the maiden felt for Adam's hand.

"Why should I not love you?" said she; "all who see you feel kindly toward you. Ah! why did you not long ago take me to yourself? Then, when I was so miserable, so lonely, so much in need of comfort, my heart would have been like wax in the hand of any one who would take it. Why did you leave it to others?"

He understood her. "What is there between you and Lambert?" asked he, bitterly.

Then she drew from her pocket a package of often-read letters, untied with trembling finger the ribbon that bound them, and gave them to him.

He looked at one only; then he silently returned the package to her, threw himself on the couch beside the dead, and hid his face in his hands.

She stood trembling beside him. "Do not scorn me," she said; "you have no right to do so. For a long time I held out my love to you, but you would not take the trouble to reach forth your hand for it. As to the property, Lambert will easily come to an agreement with you."

"Go," said he, motioning her away, "leave me alone. I want nothing belonging to you; I know well enough that I have no right to it, and that nothing in this house is mine."

# XI.

THAT very day Adam wrote to Lambert:

"The way is open—come. Bungert is dead; Cousin Laurence unconscious in his sick-room. You can pursue your purpose unmolested. I will not be in your way."

The next week came Lambert, for a little while depressed and shamefaced, but not for long.

"It is all your fault," he said to his friend. "I took what was no longer yours. Why should I not pick up the precious stone which lay despised by the roadside? Besides, you would never have understood here how to fashion your happiness according to your own taste."

With his own peculiar faculty for organizing, Lambert put to rights everything in the factory, solved the vexed questions of claims and demands, duties and prerogatives.

True, he was obliged to cut the gordian knot here and there, but he did it with so steady a hand that no one thought whether it could have been otherwise.

Once more a kind of happiness began to spring up for Cousin Laurence. Once more he was able to sit in the garden. When he saw Lambert a deep glow spread itself over his face; he must have recollected something of the painful scene which had separated them. With a look of terror he reached out his hand, like a child who wants to make friends—his passion yielding to his weakness. They tried to make him understand that Lambert wanted to be his son, and he and Gundula flattered the old man until he was satisfied with everything, particularly as through this alliance the welfare of the factory was secured—the factory, the only thing in which he still retained his interest, and some slight degree of sense.

Gundula visibly returned to life, took out her gayest dresses, had once more her little parties, and dancing to the music of an old spinet all out of tune. Lambert was the life of all; he knew exactly how to suit himself to Gundelchen's nature, treated her like a child, as she was, indeed, and as she would always be, even after she became a matron—one of those beings

that never mature, as there are buds that never become blossoms. For a long time people find it charming, but after a while they begin to perceive that something is lacking, and that it was not the right thing, after all. Her companions told her a thousand times that they did not understand how she could ever have preferred Adam, and after a while she wondered at it herself.

Adam hoped that he would leave her in peace and happiness, as he stood one morning upon the highway, as Lambert had once stood, with his pack in his hand. He would not wait for the wedding-day, though he knew by the composure of his mind that his own liking for Gundula had been only a fancy. All was only in appearance. This time had passed like a withering blast through his soul, awakening no buds of promise for the future. Poor and destitute, with a miserable feeling that he had there neither done nor received any good, he stood at this milestone of his life. "Why," thought he, "does man pawn the inmost life of his soul? Then Fate snatches from his hand the coin and says, 'Poor fool, you reckon without your host!'" A bright September sun had made its way through the clouds. As he stood upon the hill-top the gloomy feeling of depression vanished from his soul. Near him, around him, lay upon tree and shrub sparkling dew-drops brilliant as gems, and between the golden rays of sunlight shone the silver streams.

"All hail," he cried, in ecstasy, "ye shining witnesses of my wealth! Henceforth I will again fancy that I walk upon the clouds and upon the rainbow. Though Lambert thinks that I can not live on air, fresh air is an important article of food. Who knows how near we may be to my ideal age which is to overthrow completely the materialism of this! Such changes often come all of a sudden, like the spring-time. I am glad that my wings have not been clipped, and that I have them all ready to fly to meet that blissful time."

Joyously he took the path to the city, which now began to sparkle in the rays of the sun like a golden California.

"Poets," said he, "should live either in the noisiest crowd or in the deepest solitude. I think I have tried both."

## XII.

FOR six long years the friends received no tidings of each other. Adam, like a bird let loose from a cage, availed himself of his restored freedom to go wherever spring was blooming. His income was sufficient for his needs. He much oftener imagined himself rich than poor. It had been some time since he had been on German soil. He wrote to Lambert:

"Here I am, and now I want to get some of your sunshine. I have been very successful, by means of the advantages of which I am possessed, in establishing myself comfortably in this charming spot; and truly to do so required not great wisdom. The things in which I take pleasure can, for the most part, either be had for nothing, or they can not be purchased at all. These are gifts directly from the hand of God. If he withdraws them for a season, I lie quietly, like the sea-shell at ebb-tide, and rejoice all the more when the tide again comes landward. From this place I have given to the world a book, of which, to speak after your fashion, I have good proofs that it is read. I laugh in my sleeve when I think how many burning words I have smuggled into it, words which are supposed to feed upon all sorts of flames, and which the present age fondly thought to have smothered with the wet blanket called judgment. Have you seen it anywhere? What do you think of it?"

## Lambert to Adam.

What do I think of your book? That you have been exceedingly lucky to have made your flourish of trumpets amid circumstances so propitious; otherwise, instead of the halo which now surrounds you, you might easily have gotten a crown of thorns. But success is what stamps a thing. Now you are the hero of the day, and your friends may be proud of you. I, too, have some regard for art, though in my own way, and not yours. I always coveted the position of a Mæcenas. How far I have reached it you will see when you come. Gundelchen sends you her regards and says she has something to show you, our beautiful boy. I hope that he may be a poet. He will have money enough to make a pastime of his art, and, if he is as successful as you, it is no bad trade. Everything depends on luck. Come, we are impatient to see you!"

## XIII.

AFTER a short time Adam was once more on the road leading to the factory. Proudly it stood as ever, overlooking the whole country; the same air of business around everything: it seemed only yesterday that he saw it last. To be sure, all the old trees were gone, and in their place was a miserable new growth. The little firs, with their fragrant young scions, seemed so full of a promise of a magnificent forest in the future, that a feeling of pleasure stole over Adam, in spite of himself.

"Thy beauty is indestructible, dear Earth," said he, throwing himself down on the grass, now in full flower and fragrance. "We are nothing but children, who think all beauty gone



from earth when they find their own little garden-plot destroyed." When he reached the top of the height, he stood still with astonishment. Again there had been a complete transformation in the place.

The sloping land, skillfully improved, formed green terraces, leading like steps up to a beautiful villa, which, like a fairy palace risen in a night, now lay before his eyes in a sea of light. Marble columns, with classic capitals, supported halls and balconies. A deep-green park formed the background. The sparkling water lay in some places in lakes, in others ascended in fountains, and then again ran meandering amid lovely flowers. Choice exotics with their luxuriant foliage were ranged along both sides of the broad steps leading to the house. It was a beautiful sight, well calculated to charm a mind such as Adam's. He stood with folded arms, and tried in vain to recall the landscape as it used to be, and wondered how all this could have been effected in so short a time, when some one touched him on the shoulder, and Lambert stood before him.

"Welcome!" said he. "Does this please you? You see, all this has been done with money; but you must know how to spend it. Would not any one take me for an artist? Others may do that work for me, so that I enjoy it."

"The highest enjoyment," answered Adam, "is action; but, in spite of all, are you so very happy, living here, amid all this beauty, to create which nature and art have entered into competition?"

"Wait till you see my picture-gallery, and listen to my musicians," continued Lambert, proudly. "Everything of the choicest, all mine, since I can buy it. You thought, did you, that I would be content to be a jaded draught-horse? No! One art I fully understand, the most delightful of all arts—that of enjoyment. What a pity it is that no one set of digestive organs, physical or mental, can appropriate all that can be bought, if one is rich!"

They passed through the park. The gardener showed them his favorites in the hot-house, saying that he took as much care of them as if they had been his children.

"He talks as though they belonged to him, the stuck-up fellow!" said Lambert, in a tone of dissatisfaction, as they went out.

"His fostering care has given him a title to them," answered Adam. "Besides, what does it matter to whom these lovely roses belong? I can look at them, and inhale their delicious fragrance as well as you."

"It is vexatious enough," said Lambert, "that a man can not keep his own property to himself."

They went up the marble steps into the house. The noble forms of the Greek gods, old friends of Adam, stood on both sides, and gave him friendly greeting, reminding him of the lofty groves of laurel, or the marble columns, among which they first revealed themselves to his rapt soul.

"And he thinks you belong to him!" cried he, inwardly—"you, whom he neither regards, knows, nor understands, and upon whom he hardly looks; whose beauty is to him as though it were not. Poor exiles, what can you do here? There are possessions which all can not grasp and hold; in such hands their gold is turned to dust."

Wherever Lambert led him among his ideal treasures, picture-galleries, libraries, and everywhere, Adam could not get rid of the idea that, although his friend could balance all with an equal weight of gold, not one single atom of it could truly be called his. The holy images of the gods, as the rays of sunlight fell upon them, seemed to think the same, and to laugh at the poverty in which they found themselves.

"Come in what costume you please to dinner," said Lambert. "Poets are generally barbarians as to their toilet, and we must wink at that. We have a few friends to dine. My wife has been dressing for the last hour. That is a real labor at the present day."

Adam stood, covered with dust from his journey, feeling very uncomfortable in this exquisitely elegant apartment. He went to the window, through which at that very moment a glorious sunset was visible, with its glowing waves, and green-gold clouds.

"O holy Nature," thought he, "to celebrate your feast a child in tatters is adorned enough; but, when men keep theirs, what an outlay is required for the wardrobe!"

Upon the lawn sat a nurse with a child. The little creature was rolling about amid the flowers and shrubs, entirely unmindful of its embroidered dress. Its golden curls became it far more than its costly apparel. Often it would throw itself with passionate affection upon the ugly old woman.

With peculiar emotion Adam recognized in the boy Gundula's child, and the grandchild of Cousin Laurence, whom he much resembled in his vigorous beauty. Gundula then joined the party; there was a struggle before she could get possession of the little fellow, who refused to be separated from his nurse. It was only by dint of the latter's entreaties that he permitted himself finally to be carried off.

Soon there was a gentle knock at Adam's door. He opened it, and Gundula stood before him with her golden-tressed boy in her arms.

She wore a dress in the very extreme of fashion, and wore it visibly, as though it did not belong to her. Then the interminable train would not accommodate itself to her movements. A deep glow overspread her face as she saw Adam standing confronting her. She had become a stranger to him.

"I wanted to show you my boy," said she; "later, when our guests arrive, there will be no chance—my golden treasure," and she tenderly kissed the child, who did not submit without resistance to her caresses. "But he is not mine any more," continued she. "The nursery is so far away, in the other wing of the house, for Lambert can not endure the sight of children. The nurse sees him much more than I do, only sometimes I will steal him away for a while." Thereupon she begged him as a great favor to clap his hands for Adam.

"That is the best thing that I have seen among all the beautiful sights of this place," said he.

"Is it not beautiful here?" cried she. "Have we not done wonders with the old rubbish? People come from a distance to see it, and yet it did not please my father. He could not endure the sight of these splendid halls, these shady avenues. They were always a thorn in his sight."

"It is not easy to transplant old trees, Gundula. You will not take him away from the factory."

"Do you not know that he is dead?" answered she, blushing a deep red.

"Dead!" cried Adam. "When? Why did not Lambert tell me or write to me?"

"I am surprised that he did not mention it," said she, hesitatingly. "It is just four weeks ago. He died very suddenly. We had arranged everything here so beautifully for him, and fitted up a chamber which would have suited a prince, but he would not stay here. No one could manage him, not even the attendant whom we were obliged to give him. He could outwit all of us, and he would steal off to the old place at least twenty times a day. The old house was torn down—"

"Torn down—Gundula!"

"The factory was sold," said she, turning to the little fellow, who had been carrying on a work of destruction with a shout of triumph among her curls. "We hoped by tearing down the old house to cut him off effectually from the past; but when we saw how he took it to heart we stopped."

"How could Lambert sell the factory?"

"It was a business matter," said she, evasively, "of which I understood nothing. Lambert would have had to stand a great deal from

papa—more, indeed, than he could have borne, and they were obliged to put him under the charge of a keeper. Heaven knows I wish that things could have been different. All this splendor, since that time, has given me no pleasure. For the child's sake I would be glad could we undo the past. You get wiser when you become a mother, and better, too," continued she, kissing the fat little hand of the child. "You understand your own parents better, and know better how to make them happy. They all, indeed, declared that papa was insane, when we sold the factory, and yet, I can not get rid of the feeling."

"Poor cousin!" cried Adam; "you believed the factory firmly established in your family, and now in the first generation it has gone! Perhaps, Gundula, your boy may have been born to take the place; he is the very picture of his grandfather. That chance you have now forfeited. Take heed! Who knows whether he will not call you to account for having sold the factory?"

"Speak not so!" cried she, terrified. "Often I too am afraid of it. I often think that he looks at me reproachfully with my father's eyes. Oh, I wish that he were still alive!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the house. Gundula arose hastily. "Our guests have arrived," said she. "*Au revoir*, at dinner."

"Permit me to stay here," answered Adam; "I can not yet see strangers; I am too much occupied in the thought of my cousin's death."

"I ought not to be going into company, either, when it is only four weeks," said she, apologetically; "but Lambert will not endure solitude."

Thereupon she gave the child to the nurse, and vanished with her rustling robes into the brilliantly lighted parlor. Adam remained alone in his room. He felt uneasy. The sound of gay voices came from below.

"Just four weeks dead," thought he, "and this active life, made for earth, put out, annihilated, so that scarcely a trace of it is seen. All its benefits forgotten; or, if they are remembered, only by way of reproach. All his toil, his self-denial, his industry, to procure this baleful gift of enjoyment, in which, in spite of all its beauty, lies something corrupting which kills soul and body!" His resolution was fixed. He would depart. He wrote these lines to Lambert:

"Pardon me that I steal away. You will not long miss me. It is best that we should not meet just now. I was under many obligations to my poor cousin. How far you have sinned against him I know not, and I will not constitute myself your judge!

XIV.

AS he closed the door behind him, light clouds hung over the landscape; the golden light was gone from flower and leaf; in a dull, gray twilight lay the factory, and threw dark shadows over all the surrounding country. His cousin's old house, half destroyed, lay in ruins before him, a prey to the birds of night. One corner was covered with straw, as though some poor wanderer had sought shelter there; all the decorations of the garden gone, the silver balls lying on the ground, like playthings whose day is done. Before the door was his cousin's old dog. Dolefully the poor creature roused himself for a whimpering cry, as Adam approached. He showed his teeth and snarled, although he recognized him, for he no longer trusted even his friends. Behind him appeared another form belonging to the past, an old invalid servant of his cousin, who was allowed to live here as a pensioner.

"Is it you, young master?" cried the old man. "How often we have thought of you! Things would have turned out very differently had you remained. You would not know things here. It is enough to set one crazy. For this magnificence one could easily give up the factory and everything belonging to it."

"Who owns it now?" said Adam.

"It has passed already through three hands," said the old man; "there seems to be bad luck in it. One is constantly trying to cheat somebody, forgetting that in the end all are cheated. Only Herr Lambert—he understands how to lash them over the ears—he knows how to feather his own nest. What does it matter if other people are the losers? My poor old master! Before sickness made him so passionate, he was a good master. Look you! His death could have softened a heart of stone. They say, up yonder, that he did not understand what was going on. He understood well enough many things; a child can understand if any one wrenches his favorite plaything from his hand. I was with him at the last, and I know how things were. Our master could not stand it there among their mirrors and satin furniture. He was a plain man, and the dress that they wanted to put on him was as uncomfortable to him as a strait-jacket would have been. He entreated, he threatened, he even wept; it was pitiful to see him. He wanted to go home he said, again and again; he wanted to go home. When he could, he got out, and would walk all over the country, dirty and ragged. It was not pleasant to the wealthy gentleman to see his father-in-law wandering about like a vagabond. They locked him up, but that only increased the evil. A maniac can not be hidden.

They let him out, and began to pull down the house which was always in his thoughts, but it stood on firm foundations in his heart. He had sought the spot, and they could not blot that off the face of the earth. So they paused in their work of demolition, and fitted up a room for him, poor enough quarters for us two. For hours he would sit and lament in the old building, gaze at the torn carpets, put them together, talk as if he saw everything about him as it used to be, and as if he were master of the factory. He spoke with you, too, Herr Adam. It made one's heart bleed to hear him. Often the nurse would come with the little boy Laurence from the castle, to divert him. He loved the child, and would press it to his bosom, while pointing to the ruins, and saying, proudly: 'All is yours; I have gained it for you.' Once he would not let the boy go, and they were obliged to take him away by force. He never came again, and from that time our master was completely lost. But come, would you not like to see the place?"

Adam followed in silence. The old man went on ahead, with an unsteady, flickering light. Like ghosts the surrounding objects moved to and fro; yet it was not they, only the light. They stopped in the well-known room of Cousin Laurence.

"Here sat our poor master the last time," said he. "I myself helped him up here. Then he bade me leave him, as he would have no one near. It was thought perfectly safe to leave him, for who could have supposed that that poor worn body would have had so much strength? It was the strength of despair."

The servant opened the door, but the rusty bolt at first resisted his efforts. Adam looked down: where there had once been a staircase, one now looked down upon a yawning depth. There was a sullen, mournful sound of running water. With a tone of lament it beat against the still remaining posts.

"It is possible," said the old man, "that our old master was looking for the well-known staircase. It is possible! There are many at the castle who will not believe this, yet say— Suffice it to say that here he found or made an end to his misery, and every one can have his own opinion on the subject."

Filled with horror, Adam turned his back upon Cousin Laurence's house. The old dog howled after him, and the screech-owls answered each other in the moonlight.

He found a shelter in the inn at the ruined castle. The sea brought to him the first fresh breath of air.

"Every one travels his own way," thought he, "but very few ever reach the goal for which they aimed. Repulsed from the harbor often in

sight of land, everything falls away from us like shadows, ourselves scarcely more than shadows.

## XV.

MORNING restored him to himself. He asked the young woman many questions as she brought him his breakfast. And he inquired particularly after the musician, who, indeed, was a child of the place.

She replied as Gundula had done: "Did you not know that he is dead? Half the world has heard that."

"I have been away for the last six years," answered Adam, "and that is a long time in the life of a man."

"Especially if he is old," she continued, "but he always was considered young; there was something in his nature so fresh, so bright. You see, we all would have liked to keep him with us. When he died it was as if a great tree had fallen, beneath whose shade many had loved to sit. All old people are not alike. Those who are of no use are always in the way. Upon this spot he died, with his gaze out upon the sea, as gently as a child falls asleep. It was a bitter grief to the maiden: she did not believe that he could die—we could not raise her from the ground—she would die too, she said, but we could not put her alive into his grave, and so she had to console herself with what remained to her. She had never lacked the comforts of life; he had too many friends for that. She has been educated to be a singer, and she requires only a little time to accommodate herself to her new life. She spends most of the time in the woods with my youngest child. Children and Mother Nature are the best comforters in such cases."

Adam turned aside into a little path. Finches, titmice, and all the merry little citizens of the wood went chirping along ahead as if to show him the way. Here and there the sparkling blue sea revealed itself in glimpses through the branches of the trees. Suddenly the wood opened, and before him lay, as it were, another ocean, whose waves had been fixed within bounds. Hill linked itself to hill; umbrageous beeches, dark-green firs, like sentinels on guard, surrounded the open space. Rays of sunshine like little elves, flitted in and out through the rustling foliage. By the many wreaths and flowers which covered it, he recognized the minstrel's grave, the last resting-place of him who had been so loved in life. Numbers of white and spotted butterflies fluttered, like spirits let loose, over it; golden rays of sunshine wove a magic network binding heaven to earth.

Upon the grass sat Crescentia, her head resting upon her hand, humming the stanza which Adam had heard by the sea—it sounded like a

question, but the answer was wanting, was silenced for ever. By her side, among the grass and flowers, gamboled merrily the joyous child. She did not check him, but she would not even smile in answer to his childish endeavors to divert her. She had the same sad, wan look as of old, and she was even now scarcely more than a child herself.

As Adam approached her she was startled; she recognized him, and endeavored to escape. Suddenly, however, she composed herself, stepped timidly up to him, gave him her hand, and asked:

"Do you remember what I used to say? Now I am, in reality, poor; then I had so much! However much you may have here, in a moment your hand is empty and you are a beggar. Does nothing, then, really belong to us—nothing in this poor world—have we no title to anything? The draught turns to poison on our thirsty lips. Sunshine around us, but we, with darkness in our eyes, can not see it. Speak not to me of comfort; I turn with aversion from it. Try not to destroy my grief. Grief is the only thing in indulging which I still fancy I have him."

Thereupon she seated herself on the grass, hid her face in her hands, took no notice of Adam nor of the child, and sobbed as though her heart would break. The child paused in its play, terrified by the might of her sorrow; the thought that something must be wrong passed through its little heart.

"Please be still," it whispered to her, kissing her; "people can hear you down there."

But she wept on and would not be comforted. Around her all was joy and life; close at hand the full ecstasy of nature, to her unattainable.

Adam silently took his seat upon the trunk of a tree, and enticed the child to his side. He crept up, soon became confidential, whispered to him, showed him all the little tricks of sport which he had learned from his departed friend, and had much to say about him, to all of which Adam gave an attentive ear and replied. Crescentia raised her head and listened. Then Adam began to recall the time when her father had been so near to his. She responded by recollections from the happy days of her childhood, until finally the dear face seemed to rise up before them, as full of life and reality as though he had stood beside them in the body.

The maiden ceased to weep; occasionally these remembrances from a happier time would bring a fleeting smile over her features. The very thought of him seemed to restore the sunshine which he had been wont, wherever he was, to scatter over life.

"Crescentia," said Adam, "do you not feel him nearer now than when you grieved?"

"I feel it," she answered.



And the child shouted with joy to see her once more glad.

"Where power and riches fail," continued Adam, "his spirit has still power to bestow happiness. He who has lived with him can never lose him."

"I understand you," said she, looking down and drawing the child to her; "but it is but the shadow of what was mine."

"Even such a shadow," cried he, "is often nearer, more real, more beneficent, than many an existence which in full life hovers around us, dumb as a phantom. I do not seek him in the grave—with us, in every pulsation of the heart,

in every thought, I will find him. Like him, we too, *Crescentia*, meet on the same path, apparently poor, really rich, destitute of worldly possessions, and yet holding in our firm grasp all that gives value to even this earth—greedily seeking the gold coined in the mint of the soul, be it in joy or grief, but upright in both."

The maiden nodded assent, smiling through her tears, and reached him her hand. As he turned to go he saw her stand, lit up by the sunlight, the child in her arms—an auspicious omen for the future.

MARIE VON OLFERS.

## MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

### TROUBLE THE FOURTH.

IT is four months since that broiling August afternoon when I sat on the deck of the little steamer which runs between Plescow and Dorpat, watching the spinster sitting stolidly in the blaze of the sun behind a wall of miscellaneous belongings. I remember observing how the sun beat on the exterior of that carpet-bag of hers, and wondering whether the sugar and the candle-ends were amalgamating. I tell my friends now, as a prime joke, what then I regarded as a decidedly practical one: how we ran aground at the mouth of the Embach, almost within sight of our destination; how uproarious the spinster became, and what a wait we had for the turn of the tide to carry us over. But these are all things of the past, and I, too, am changed. I have grown, if not in grace, at least in experience. In my dealings with the Jew stall-keepers, I no longer give them what they ask for their wares, as I used to do in my innocent days, but have learned to haggle and bargain with tact and discretion, until I verily believe I procure my requirements at almost their legitimate value, though it is tough work.

Meanwhile, the scene, too, is changed. In place of dusty lime-trees, with drooping, listless leaves, and dazzling sunlight beating on the scorching, white pavement, is the still more dazzling snow. The sun still shines, but with a cold, chilly splendor—brightness without warmth. The trees are draped in a new foliage, which glitters and flashes like myriads of diamonds. It is a rare day! It is twenty degrees (*Réaumur*) in the shade, and the air quivers and sparkles with countless crystals. They seem to remain

stationary in mid-air, twinkling like tiny stars and yet my muff is covered with them. There is not one exactly like another, so manifold is their beauty. I hurry along with short-coming breath, for this kind of weather gives labor to the lungs, and on my arm I carry a small packet carefully sewed up in brown holland. My destination is the post-office.

*Homo*, like the monkey, is an imitative animal; and I am like the rest of my species. Everybody has been making Christmas-presents for relations and friends at the approach of this festive time; why should not I do likewise? Why should not I surprise my loved ones at home with some little gifts made with my own hands? Delighted with the idea, I have carried it into execution, and am now on my way to the post-office, with my thoughts away over the sea, in a gray, dingy, manufacturing town, where the sun is not shining clear and bright, as here, but struggling tearfully through smoke and fog; and yet, smoky, dirty, northern town, to be with thee even in thought is to be happy! The post-office is in the center of the town; and I am soon climbing the high stone steps, and push open the swing-door leading into the parcels expedition department. As I enter, a wave of heated air, laden with tobacco, leather, and the perspiration of many races, closes round about me, and almost stifles me. The office is crammed with people waiting their turn. There the Russian, the German, the Jew, the Lett, the Estonian, are represented. They are packed like bees in a hive; and the stove, which covers half the side of one wall from floor to ceiling, is heated to splitting, as it always is. A dead silence prevails, except for the curt questions of the official, and the re-

plies of the fortunate individual who is being attended to. I take my stand ruefully at the outside of the crowd, and relieve myself of as many wraps as I can. Meanwhile, the swing-door behind me is in constant motion until I am hemmed in on all sides by fellow-sufferers of both sexes. I can see nothing but the backs of those in front of me, and the staring, white face of a clock which looks down on me from a corner. It affords me grim satisfaction to watch her spider fingers crawl from minute to minute with laggard pace, and feel that I am slowly nearing the goal; and oh, what comfort when the mass is parted, and one more makes for the door, and we surge on one step nearer! But the heat is insupportable, coming from the sharp, thin air into this thick, scorching atmosphere; and, long before I have reached the counter, I feel as if I must give it up and return whence I came with my business unaccomplished. My head is swimming, my senses dazed, and my feet aching with the prolonged stand. At length, when I can count those before me, I take courage, buoyed up with the hope of approaching release. Now the broad shoulders of the Lett who has been forming the last barrier between me and that mighty dispenser of favors, the post-office official, have sidled away, and I stand face to face with the official. I look up into his square-jawed, stolid face, with its bushy eyebrows, as I hand him my packet without a word. He receives it silently at first, and looks at it until gleams of malice shoot over his fleshy face.

"What is this?" he asks.

"It is for England," I reply. "I have put it on the address."

He stuffs it roughly back into my hand. "We do not accept such parcels," he says. "You must sew it in oil-cloth."

"But it is quite safe," I remonstrate.

He cuts me short with a wave of his hand. "It does not matter; such is the rule. Take it away and sew it in oil-cloth."

I still hesitate. All this waiting and suffering in vain—all to go over again. It is too bad.

He glares down upon me. "Now, then, make room, will you?"

I quail, and move away, and my place is filled by another. I look up at the clock, which seems to mock me as she points to twelve. I have been two long, weary hours in this place, and all for nothing! As I hurry homeward, I inwardly resolve that no power on earth shall induce me to sew my packet in oil-cloth and return to meet that official's leer on the morrow. No; I would rather throw the thing into the Embach—though I should have to make a hole in the ice to do it. But calmer thoughts come with the morrow, and

I am now retracing my steps to the post-office with a broken resolve in my heart, and a small packet neatly stitched in oil-cloth in my hand. But I am not the woman I was yesterday. My step is less elastic and swift; and, as I mount the stone steps and enter upon the scene of yesterday's humiliation, my spirits are chill and gloomy. I have a longer wait to-day than yesterday, for it is one day nearer Christmas, and, as the great feast-day approaches, the crowd at the post-office intensifies.

It is a long lane that has no turning; and behold me once more handing my packet over the counter with averted eyes, which fear to look defiance. The big, unclean hand closes upon it, and it is turned and twisted on all sides. "Ah, there is no flaw this time!" I exultantly think. At length he holds out that other fleshy hand, and I look up startled and inquiring.

"Your sealing-wax and seal!" he demands, while the gleams of malignity spread and deepen from the crow's-feet in the corner of his eyes.

"What?" I ask, confusedly.

"Your seal—your seal!" this time with brutal impatience.

"I—I have none," is my trembling rejoinder.

The parcel is thrust back into my hands. "It is no use coming here and troubling us with a packet like that; you ought to inform yourself of the regulations before you come here taking up people's time."

"What is the matter? I have sewed it in oil-cloth, and done everything!" I reply, desperately.

He turns from me insolently, and signs to the next comer to take my place.

This is more than human flesh and blood can bear in silence. I cast on my torturer a look which ought to have shriveled him up like a leaf in the fire. "What do you mean?" I say, choking with anger. "Are you going to send this packet away or not?"

He has pulled a ledger toward him, and is writing something in it, or pretending to do so. But I know he is listening, for the hateful gleams spread thicker over his face. Presently he holds out his hand for the next packet. I turn round toward the sea of heated faces behind me, and inquire of the person nearest me: "Is it possible that what that man says is true, and that after waiting here hours, for two days, I must again return home with my packet? It is a shame—a shame!"

It happens to be a gentleman whom I am addressing. I recognize him to be one of the German professors at the university. As I finish, he pushes his way to the counter. "Look you," he says, in a firm voice, "I would advise you to send off this lady's parcel." He takes it from my hand as he speaks. "You know as well

as I do that you can seal it with the government seal, if you choose."

There is no reply. The man is doggedly examining the packet which he holds. The professor waits a minute, his eyes fixed upon him. "Good!" he says at length. Then, turning to me, my champion continues in a clear voice, which may be heard all around: "I regret, young lady, that I can not compel this man to send off your packet; but I hope I shall be able to punish him; it will not be my fault if I don't." He returns me my unfortunate packet; and, as I take it, I can not help stealing a sidelong glance at my foe. His face is crimson. I thank my champion, and am going, this time with a resolve which shall not be broken; when, to my surprise, the huge hand is held out once more. I can scarcely believe my eyes.

"Give it here!" he growls, without raising his eyes.

I hand it back, silently, and exchange glances with the professor, who is smiling behind his hand. It is all the work of a minute: the government seal is stamped on the ends of the string with which my packet is tied; I pay an exorbitant sum for its transport to England, and my trouble is at an end—but not my story. Five years later, when I am back in that smoky English town where I love to be, I learn that my packet, for which I had so dearly paid, both in body and in hard cash, had arrived long after it was due, and that my rubles had found their way to the insatiable pockets of the Russian post-office official. The packet arrived at its destination—unpaid.

#### TROUBLE THE FIFTH.

LIKE Silas Wegg, I feel this morning as if I must e'en drop into poetry, in order to convey to the sober, English minds of my readers a faint idea of the great wonder of this Russian Spring, after the long, protracted sway of Winter. I have watched him creep scowling away to the hills, dragging after him his trailing skirts of rattling ice. And now Spring is splitting her sides with mirth. She has it all her own way now. I see her sit on the margin of the stirring woods, weaving the sunbeams into her streaming tresses. She gayly tosses in the sun the vernal tassels of her robe, while, like that wondrous maiden in the fairy tale, she scatters jewels over the ground at every lisp of her gracious lips. And the lark, her *Minnesinger*, is as mad as she. He showers his rapturous notes so full and fast that he is choking himself in his ecstasy. As I try to catch a glimpse of him up there in the dazzling void, I think of that emulous thrush who sang so long and so tenderly that he burst his little ambitious heart and fell dead. Take care of yourself, sweet heavenward messenger.

And I am off for a holiday! At this moment I am toiling up a steep hill in the rear of the diligence which runs between Dorpat and Riga. I am bound for a "station" midway between the two towns, where a carriage is to meet me and convey me to my destination, a pretty country estate in the interior of Livonia. I am in the humor to enjoy everything; even the clouds of dust in which we are enveloped are capital fun. A very little provocation would make me cut a caper in the faces of the solemn German baker who is trudging by my side and the two Russian priests at our backs. They keep at a lofty distance from us, handling their long, loose robes as women do their petticoats. They have their perfumed locks plaited, to preserve them from the dust. We have eight hours of it together; and seated cooped up in a stuffy diligence is not very amusing on a spring day. I make the best of it. I am delighted each time that we come to a hill, and there is an excuse to get out and walk. Oh, what I would give to sit on the box beside the driver; but decorum forbids! At mid-day, the sun beats fiercely—"it stings," as the Germans say—and all through the afternoon I have enough to do fanning myself with my straw hat, which I have taken off for the purpose, and wiping the dust and moisture from my heated face.

When we reach the place where my fellow-travelers and I part company, it is six o'clock, and the sun is sloping to the west. I spring to the ground like an India-rubber ball, and look round, like a second Cinderella, for my carriage. It must be in the rear of the building, for it certainly is not visible. The station-master appears on the scene.

"Is there a carriage come from Waimel?" I ask, eagerly.

I am answered in the negative. This is the first damper to my spirits. But I instantaneously rise above it. Of course not! How could I expect it to be waiting? What a goose I am! I might have remembered what a long way it had to come. I may have to wait half an hour, or even an hour. But what does it matter? Meanwhile, my luggage has been placed on the veranda, fresh horses have been put to the diligence, and I watch it drive away, leaving me behind. The station-master is gone to his own part of the building, quite away from the waiting-room, and I am alone.

What a dead stillness lies about the place! I wander a few steps from the door; but it is an unlovable spot. Nothing but sand, and a dreary, treeless tract of common, with here and there a tumble-down, smoke-stained cabin. They, too, look still and lifeless. Not a human being, nor as much as a dog, to be seen; nor is there the faintest curl of smoke rising from the roofs, to

break the motionless, dreary calm. The mist is beginning to rise in the hollows; I can feel its chill breath parting the warm, dry air which envelops me where I stand. I shiver, and retrace my steps to the office.

The waiting-room is like all such waiting-rooms here—a square, unsightly den, with bare, whitewashed walls; bare, beer-stained, deal table bare floor; bare, staring windows, two in number; two deal chairs and a settle. I look ruefully round as I enter. What shall I do with myself? How beguile the time till the carriage comes? I recollect that I have a few books in my box. I fish up the first I lay my hands upon, which proves to be a volume of Schiller; it will answer my purpose as well as another; so I draw a chair to the window, sit resolutely down, and open its pages at "The Robbers."

I am just beginning to read, when the blaze of light on my book makes me look up. The sun is just dropping behind the distant fringe of firs: there is little of him left, save a tress or two of his yellow hair rippling along the horizon; but the rays of his departing glory shoot upward, and bathe the earth, the heavens, and the solitary station-house in a flood of golden light. Even the cheerless room in which I sit is for a moment metamorphosed. He takes me, too, into his good-night embrace. Now he is gone, and the gray shades of evening creep slowly on.

Surely the carriage can not be long now? My heart aches with the sense of loneliness. If a bird would sing, or even a dog bark, it would be relief. What is that? A stir in the *vorhaus* or entrance-room. It is not a human foot-fall; it is a dragging, shuffling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. I do not like it. I half rise to my feet, with my eyes fixed on the half-open door, when the door is pushed open, and I fall back into my seat paralyzed with terror. What I see is a man—but a man raving mad, with the foam clinging to his beard! He creeps slowly nearer, with arms outstretched; and his nails are long and sharp, like an eagle's talons. His hair, like the mane of a wild beast, is matted and lusterless; and he is clad in a coarse serge gown, held together at the waist by a piece of knotted rope. He drags himself nearer—nearer, and gurgling noises proceed from his throat as he approaches me. I feel his scorching breath upon my cheek, and can not stir. He bends over me, and puts a claw upon my shoulder. The spell is broken. With a sudden bound—so sudden that he is taken unawares—I am away, under his arm, and have gained the door. I slam it behind me. I fly, with feet that scarcely touch the ground, across the vestibule, through another door, into a passage, and find myself at length in a bedroom. Through the confusion of

all my mental faculties, I am led by a vague idea of seeking the inhabited part of the building and the aid of fellow-men; but the room I have fled to is deserted. Yet it is a refuge, and I dare not leave it to seek a safer. The door is between me and my terrible pursuer. For a wonder, it is furnished with a bolt. I draw it, and fall upon the available furniture, all panting and giddy, and pile it too against the door. Then my quivering, enervated body gives way, and I sink upon the floor.

I hear the shuffling feet in the passage, the heavy breathing, and the awful gurgle in the throat; I hear him rubbing his body against the door like a savage beast in the woods. Then the dragging footsteps retire. I lay my head down on the bare deal boards, and I suppose I must have fainted, for I know no more, until I seem to waken out of a sleep, confused and dismayed. It is pitch dark, and my hands and feet are numb with cold. I sit up, and recollection rushes upon me. I listen fearfully. All is still. I know I am safe, and that the coast is clear; but I dare not for my life issue forth to seek assistance. Meanwhile, my mind is tortured by surmises. Is the carriage waiting for me? Have they sought me, and, not finding me, returned without me? This thought makes my bitter tears flow. I am utterly helpless and desolate; it is dark, and I am shivering with cold; and oh, how perfectly miserable I am! I weep, until I begin to wonder where all the tears come from. At last, I hear the sound of footsteps in the passage; they stop at the door, and some one knocks.

"Who is there?" I ask, in a snuffy, suffocated voice, which sounds as if it belonged to some one else, as I scramble to my feet and begin to drag away the furniture.

"It is Mina," is the reply, in the soft Esthonian tongue. "Does *Präuli* [miss] want anything?"

"Oh, wait, wait, dear Mina!" I cry, breaking my nails over the removal of the toilet-table. I feel as if this unknown Esthonian maid is a much-loved sister, or an angel from heaven, so overjoyed am I to hear a human voice. When I succeed in getting the door open, I astonish her by falling into her arms and shedding more tears on her shoulder. She can not understand me; it would be strange if she could; but she is a good, tender-hearted soul, and tries her best to soothe me. She leads me along the passage; and, opening a door at the end, I stand in the cheerful blaze of the kitchen fire. Oh, how comforting it is, after all those terrible hours of fear, darkness, cold, and loneliness, to sit in the full blaze and spread out my numb fingers to the warmth! The cook—the only other inmate of the kitchen—is



stooping over an immense pan, preparing milk-soup for supper. She looks round at me—I am a strange apparition, no doubt—with wide eyes of amaze.

"Has the carriage come to take me away?" is my first question.

"No; there has been no carriage," is the response.

"Then I must stay here," I said to myself, "at this awful place, all night"—and a fresh wave of distress washes over my already very sorrowful heart.

Mina comforts me. "I will make it all right for *Präuli*. She will have some nice warm soup, and go to bed; and to-morrow, when she wakens, the carriage will be there to take her away."

Then I tell her of my fright. The cook puts her hands on her hips, and listens too. They exchange glances of comprehension as I describe the appearance of the maniac; and when I have told all, Mina says: "Yes; that was mad Yahn. He lives on the waste with his brother, the *Perri Maes* [small farmer]. But he would not have harmed *Präuli*."

"Harmed me!" I exclaim. "He is mad, stark mad, and would have torn me in pieces, if I had not escaped from his clutches. It is a shame to let such people go at large."

"But where is he to go, poor demented man? He is one of God's creatures, as well as the best of us."

"Why do they not send him to the mad asylum? He would be taken care of there, and would not be allowed to go about terrifying people out of their wits."

But I can not make Mina understand what I mean by a lunatic asylum; she has never heard of such a place. I explain it to her, and tell her how our government takes care of mad people in my own country. But she shakes her head doubtfully. It is better to let the "unfortunates"—as she humanely calls them—roam at will in God's world; and she tells me how mad folks can see and converse with spirits, and how they understand the language of the animals.

But the soup is ready, and the lights—a pair of candles—to show me to the waiting-room.

"No, no," I entreat; "let me have my supper with you, Mina. I can not go back to that awful place."

So I sit down with those two Estonian maids, and feel warmed and comforted, and eat a hearty supper after all my sufferings. I do not know whether the station-master and his wife know where I am, and what I am doing, but they never appear; and I am lighted to bed by the kindly Mina. When she leaves me, I bolt my door; and so weary am I, that the madman

does not even haunt my pillow, but I close my tired eyelids, and fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

#### TROUBLE THE SIXTH.

I AM up with—I had almost said the lark; but in the cause of truth, I must even descend to the level of the cocks and hens; for it is none other than a bevy of these unpoetical birds which have crowed and cackled me out of bed this morning. My bedroom-window looks into a back court, where the stables are, and I behold a carriage. "At last!" I say aloud, as I rush like a whirlwind through my toilet. As I am tying on my hat—for I must make quite ready to start—Mina knocks at my door.

"Come in," I sing, too much elated to modify my voice into sobriety.

"Ah, *Präuli* is clever; she is up and dressed!"

"Yes," I say, cutting her short; "and the carriage has come to take me away, Mina!"

"*Ei, ei, Präuli* (No, no, miss); that is the great gentry's carriage who are at breakfast in the waiting-room," she explains.

"Not the carriage from Waimel?" I exclaim, sinking wofully into a chair.

"It is early still. *Präuli* must not expect too soon. It is only five o'clock, and the journey from Waimel is six hours; she must not expect before ten."

There is reason in what Mina says; so I slowly untie my hat, and sigh as I mentally count the hours from five to ten. Five long hours, I think, before I need begin even to expect.

"I will serve *Präuli's* breakfast in the waiting-room," Mina says at the door; "the kitchen is full of men."

"I will wait until those people are gone," I reply, as I take my stand at the window and watch them change the horses. The lumbering family chariot clatters out of the court, looking for all the world like an ill-favored grasshopper on its high springs; and I listen until I hear the bell—without which the Russian coachman is loath to travel—ringing into the distance.

I take my solitary meal, solemnly and slowly; I stare vacantly out of the window; I go out and sit on my box in the veranda—but still no carriage.

A bell in the distance! I am in the middle of the road, shading my eyes with my hand. It is only a drosky, filled with students on their way to Dorpat. They are, as usual, noisy and idiotic; so I deem it best to retire to my bedroom until they are gone; but I leave the door ajar to listen. Of course, they order beer. They must be Russians and Germans, for they are mixing up the two languages.

"Mees M. Estwood!" I hear drawled out.

They are reading the address on my hand-bag. "An English mees.—I know her, Fritz; she has red hair and green spectacles."

"And they call her Meary!" cackles another.

"No; hold your tongues! I remember the lady perfectly; she is an ancient friend of my family, and I love her! True, she has only one eye; but she lost the other in a noble cause. It was scratched out while its owner was defending my honor against calumny." This witticism is received with a roar.

"Idiots! dolts!" I hiss between closed teeth, and shut my door with a bang. I hear another roar of laughter, in which I faintly join, for the eye-business amuses me. They too rattle away, leaving cigar-ash and beer-dregs behind them; and I return to my box-lid and my anxious watch.

It is twelve o'clock at noon, and still no carriage! I can no longer sit still, but pace the veranda from side to side as I have seen a hyena do its cage. What am I to do? My letter must have miscarried.

At this moment, the station-master—oh, wonder to relate!—condescends to seek me. "I fear there must be some mistake, madam, about the carriage from Waimel," he says. "Of course, you wrote?"

"Of course, I did. And told my friends that I would leave Dorpat by diligence yesterday morning."

"Ah! well, then, the letter must have miscarried, and it is no use waiting."

"But what shall I do?" I cry. "I had better write again."

"That would oblige you to send a messenger, and you would have to stay here another night. No; you had better travel post," he suggests.

Post! Why have I never thought of this? Of course, I will take a post-chaise. I must be demented not to have thought of it before. The station-master retires to give the orders and get his bill; and in a few minutes I have turned my back—oh, how thankfully!—on that most dreary of stations.

My readers, are you acquainted with that instrument of torture, a Russian post-chaise? If you are not, avoid it as you would a pestilence, if you value your bones. It is a short, wooden cart, higher at the back than the front; it jolts, and, where the roads are rough, jumps along on two high wheels. Your seat is a wisp of straw at the bottom, and your luggage forms a rasping support for your back behind. You can only sit with your legs stretched straight out before you, which position after the first hour is the rack. I have been in it an hour and more, and am holding my head with both hands, to prevent my brains jumbling together; for we are tearing up

a hill—we always tear up hills in Russia—in that most lovely part of Livonia called the "Livonian Switzerland." My driver has a wild, unkempt look—ferocious, I think—as he shouts to his horses with upraised hand; but I am too much occupied with the care of my brains to trouble much about his appearance at present. Thank Providence, we are at the top of the hill, and at walking pace, the horses steaming with the exertion, and I can look about me, even with the cramp in my limbs, and admire the scenery. It is impressively wild and solitary. To my right, a steep hill rises, clad in dark-green firs, interspersed with the graceful, feathery birch; to my left, a deep ravine, from which we are divided by a low wall. I can hear the water tumbling at its foot, though I can not see it for trees. There is not so much as a peasant's hut to remind me of human existence. We are alone with Nature.

As I gaze—oh, woe is me!—my thoughts, I know not why, revert to an awful tale. I had heard of a murder which occurred last winter on the Neva. A gentleman had left St. Petersburg for Cronstadt in a drosky, and was never afterward seen or heard of. It was presumed that the unfortunate man had been murdered by the driver, his pockets plundered, and his body thrust into one of the many holes in the ice. These things were of frequent occurrence. For several minutes, I see no more of the scenery. I am alone with this man. It could all be done in a few moments. No one would be any the wiser. He could murder me, throw my body over the wall, and take possession of my belongings. People would wonder for a time what had become of the English girl. My friends at Dorpat and Waimel would perhaps exchange letters on the subject, and lose themselves in surmises; but they would never suspect my fate. And my own people would wonder, blame, and fret; would think perhaps that I had forgotten them, while my bones rotted in a Russian ravine. I look up at my driver. He is a powerful man, broad-shouldered, with long tawny hair flowing in the wind. At this moment, in my present state of mind, even a back-view suggests any number of murders! But it has evidently not occurred to him yet what a chance is here; for he sits quietly on his box with slackened reins and listless mien. By degrees, however, as I am still alive and nothing is being done, I grow more calm; one can not be always in a panic; and I am inclined to laugh now at my foolish alarm. We have torn up more hills and walked along more levels, and I have almost dismissed the disagreeable subject from my mind, when the chaise suddenly stops.

The blood rushes to my heart. The driver is slowly descending. "Farewell, earth! Fare-

well, mother! You will never know the fate of your poor child." He has thrown the reins on to the horses' backs, and turns and looks me full in the face. I do not know how I look or what I do; but he looks away again, and begins slowly to unbutton his coat. He is feeling in his pockets. Seeking the wherewith to murder me! I think. Not yet. It is a flask of *vodka*. He will make himself mad drunk, and then!—He takes a long pull. My heart beats so violently that I seem to feel the chaise give a jerk at every throb. He returns the flask to his pocket, and fumbles again. I watch as one might watch an adversary who holds the muzzle of a pistol to one's forehead. He brings out something—I can not see distinctly from the over-straining of my eyes. It is—gracious powers!—a clasp knife, and he clicks out a cruel, glittering blade. I cover my eyes, and try to say my prayers. I am distractedly entreating for "my daily bread," poor wretched, half-crazed soul; and I am still not murdered, and there is perfect silence. So I take a peep at him through my fingers. He is searching his pockets again. This time, for a whetstone, to make the work more sure! I think. But I still watch with a grim, despairing curiosity. He produces a strange-looking brown mass. What is it? I widen the breach between my fingers, and bring another eye to bear upon it. I can not make it out. He is again groping in a pocket; and at length brings up a short stick, and I recognize it in a moment, and feel more steady—the gay china bowl of a pipe! He adjusts it to the stem, and—hurrah! begins solemnly to shove down the brown mass into it with his pocket-knife. It is "*karria yaak!*" And he is not going to murder me.

He fills his pipe, good, honest fellow; lights it leisurely with a flint and steel, and, leaning his mighty shoulder against a tree, surveys the country, as he dreamily draws in the smoke of his be-

loved weed. How could I have supposed that placid, sheepish face to belong to a murderer? I positively blush for very shame at myself for my cowardly fancies.

But, now that this violent revulsion of feeling has come, an almost deadly languor overtakes me. I believe, if he wanted to murder me now, I should scarcely struggle; my arms are like weights of lead. The chaise may jump over stones and do its worst. When we are again in motion, I fall into a heavy doze, and only regain consciousness when we are rattling over the round paving-stones of the little town of Verro. In a few minutes we are driving into the quiet, grass-grown court of Waimel; and I am tumbling out of the straw at the bottom of the chaise, a jaded, dusty, creased, disheveled, hysterical bundle, into the arms of my friend.

"Why have you come upon us this way? Why did you not write, as was arranged, and we would have sent the carriage to meet you?" are the breathless questions which greet me.

"I did write!" I cry; "and I have been waiting at the office since yesterday afternoon."

"And we have never got your letter!"

An hour later, when we are seated, a merry party, round the tea-table, and I am relating the story of my adventures, a servant brings in the post-bag. The contents are turned out. There are business letters for the baron, the Dorpat and Riga Gazettes, and last of all, my retarded letter, which has cost me so much suffering.

My story is done, though I have not told you one half of the troubles I have gone through. But, before I take leave, I would give my readers a word of advice. If they love order, and would keep their heads cool and free from revolutionary principles, let them not make a lengthened stay in Russia!

*Chambers's Journal.*

## SCHOOLS IN FLORENCE.

**D**URING a short stay in Florence I was glad to take advantage of an official permission, kindly given me by a member of the municipality, to visit the communal schools under his authority. The communal schools in Italy are analogous to our board-schools. \* Before the unity of Italy was established the municipality of Florence intrusted the elementary education of the province and city to a number of ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, who made themselves entirely responsible for it.

The schools they established were distinctly Church schools; they were a great improvement on the Jesuit schools which had existed previously.

When Italy was united a great change was made in the education of the people. The municipality itself undertook the control of the elementary education of the province, and opened numerous unsectarian schools for boys and girls; the Church schools were continued as mere private establishments, and command to this day

the confidence and support of a large number of persons. The supreme central authority in education is the Minister of Public Instruction; his jurisdiction extends throughout Italy and Sicily; he is assisted by a central body, whose powers are somewhat undefined and whose functions, among others, are to grant subsidies and appoint and transfer teachers throughout Italy. Each province has its local government inspector, appointed by the central board, who does not necessarily conduct examinations himself. There is also a municipal school council of six local members, presided over by the prefect of the province and a number of male and female municipal inspectors, who examine the schools and sometimes teach special subjects.

The schools are visited periodically by the authorities, and to judge by the entries in the register kept for the purpose the visitations are frequent. Women inspectors visit the girls' schools, and do their work efficiently.

There are about thirty communal schools in Florence; each is a school of only one department—that is, either for boys or for girls only; there are no communal infants' schools, and no mixed schools; the ages of the children range from six to fourteen.

Furnished with my letter and with a printed programme issued by the municipality to the teachers of Florence, containing a list of the subjects to be taught, the books to be used, a time-table, and a code of needlework, I paid my first visit to a girls' school in a central part of the town.

The simplicity of the whole machinery, as compared with the vastness and complication of our own, is very striking to any one coming straight from London board-schools.

Nothing brings out more strongly the fact that the principles of education and of its administration are seriously modified by a mere multiplication of the numbers to be educated. As regards instruction, number makes all the difference between individual and class teaching; as regards administration, between individual supervision of each school by persons locally associated with it and legislative administration of general principles by a central body.\*

In Florence, the numbers are so small and the area covered by the work so compact that the central body of the municipality is practically the local body as well; the members can and do possess a complete knowledge of the history of each of the thirty schools under their care. In

London over three hundred schools must be controlled. As the area covered by the work equals some one hundred and fifty square miles, local knowledge and watchfulness over the history of each of the schools or departments are impossible. Besides this, large questions of principle spring out of the mass of details and demand attention, and new educational problems present themselves which are unknown in smaller administrations. No system can be maintained in this vast chaos until and unless these more general principles are periodically grappled with and readjusted to the educational needs of the time. The whole question is, in fact, shifted from the personal and the special to the abstract and general. The London School Board, with its daily increasing accumulation of detailed work, is in this respect in a transition state, in which the energy and industry of its members have not yet been vanquished by the immense pressure of business, but in which the course of time alone must bring about a change of method. It may be anticipated that a carefully chosen body of local managers will ultimately be called in to take a more responsible share of the local work in connection with the schools than they do now, and thus relieve the Board to a certain extent of work which is unsuited to it.

The system of free education in Florence is a further gain in simplicity, to say nothing of more important advantages involved in this principle. It involves an absence of the worry caused to teachers, parents, and children by numberless regulations and circulars, which endeavor but vainly to secure the full payment of fees without interfering with the regular attendance of the children. The scholars pay for their own books and materials; in any cases of poverty the parents can claim assistance from the municipality, and no difficulty is made in granting the necessary books to those who can not pay for them.

The obvious advantage of this system over ours is that the weekly temptation of sending a child home for the weekly fee is removed, payments for books are secured at much greater intervals than payment of fees, and there is no excuse placed in the hands of unwilling parents and irregular children for non-attendance. At the same time there are other objections to the plan of payment for books which render it impracticable in London.

It may be remarked in passing that the objection to free compulsory education, so often made, that it pauperizes the people, receives a flat denial in Florence. A permanent pauper or destitute class does not exist.

In 1859 a compulsory law was passed, but was subsequently thrown out. Every one was

\* The number of schools in Florence and the number of children receiving education is about equal to the number in the Westminster division of London, and represents one thirty-seventh of the whole work of the London School Board.



unanimous in saying that active compulsion was little needed. The people "are only too anxious" to get their children educated and pushed on; they are generally hard-working people, and glad to get their children out of the way during working hours. They take an interest in their progress at school, and show the greatest pride in their success. The parents of many of the children scarcely know how to read and write, and look upon the modest educational achievements of their offspring as evidence of genius.

There exists no cumbrous machinery, similar to ours, of visitors and superintendents, of weekly meetings\* for the purpose of investigating cases of neglect requiring a possible summons, or poverty requiring a remission of fees; of magistrates and police courts. If a parent is to blame, the usual course seems to be for the teacher to communicate direct to the municipality, when inquiry is made and the parent is censured. There are some families which are hopelessly improvident, they become professional beggars, and their children go about in rags; but the number is too small to form a class, and even in this mild form compulsion is not applied to them. All the schools I saw were, as regards the condition of the children, on a par with our better schools, where the fee is fourpence or three-pence; the children were well fed and clothed, and had a prosperous look.

I looked out everywhere for the poor children, and could not find them. I was at last directed by a teacher to a suburban school, which I visited, where the condition of the children was less prosperous; some of them even wore ragged clothes. I was struck with the significance of the fact that I was searching for the destitute school population, and could with difficulty find it. There is, in fact, no destitute population in Florence at all, as I have intimated. I was informed that the reason of this is that there are very extensive and well-organized charities in Florence which meet every case of want, and a model workhouse. I doubt very much whether charity, however well organized, ever achieved as much in preventing destitution as habits of industry and providence, and I am inclined to believe that the latter, far more than the former, is the cause of the prosperity of the lower classes in Florence.

All the schools I visited were carried on in vast buildings which had formerly been convents or monasteries; being the property of the town, they are now put to this more noble use—and, contrary to my expectations, they answer very well. When liberal funds are not forthcoming

from the Government, and school-buildings have to be erected, the first thing that suffers is the accommodation, which has to be cramped and unhealthily restricted to meet the necessity of economy. As regards Florence, financially ruined by expensive improvements, it is fortunate indeed that these large and airy buildings are available; the schools enjoy the advantage of a wealth of space which is truly enviable, even when compared to the generous scale adopted in London.

These convents have generally been built round large open court-yards, with long, covered-in passages, or open corridors, into which rows of class-rooms open. The class-rooms are always lofty, cheerful, and dry, lighted by large, wide windows. The size of the rooms varies very much; sometimes a teacher can take her full number (seventy) of pupils, but my impression is that the rooms generally hold thirty or forty. In the first school I saw there were ten teachers and two hundred and fifty children; this liberal staff was necessitated by structural conditions. None of these buildings had fire-places or heating apparatus of any kind; the winter was considered cold and wet, yet every class-room I entered (about fifty or sixty) had a window wide open, and I never found a room close or ill ventilated. It is a well-known characteristic of the Florentines of all classes that they live in cold houses, are not afraid of fresh air, and keep themselves warm by extra clothing. The teachers all carried muffs or *scaldini*—small earthenware pots full of hot embers—for warming the hands. The school premises were well provided with every convenience, and kept very clean; but the washing apparatus was quite insufficient.

Besides giving the ordinary instruction, the teachers are responsible for the registers of attendance and the progress and general conduct of the children; they must also watch their personal cleanliness and neatness.

The relations between teachers and children were satisfactory; discipline was maintained without difficulty. Corporal punishment, extra lessons as punishment, and harsh words, are forbidden.

The salaries vary from twenty-eight to forty-eight pounds per annum without residence; these figures speak for themselves. Though much has been done in Italy since 1859 for education, much remains to be done, and some very elementary principles have yet to be applied. It is impossible that even in Florence any person can live on the salary offered to teachers; they are all obliged to supplement it by private tuition. Ultimately the position is reversed—private teaching takes the primary and the school the secondary place; necessarily so, since the remuneration of the for-

\* In 1879 eight hundred meetings of this kind were held in London.

mer depends on its excellence, and the latter is a fixed income.

A teacher, whose duties were exceptionally fatiguing and involved great physical exertion, told me that her health suffered from the inferior quality of the food to which her small salary obliged her to limit herself. There can be no doubt that any reforms or improvement in the education of the people of Italy must be preceded by a reform in the payment of the teachers.

The first school I saw was situated in an immense building in a central part of the town; it was formerly a convent. No less than four distinct schools, numerous offices, and a large church are now located under one roof. I ascended an interminable staircase, and found myself in a bright, sunny anteroom, hung round with cloaks, and hats, and baskets containing the children's dinners. Two female attendants sat sewing and gossiping. I looked down from the wide-open window into the busy street far below, which was stirring with life and color, the air filled with cheerful sounds, street cries of fruit- and flower-sellers, children playing, and soldiers marching past.

I could not help picturing to myself the possibility of some poor little nun imprisoned perhaps against her will in former times in these convent-walls, and looking down on the busy scene below with the natural longing of a healthy nature to escape from the dull routine and aimless duties of the convent, and to join in the real work of the world which lay at her feet.

Happy, indeed, is the change which now fills these rooms with bright, merry children, which prepares them for the ordinary duties of life, and leaves them free to follow the impulses of industry and energy which are so characteristic of the Florentines.

The attendant soon brought the head mistress. She was a highly intelligent woman of about fifty, with shrewd common-sense; her manners were easy and unassuming, her remarks full of that wonderful Italian sagacity which makes vulgarity and ignorance seem impossible; there was an undercurrent of *bon-homie* and humor which made her a very interesting companion during the two mornings that I spent in the school. She was much interested in the general development of education in Italy, and, like all Florentines, showed a keen appreciation of public questions and politics which surprised me. I remember noticing the earnest voice, and look of pain that passed over her face, when she alluded incidentally to the depreciated currency of the country. In many countries a woman in her position would not have understood what a depreciated currency meant; to

her it was a personal disgrace. Italian patriotism makes not only warm hearts, but also clear heads.

Each school is divided into two parts, called the Lower and Higher Sections: the former consists of one class, the latter has five; so that a child entering school at six years of age would have eight years in which to pass through the six classes or standards of the school.

The children are separated into classes according to the standard of attainment of each child; arbitrary standards of age are universally ignored; so that backward children of ten or twelve are found in the lowest classes, and *vice versa*.

No child can pass from a lower class to a higher except after examination at the end of the school year.

Infants under six are excluded from the communal schools; they can gain admission into the *Asili*, but these are intended to provide education (and free dinners) for a distinctly poorer class than that which fills the communal schools.

If a child of six enters school not knowing its letters, it would be expected at the end of the first year to know how to read words of more than one syllable from books printed with syllabic divisions. It begins with writing in copy-books, and dictations of short, easy sentences; it learns the first part of the catechism, with prayers and sacred history, also numeration, and addition and subtraction of sums of three figures. It learns the nomenclature of the principal parts of the human body, the days of the week, and the natural products of the country, from picture books. I saw no object-lessons given anywhere.

One of the teachers, with evident pride, pointed out to me several small children who have learned to read in one year. I remember a teacher in London who said that if she took eight or ten little girls together she could teach them to read words of one syllable in six weeks without difficulty.

The writing was a weak point everywhere; considering the natural aptitude of the Florentine people for all the arts which require manual dexterity, I am inclined to think that the method of teaching must be at fault; the copy-books used were of very poor quality.

In the second class the child continues the same subjects, and also learns prose or poetry by heart; this was always monotonous and sing-song. Grammar is commenced, and arithmetic carried on to multiplication of two figures.

In the third class composition is taken as a new subject, and arithmetic carried on to division. I heard some very young children in this class read a difficult passage exceedingly well;

their logical analysis was good, and some of the writing excellent.

In the fourth class grammar is entirely replaced by composition, simple geometrical definitions are added to arithmetic, and geography is taken as a new subject.

In the fifth class Italian history is taken as a new subject, arithmetic carried on to fractions. Two little girls of nine read and analyzed well. They had worked up through the lower classes of the school. Finally, in the sixth class the above subjects are continued and perfected.

There is no equivalent to our Fourth Schedule, which supplements the work of standards four, five, six.

Out of the ten subjects,\* any two of which may be chosen and taught in England, none is attempted in Florence. The consequence is a certain baldness and monotony in the character of the work done. A question I often put, "What is the favorite study of the girls?" always received the same answer: "Arithmetic; they would rather have a problem in arithmetic than a story from history."

The boys preferred history to any other subject, and, according to the male teachers, did not succeed so well in arithmetic as the girls.

An immense step has certainly been made in education since 1859, when all schools were brought under Government control and girls were admitted to school.

It then became illegal for any one, private or public, to teach without a diploma of efficiency from the Government.

There is a very general feeling of self-congratulation at the results achieved, which is perhaps natural, but, I think, premature. The results as regards *instruction* or knowledge acquired are small, and wanting in completeness; they even show a certain slovenliness of method. Any quantitative comparison is difficult to obtain, and may be very misleading, but, estimated roughly, the results must equal about two thirds of the work done here.

Considering the previous conditions and the difficulties to be met, perhaps more could not have been achieved in the time. But if the efforts of the Government are continued, and improved methods further adopted, in the course of time there is no doubt that, owing to the superior intelligence of the children, results might be achieved which would far surpass anything that could be hoped for in England. The methods there are inferior to ours, but the material is better.

\* English literature, mathematics, mechanics, animal physiology, Latin, French, German, physical geography, botany, domestic economy.

A very serious obstacle in the way of improvement is the frequent change of ministry; it is a great drawback, and seriously interferes with the continuity of educational progress in the country. If the children of the Florentine schools are behind those of our London board-schools in acquired knowledge, the case is reversed when we come to educational results as distinguished from mere instruction.

If the primary object of education is the cultivation of the thinking powers, then the children there start at a great natural advantage over the children here. While the Florentine teacher has merely to give instruction, and very simple mental and moral training, to the child who is in a fit condition to profit by it, the London teacher has not only to give the training, but also in many cases to create or awaken the mind and the moral nature that are to be trained.

At bottom the difference is one of national character and climate. The Florentine children are more intelligent and brighter (not sharper) than the London children. The thinking faculty is there and at work from the earliest years. The persevering stolidity of the London child is accompanied often by a precocious knowledge of evil which is not the most promising material to put into the hands of a teacher. There the children are already little human beings, and there is a certain relation between their intellectual condition and the civilization of the state they inhabit.

Here it is otherwise; many of our poorest children are little savages whose mental and moral state is out of all proportion to, and completely anomalous in, the life of civilization which locally surrounds them, but which actually intensifies their miserable state; and even our better-class children have not the clear, bright intelligence which a better climate seems to produce. The difference is clearly and sadly illustrated by the place which the question of corporal punishment occupies in the two countries. Let me describe what I saw.

The natural curiosity and interest which I felt in first entering a class-room of Florentine children were met by a look on the faces of the scholars so clear and unmistakable as to draw from me the exclamation—

"How happy these children look!"

I turned to the teachers, and saw the same gentle, unruffled look reflected in their faces. One of them replied:

"They are very good children."

Suspecting that such general equanimity could only be purchased by laxity of discipline in some form or other, I asked:

"Do you ever punish them?"

Her face became ominously grave as she an-

swered, "Oh, yes! sometimes we must." I expected a birch rod at least.

"How do you punish them?"

"I give them a bad mark."

I looked incredulous.

"It is felt to be a great disgrace," she added.

"What do you do if a child tells a lie, or steals?"

"I separate it from its companions, or keep it in for a few minutes, or perhaps I write to the parents."

"Do you never beat them?"

"Oh, never! the child would become perfectly unmanageable, and I should *lose all my influence in the school*, and discipline would be destroyed." The explanation which I received to this astounding statement was that it was the rule to make punishment *moral*, and that the disgrace of a bad mark had gained such a hold on the children and their parents that it was found sufficient.

I objected that Italians are notoriously high-spirited and fiery.

The teacher replied: "Corporal punishment would develop all the bad qualities of a child, and it would become perfectly uncontrollable and wild. It is never done."

One teacher boxed a child's ears, and received instant dismissal from the municipality, on the grounds that by this act she had forfeited her influence over the *other* children, and her power of controlling the school.

The impression I received in this school was confirmed by every fresh visit I paid to boys' and girls' schools in Florence. It was impossible not to ponder over so significant a fact. Besides the difference in the national character of Florentine and London children, there are two things to be taken into consideration. In the first place, the teachers and children are not ceaselessly worried by ever-recurring, and, I was almost going to add, ever-useless examinations. They have the one general examination at the end of the school year, which embraces every subject, and upon the results of which depends the work of each scholar during the ensuing year. Once it is over, children and teachers may forget examinations, and with free and happy minds think something of education, and of training of mind and character.

Our children have besides, (1), the Government examination; (2), School Board examination; (3), needlework; (4), Scripture; (5), drawing; (6), physiology; (7), drill; and so on, *ad nauseam*.

Under these circumstances, education is hurriedly relegated to the top shelf of a dusty cupboard, because one examiner is following quickly upon the heels of another.

The natural friction of school-life is intensified, teachers are worried and children are impatient—in these conditions the temper of a school is not calm, and constant outbreaks must occur.

But there is another difference. In Florence, I believe in North Italy generally, the children are kindly treated by their fathers and mothers, and when they go to school they only understand kind treatment; the teacher's course is clear enough; in refractory cases he has his moral influence to fall back upon, and he finds this fully sufficient.

In England the lowest class of parents beat and cuff their children at a very early age. By the time a child is old enough to go to school, its moral sense is dead, and the teacher has at the same time to maintain discipline and to reawaken the lost sense which may respond to his moral authority.

The task is difficult, but not so hard as at first sight appears, and it is certainly worth the sacrifice of time and patience. As regards the parents, the question, Where is reform to begin? is answered. We venture to think that it has begun in the only place possible. If the mothers and fathers are originally to blame, we must educate those who are one day to become mothers and fathers to a better state of things.

It is a gradual reform which can only be introduced in the school-room, and by the action of those whose responsibilities in this matter are undoubtedly grave.

Let it not be imagined that sudden or universal cessation of corporal punishment is advocated—any such action would be fatal.

The *ultimate end* to aim at is the abandonment of corporal punishment, but the means to it is not by a sudden change. This can only be brought about gradually; it has, happily, already commenced in some of our best schools. All honor to those teachers who can carry on this difficult task with success! It is, in fact, conceded by those who advocate very strenuously the necessity of corporal punishment, that in proportion as a teacher can educate his or her children and maintain discipline in his school without it, so is he morally superior; the better the teacher, the less he will require to fall back upon corporal punishment.

Every teacher, male or female, who receives a certificate from Government, has to pass an examination in gymnastics. Government holds annually a preparatory course during three summer months, which is advertised as the "Scuola Magistrale di Gymnastica Fiorentina." So strenuously is this regulation carried out, that even the nuns who teach in the convent-schools are obliged to come out of their seclusion to follow this course, and obtain a certificate after due ex-



amination. The Swedish exercises, which are now being used in the schools of the London School Board, have been introduced in a modified form; they are excellent, and very popular with the girls.

The code for needlework is exceedingly complicated, and almost useless for domestic purposes. So much is this the case that the communal schools might be properly called Industrial Schools for Teaching Needlework, where some general education is also given. In the junior classes, needlework occupies *nine and a half hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours and three quarters, arithmetic three hours and three quarters. In the senior classes, needlework occupies *ten hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours, arithmetic five hours. There are six classes: the children begin by knitting strips, plain socks, and crochet lace; in class three they begin hemming towels and handkerchiefs, marking, and making simple garments. In the fourth and fifth classes they make elaborate garments of every kind; and, finally, in the sixth they do fine white embroidery. The cutting-out is all done by the teachers; the one-thread system reigns supreme. For the enlightenment of those persons who are not initiated into the mysteries of the one-thread system, it may be explained shortly as follows:

If I am teaching a child to hem in the ordinary way, I turn down or fold the material, judging of the straightness and evenness of the folds by my eye. I commence to hem, judging of the regularity of the stitches again by my eye. I show the child how to make the stitch, and endeavor to train the child's eye to judge of her own work by making her glance over what she has done, and point out to me where are the irregularities and imperfections of her stitches. There is no rule of thumb here, but a gradual training of the hand, and of the eye to command the hand. If, on the other hand, I adopt the one-thread system, I turn down the fold, guided not by my eye, but by single threads of the *material* which I choose as my lines. These threads are more or less indistinct according to the quality and kind of material used, and always require a certain amount of painful tension and straining of the muscles of the eye to follow them. When I show the child how to do the stitch, I have to abandon all idea of training hand or eye; she has instead her rule of thumb, which is to take up with her needle merely the single threads which have been the guide in making the folds. The stitch is formed by bringing together these two threads.

If it is fatiguing to the sight to fold on this system, much more fatal is it to hem—to stitch

together for perhaps an hour at a time two single and almost invisible threads of some material. It is not easy to imagine an invention less calculated to benefit a single creature and more calculated to destroy the exquisitely delicate mechanism of the nerves and muscles of the eye.

When I asked what was the use of it, the invariable answer was, "*Précision.*" This "*précision*" is a necessary training for the fine white embroidery.

In some of our London schools, where embroidery is not permitted, this system is pursued, but it is entirely discouraged by the London School Board.\*

Besides the thirty-four stitches which the English code requires, and which is in itself the complete art of plain needlework, the Italian code gives sixty-six different articles to be made, and each child has to master altogether sixty-eight different stitches.

In company with one of the inspectresses, a very amiable and eloquent cicerone, I visited one of the Scuole Leopoldine. There are six or eight of these schools in Florence. They were established and endowed by King Leopold X, for the purpose of providing girls with industrial training in needlework and silk-weaving.

Many marvelous things in the way of needlework are to be seen here, but none more marvelous than a framed picture of some saint. The foundation was white muslin, and the design was produced by means of stitching in human hair instead of black silk! The poor woman assured me that this work was *très pénible*. In one room an inferior quality of silk was being woven on looms, in another girls were winding silk by machinery. Down-stairs fifty little girls were learning how to make crochet lace, squares, and mysterious ingenuities of many kinds. Up-stairs about the same number of girls were doing very fine white embroidery all on frames, such as the nuns make in France. So purely mechanical had this art become, that when, in the hope of finding one educational feature in the school, I inquired whether the girls drew their own designs, the inspectress was much shocked, and replied that even she did not attempt it.

The embroidery was quite perfect of its kind, and quite useless. As the *raison d'être* of these five or six schools was to supply a means of livelihood to women, I was curious enough to know how far the end was achieved. A very fine and beautiful handkerchief was shown nearly finished. I asked, "How long has it taken you to do this?"

\* These remarks apply equally to the two-thread system, the principle of which is the same.

"One year of constant work." "What will you get for it?" "Fifty lire." Less than two pounds for a year's work!

As a matter of fact, there is no general demand for highly-finished work in Italy, nor, in-

deed, in any country I have visited. It has become the luxury of the few rich ladies who will not wear any but the finest work, and who create a special but very limited demand for it.

F. HENRIETTA MULLER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

## THE DECADENCE OF FRENCHWOMEN.

THE old idea that principles ought to be as permanent in politics as in morals, has no place in the theory of government by the people which is now spreading about Europe. The new democracy pretends to work for progress alone, and evidently feels, at the bottom of its heart, that progress and principles are incompatible. Principles, in its eyes, present the inconvenience of not adapting themselves to circumstances; they are, by their essence, rigid and uncompromising; they have no elasticity, no opportunism. Yet, so long as they continue to nominally exist, they must be externally respected, and must be taken into account as guides and counselors. Consequently, as they get into the way of radicalism, it has been found useful to deprive them of their character of invariability, and even, in many cases, to totally suppress them. It is true that the democrats have not invented this notion of the non-durability of principles—Pascal asserted, before their time, that "natural principles are nothing but habits"; but the more advanced politicians of the Continent have got a long way beyond that, and evidently feel that, in politics, principles have not even the value of habits. Like the Californian farmer who said, "No fellow can go on always believing the same thing; one wants a fresh religion from time to time"—so do the leaders of the new school assure us that political principles must change according to the wishes of the populace. They apply to the men of our generation (without knowing it, perhaps) the theory of La Bruyère, that "most women have no principles; they simply follow their hearts." They, too, follow their hearts, like women; they proclaim that the science of government should be independent of enthralling rules; that it should be purely tentative; that it should consist in experiment based on opportunity. In their eyes there is no longer any eternal truth at all. Policy, as they apply it, is an accident of the moment, an expedient of to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be to-morrow. Its former constancy is gone; it is a passing condition; it is a fancy, not a principle. Monarchy,

hereditary succession, religion, were in other days regarded as state principles. It is proposed to replace them now by popular will, universal suffrage, free-thought, and, above all, empiricism, which are thus far mere ideas, or, at the utmost, facts; though they, too, according to Pascal's argument of habit, may assume the form and name of principles hereafter if ever it should become the interest of a new despot to base a throne upon them. But they will never grow into principles of the ancient sort; for the old ones imitated the ways of nature and cherished uniformity of processes, because, like nature, they knew the resistless power of repetition; while the new ideas, on the contrary, are like the human nature from which they spring: they seek for newnesses and strangenesses, because they take them to be signs of freedom.

So the radical world—especially in certain countries of the Continent—has given up principles in politics; and, as it has abandoned the old principles, so also has it forsaken the old forces. To a certain extent the adoption of new forces was a necessity; for, as some of the old ones were nothing more than principles at work, it is manifest that they could not be retained in use when once the principles on which they rested were destroyed. In France, indeed—which is the country we are going to talk about, and which happens to be the land where the newest procedures of government are being essayed—no force whatever seems now to be accepted as a permanent auxiliary. We see there that nearly all the forces formerly utilized by governments have already been excluded from national action: and though some new ones have been taken on trial—to see, experimentally, what they will produce—it would be premature to suppose that any of them will necessarily last. Loyalty to the sovereign was a force; it has been swept away. Religious teaching was a force; it is being suppressed. The so-called governing classes were a force; they have been replaced by the *nouvelles couches*. Society was a force; it has been kicked away. Women were a force; they have been thrust aside. These and other impulses, many

of them knotted up with the history of France, many of them ancient mainsprings of the life of the nation, have been temporarily (perhaps, indeed, permanently) supplanted by fresh producers, especially by the great new agency—experiment.

Now it would be absurd to pretend that progress can always be realized without experiment; but it would be equally foolish to argue that no experiment is possible without entirely new forces. All knowledge, all philosophy, all science, have been built up on observation of, or on induction from, preestablished facts; and no reason is conceivable why, in politics, old motors should not be utilized by new governments. Some, at all events, of the levers which have aided to raise France to greatness in one direction, could equally serve, under no matter what rule, to elevate her in another. But the present republic has, thus far, refused the assistance of any of the old forces. It sees adversaries in them all; it will have nothing to do, even experimentally, with any one of them: it labors, indeed, to uproot them integrally; or, if it can not eradicate them altogether, so to reduce and enfeeble them that they can no longer contribute, even indirectly or occultly, to national results. It has declared war against them all round—against the extinct governing classes as against “the ancient parties”—against society as against clericalism. It makes no distinction; it treats all the former springs of action as foes to be vanquished.

It is, however, just to acknowledge at once that in this the republic has been acting, to a certain extent, in legitimate self-defense. Let us remember that the present shape of government is not only accepted by the nation, but seems to be really desired by it; and that the time has passed for arguing that the republic is the result of accident, not of conviction, or for insisting that it has grown temporarily into existence solely for the want of something else to take its place. It may now be said with truth that France has ceased (for the moment, at least) to be monarchical, and that it sincerely wishes to keep the republic it has got. Consequently, no honest observer can presume to deny that the republic is entitled to claim the allegiance of the entire population, from top to bottom, as thoroughly and as absolutely as any of the dynasties which preceded it, and to extinguish all who refuse that allegiance. But, in the exercise of this right the republic should allow itself to be guided by circumstances, and that is precisely what it has not done. When it found, as it did find during its early struggles, that the old forces stood across its road, and tried, conjointly, to bar its way and upset it—when it observed that they all resisted it together, with equal aversion—it

not unnaturally, in its inexperience as a beginner, viewed them all with the same spiteful eye, and regarded them as one great group of antagonists, to be vanquished collectively and indivisibly. But though this general impression was comprehensible a few years ago, when the embryonic republic was fighting for life, it has ceased to be excusable now. In the consolidated position which the republic has attained, and which entails duties as well as rights, it commits both an injustice and an error in continuing, as it does still, to rank all bygone resistances together in one indiscriminating hate; for though the old forces have been accustomed to work together, and to feel sympathy for each other, it is manifest that they were composed of two totally distinct classes of elements, which might probably be separated without any excessive difficulty. The purely monarchical components must, of course, continue to be fought against, and, so far as they alone are concerned, the republic can not be blamed for its animosity; but the intellectual, the religious, and the social constituents present another character. They are in no way necessarily anti-republican; they are of all times and of all systems; they are national; they are French; they are inherent in the race, or, at all events, in large sections of the race; and no one can seriously urge that they can never be utilized in the future for the good of the republic, just as they have served in the past for the glory of the monarchy. Who can argue, for instance, that it is quite impossible to convert society to the republic? Who can assert that the gentlemen of France will never consent to serve the new system, or that their wives and daughters are so resolutely opposed to it that it is useless to attempt to win them to its flag? It would be folly to aver that the best of the women of France can never become republicans as sincerely as they were monarchists or imperialists. And yet the republic is so behaving toward them, that it is not only repelling them from itself, but—what is infinitely graver—is beginning to enfeeble their old-established national authority, to debilitate their action and their value in the land, and to lower the admirable position which they occupied before Europe. A distinctly marked commencement of decadence of Frenchwomen has set in under this republic. They are ceasing to be themselves; and it is time that the attention of the friends of France should be seriously directed to the situation in which they stand.

Let us first see what Frenchwomen have been; we shall then observe more easily what they are, and what they are in danger of becoming.

In no country and at no time have women exercised such power, or played such a part, as

they had gradually assumed in France during the last two centuries. The Frenchwoman had formed herself by degrees into an institution of a peculiar kind. Nothing like her was to be found elsewhere. She had invented, for her own use, a type of womanhood which was special to herself, and which no one else could appropriate. Her quickness, her inventiveness, and her imitativeness, enabled her to perceive and seize all the means of action which could serve her; and she used these means with such dexterity, that, after a few generations of evolution and development, she reached the fullest consummation of intelligence and of charm which the world has yet seen. And she was not only remarkable for her individual capacities—it was not solely in her personal attributes that she shone; she was even more striking in her associated action, in the royalty which her corporation collectively exercised over her own country and over Europe. Her very name had grown to be a proverb and a power. There is no other example in history of the women of any single nation standing out in a class before the world as the universally accepted uncontested type of superiority in all that constitutes feminine brilliancy, in skill and taste, and wit and winningness. And there is no other instance of the women of a race acquiring and wielding a national influence, social, moral, intellectual, and therefore indirectly political, such as Frenchwomen exercised around them until a few years ago. The nation had accorded to them by degrees, and perhaps without quite perceiving what it was doing, a place in which their abilities and their influence mutually reacted upon and fortified each other. Their inborn potentialities were evolved into full work by their situation, and the situation in turn was aggrandized and vivified by the growth of the faculties which had created it. The interworking of these two causalities carried them to the triumphs which they achieved. But, of course, their victory varied with their means; it was, in each case, proportioned to their place and properties; and it was necessarily limited to the educated classes; for, by its nature, it was a fruit of graces, of refinements, of acquired delicate efficiencies which good teaching, good example, and good contact can alone bestow.

The woman of society—the “lady,” as she would be called in England, the *femme du monde*, as she is defined in France—held her empire by an accumulation of these bright capacities. Of beauty, as we narrowly understand it in England, she had but little; but she possessed so many other witcheries that her habitual want of features and complexion ceased to count against her. Expression redeemed the absence of prettiness, and the designation *jolie laide* was in-

vented for her in order to express her power of pleasing despite her ugliness. In this first view of her she at once assumed a standing-ground of her own; for she was the only woman in Europe who could win homage and admiration without good looks. She did much more, indeed; she led men (in absolute contradiction to our insular theory) to regard mere fairness of face as only one, and not the most important, of the many spells which a true woman should wield. Her bearing was all her own; she had no aristocracy, as we English understand it; but she had a something more gentle and more winning, less dominating, less impressive, less grandiose, but infinitely more persuasive, more sympathetic, more human—she had distinction, a distinction peculiar to herself, all brightness, symmetry, elegance, and finish. Her manner, again, was exclusively her own—its ease, its lightness, its gayety, its unaffectedness and naturalness were never caught by women of other races. Others had their merits too, but they were not those of Frenchwomen. Her eloquence, which was made up of an unconscious mingling of paradox and common-sense—her facility of talk, her thorough possession of her language, and her flow of amusingness—made every listener hang upon her lips with delight. The grace of her figure and of her hands and feet, the use she made of them, the adroitness with which she put in evidence every seduction which nature had bestowed upon her or art had created for her, threw around her a physical charm which was still further heightened by her dressing. And above and beyond all stood her feminineness, her thorough womanness, the greatest, the noblest, the sweetest of her allurements. These were the powers which the true *femme du monde* displayed; these were the sources of her sovereignty.

But, remarkable as were all these elements of her empire, the use she made of that empire was more striking still; for the elements, admirable as they were, had limits, while the empire was unlimited. In her drawing-room the Frenchwoman was a mistress of an exceptional kind: she was not merely chief of the house, she was, effectively, president of an assembly; she invented, regulated, and directed the movement of thought around her; she tilled the ideas of those who had any, and she furnished fancies to those who had none; her fireside was an oasis and a resting-place. The action so commenced indoors spread outside into the life of her friends; she made herself felt even in her absence; her arguments and her counsels were remembered and practically applied; her teaching fructified. In her place and her degree she stamped her mark on those she lived with, and, as a natural consequence, the organization of feeling, of sen-



timent, and of tendencies, in the center in which she moved, was, in reality, her product. French literature is full of biographies and monographs of women such as these; but numerous as are the books about them, they tell only of a few privileged exceptions. Tens of thousands of unknown good spirits have done their work in life, but have left no record of their passage; that work, however, has been none the less real, none the less national, none the less French. The men have not attempted to resist this absorption of action by the women; knowingly or unknowingly, by weakness or by will, they have accepted the pilotage which was offered them, and have allowed the women to become the real conductors of the moral life of the land, of its emotions, its pleasures, and even its ambitions and its objects.

Thus far we have spoken only of the qualities of the typical Frenchwoman. Let us see, now, what her faults were. In both cases we consider her in her public character alone; neither her private nature nor her home action concern us here.

Notwithstanding her extreme feminineness—perhaps, indeed, because of it—she was frivolous, vain, and ignorant. In other words, she attached undue importance to the surface of things; she was entirely convinced of her own efficacy; and she had scarcely any book-knowledge. Her frivolity, however, contained no falseness, and her vanity no snobbishness; while her want of reading was compensated by her special faculty of picking up information by contact. But her true demerit, from the wide point of view at which we are placing ourselves here, the great defect for which she offered no set-off, was the narrowness and pure Frenchness of her view on foreign questions. She was full of prejudice, of dogmatism, of foregone conclusions. Never was a temperament less cosmopolitan than hers; it was, indeed, so limitedly local, so circumscribedly national, that it is difficult to comprehend, when we first look at this particular aspect of her, how she ever managed to stretch her hold beyond her frontiers. The explanation is, that she influenced from a distance, by a magnetic transmission of herself, by the power of example and reputation, not by the immediate pressure of personal presence. Her success abroad was reflected, not direct; it was the recoil of her ascendancy at home. She achieved it in spite of her dislike of other races. And, curiously, this ungenerous littleness, though common to all classes, became more and more visible as the social scale rose higher. It reached the maximum of its development in the women of the set known as the Faubourg St.-Germain. Nowhere was there, in modern Europe, a group of persons more in-

tolerant and more illiberal, less reasoning and less impartial, than the "pure Faubourg," as a whole. Never were the high-class women of any land so unlike their equals elsewhere. The best-born of all the European races (except the French) have a feeling of instinctive sympathy for each other, as being of one great family, and as representing the same interest: they are all impelled, by the mutual consciousness of gentle blood, to meet without mistrust, on the common ground of social equivalence. But never have Frenchwomen felt that. Putting aside some few exceptions, the rule among them is, that they shun foreigners, show them little hospitality, and hold their opinions in contempt. The Faubourg St.-Germain, especially, which had concentrated itself into a fortified refuge of antique bigotries, admitted scarcely any stranger inside its walls. It is true that no stranger really wished to pass them, unless it were out of simple curiosity, to see what the once famous Faubourg looked like, for no one who was not born in it could find pleasure in such a social dungeon. Of course, there were, and are, within its precincts, certain corners which have become modernized. The names of the houses which, though still placed on the southern bank of the Seine, have adopted the habits and ideas of the northern side, will rise to the lips of every one acquainted with the society of Paris; but, taken as a whole, as a clan, as a sect, the Faubourg St.-Germain was, and is, the gloomiest of all the coteries in Europe. It was always a laboratory of fanaticism; but since 1830 it has voluntarily surrounded itself with unapproachable dreariness, and it has, if possible, carried further still its ancient shrinking from all that is not French.

Now, if this inhospitable disposition had been compensated by a highly developed national action—by warm, glowing, successful work at home—it would have been possible to argue, in defense of it, that it was, after all, only a more or less rational consequence of ardent patriotism. But as, for a long time past, the Faubourg St.-Germain has had no influence whatever in the country—as it is the section which, of all the categories that make up the sum of society, possesses the least hold over the nation, and has made the least effort to obtain any—its absence of sympathy with extraneous questions and persons can not be explained in that way, and must be referred to the true cause—a general dryness and selfishness, a manifest indifference to, and scorn for, all that is not "Faubourg." And yet, with all its actual feebleness and isolation, there was a period when this Faubourg was the one social power of France, when its women counted among the active life-springs of the nation, and when they established, almost unaided (for

scarcely any of their compatriots were in a position to help them then), the foundations of the influence which the Frenchwomen of following generations were destined to exercise. Faded as their situation now is, eclipsed and superseded as they are by other and newer vigors, it would be ungrateful and unfair to forget that they were once the only feminine puissance in the land, and that it was they who laid the foundations of the success in which it has ceased to please them to take a share. The tale of their former action is written in the chronicles of France; but they have withdrawn from the work they began, and the great modern middle class has assumed their place, and has learned to discharge their function.

That middle class, augmenting with the increase of wealth and the spread of education, seemed likely, if things went on as they were going, to become the true upper section of the community, the Faubourg order being eliminated by its own inherent incapacity, and by the process of crowding out to which it was being subjected. It was in this wide central body that the women used to exhibit all the highest characteristics of their race; it was in it that the most perfect examples of their type were found; and there was, in this branch of the nation, a special freshness and diversity which was proper to itself. In the old noble classes there existed traditions and models which were handed on by each generation to its children, and their shaping brought about a general similarity of product. Whereas, in the perpetually renewed ranks of the center, into which all sorts of unprepared elements were constantly surging up from below, a large proportion of the women had to create themselves, to discover their end, to invent their means. They were, consequently, more personal than the people above them; there was more *imprévu*, less fixed pattern, about them; they were, in many cases, the self-generated issue of their own intelligence: they were French of the French, made up of inherent faculties; a fruit of intrinsic idiosyncrasies developed by new surroundings; an outcome of inborn fitnesses. But, though this marked difference existed between the processes of manufacture of the women of the first and second grades, their social functions and their social action were identical (so long, that is, as the upper crust continued to do anything at all). They strove, alike, to sway the men around them, to mold French life, and to lift up France, by their example, and by the influence of that example on other countries.

The wives and daughters of the working strata did good too, but it was in another fashion and with another object. In this third gradation social issues had of course no place, but still the

laborer's wife presented many of the characteristics of the women above her. She had their gayety, their naturalness, their effusiveness; and she usually possessed, in a dormant state, the capabilities of the others, for, if her husband rose in the world, she almost always fitted herself to her new station, and took her place in it without inaptitude. This third group, however, notwithstanding its numbers, exercised no influence; it was worthy, self-denying, toiling, and affectionate, but it had neither the ambition nor the means to teach, to proselytize, or to rule. Its office was of another kind; it was of a purely home aspect. It was admirable within its limits, but it had nothing in common with the public dominance of the two other classes of Frenchwomen. There was nothing national or international about it, and we need therefore take no account of it here.

Such was, in rough outline, the general situation of the women of France down to the date of the German War. The second empire had neither weakened their hold nor damaged their natures. Nothing, indeed, is more unfair or more untrue than to pretend, either for party purposes or from an affectation of morality, that the reign of Napoleon III did any general or permanent harm to French character. A certain limited band indulged in a good deal of amusement and extravagance, but the nation, as a whole, was outside the movement: it looked on, laughed, and made money. The Frenchwoman came out of the imperial period just as she entered it—unhurt and unchanged, with the same merits and the same faults, with just as much capacity and simplicity as she had before, with no lessening of any of her powers. On the contrary, her influence over France and Europe was never greater than during the twenty years which preceded 1870. And it was not the noisy pressure of frivolous excitement—it was the sound superiority of intelligence, the supremacy of grace. And see how Europe testified to the truth of this; see what proof was given that the Frenchwoman never stood higher in foreign sympathy. When France was conquered, did her moral influence fall? Not for one moment, or in the faintest measure. France lost her political place, as a consequence of defeat, but held her own, intellectually, socially, and sentimentally, just as if nothing at all had happened. Why? Because the accumulated action of her women had done what her men could not effect—it had retained her friends. It was to the past work of her women that France was principally indebted for the position which, in her hour of trial, she occupied before the world; it was to them that, for the greater part, she owed the abiding sympathy of Europe. She was invaded, beaten, and hu-

miliated, yet still accepted and proclaimed by the surrounding nations as their guide, their light, their text and type in all that makes life graceful, spiritual, and attractive. Who will deny the truth of this? Who will assert that in her day of sorrow, when her men had failed her, France was not mainly held up, sustained, and kept in place by the merits of her women? Never was there, in the records of nations, a moment at which the services which women can render were more unequivocally or more grandly shown. In the sad days which followed the signature of peace, from 1871 to 1873, France was indeed well served by them; the store of goodwill, of respect, of admiration which they had piled up in Europe, poured itself out around the land in eager tenderness. In every corner of England and the Continent were friends of France, friends made for her in better days, chiefly by the efforts and the reputation of her women; friends who are still faithful to her, still attached to her, but whose fondness would not long survive if France ceased to be served and defended by her women.

Such was the situation ten years ago. Such was the position in which the republic found the women of the country it came to govern. They were powerful at home, honored abroad. They were a glory and an energy in the land. What has the republic done with them?

The reply is simple. Since 1871, and particularly since the third republic has been definitely established, the inland sovereignty of the Frenchwoman has begun to melt away, and her exterior credit to grow pale, the reason being that the republic has included her among the forces to be annulled, and has done its utmost to dismiss her from her rule, as if she were a mere monarch, and could be dethroned like ordinary kings. We shall soon see how.

The republic has introduced several new conditions into French life. By its essence and its mission—which are to democratize not only government, but character and rights as well—it has naturally brought about an antagonism of castes. By that antagonism it has upset the balance of social influences, and has altered the relations between classes. By its legislative enactments it has suppressed or modified a good many individual liberties. In each of these directions its action has been unmistakably pointed, not only against the “ancient parties,” but also, in reality and effect, against what used to be regarded as the higher categories of the population. At the same time, it would be unjust not to recognize that, in a good deal of all this, a professedly democratic *régime* could scarcely have acted otherwise, since its one purpose is to do everything for and by the people. Within certain

limits (which we need not attempt to determine, because in the particular case which we are considering the limits fix themselves), we fully acknowledge that the actual masters of France have both right and logic on their side. They are the majority; they have power; they have a programme, and no impartial spectator can blame them for carrying the political elements of that programme into execution. We will go further still—we will admit that the present system can not content itself with purely political results, and that, to be faithful to its creed, it must pursue certain social consequences as well. But, here arises the well-known difficulty. Directly a government touches the social organization of a people it is forced to pull down, for it is powerless to lift up. The unification of classes can only be obtained by dragging the top to the bottom; no motor yet discovered can raise the bottom to the top. The republicans may not really wish to destroy their upper classes; but, as a fact, they have begun to do so, and seem likely to be obliged to continue, whether they like it or not. They commenced by transferring the exercise of government from the particular section of the population which formerly possessed it, which was educated to it, and was accustomed to practice it, to another section which is new to it, and which has received no preparation for it. So far their operation was exclusively political. But, additionally, and at the same time, they attempted, with constantly increasing success, to suppress all national action and all national usefulness on the part of the dispossessed section, and to reduce it to a condition of practical nullity. They have now managed to exclude the former upper classes, almost entirely, from participation in the public life of France, from influence in the state or from a voice in its councils. Yet, even in this second stage of their proceedings, they can scarcely be said to have gone beyond the strict rights of political victory, and to have distinctly manifested a purpose of social subversion, for it was not to be expected that they would remain content until they had expelled the ousted classes from any share in the direction or the administration of the country. The new democratic reign had a right to seek that result, and could scarcely content itself with less: it was entitled, by the law of conquest, to choose not only its policy but its men, and to eliminate from public action all influences and persons which the majority regarded as hostile either to its principles or its objects.

Furthermore, the gentlemen of France, viewed collectively and omitting the exceptions, have done nothing whatever to ward off their own destruction—have made no attempt to hold their ground, to defend their position, or to retain their

credit. The mass of them sulk silently in their châteaux, say snarlingly that the country is going to the devil, and do not make the faintest effort to prevent it. The active, energetic life of an English landlord appears to be beyond their conception: the unceasing discharge of local business, the perpetual friendly contact between employer and employed, the claim to the inborn right of laboring for the public good, the privilege of rendering service; the frank acceptance of duties and responsibilities as a consequence of position, which stamp the tone and attitude of the gentlemen in every village in England, are all unknown to them. Never did a great class so tamely permit its place and power to be snatched away from it, or sit down under defeat with such astounding torpidity. It would almost seem as if these enemies of the republic desired to prove, by voluntarily supplying conclusive evidence of their incapacity as a mass, how wise the republic is to have relieved them of all further trouble. Passive sullenness is the distinguishing mark of their present conduct toward the republic: they sit in a corner and growl at what they call the *canaille*, but they do not make the faintest united effort to work up again to their lost status. They have evidently no perception of the fact that in our time rights have lost the faculty of surviving of their own accord; that they no longer endure when they are no longer merited; that, to keep them alive, they must be vigorously backed up by conduct and by energy; and that daily proof must be supplied by those who claim to exercise them, that they are still worthy to be intrusted with them. We know all this in England, and we act accordingly. It is not so in France: there, class rights are still regarded by a good many people as abstract possessions, involving no necessary work at all. Under such conditions, it is not strange that the republicans should both repudiate the aristocracy as a natural enemy, and scoff at it as a useless ally.

They have done this with an earnestness and completeness which leave but little space for hopes of reconciliation or arrangement. But yet they profess to open their arms to all who choose to join them, and they declare that it is the fault of the "ancient parties" alone if they remain outside. This, however, is not altogether true. Such few members of those parties as have changed their opinions and have gone over to the republic, have not been received with an enthusiasm calculated to tempt others to follow their example. And, additionally—with the exception of the army and navy, which are technical and hierarchical careers whence exclusion on political grounds is almost impossible—very few men of the old sort are now to be found in the

public pay. In all the branches of the civil service, which are prodigiously extensive and varied in France, the greater part of the former servants have been turned out. New-comers have claimed and have occupied all the places, of no matter what nature, that the government had to bestow. And the democratic spirit is excluding the well-born, more and more, from the elective bodies, from the departmental and communal councils, as from the Senate and the Chamber. If the aristocracy has shrunk from the republic, the republic has paid it back in its own coin with compound interest, and can not pretend that it has shown the faintest symptom of any desire to make friends. The breach is complete, for the present at least: on neither side is there a sign of any disposition to bridge it over.

Here, again, it must be said, in strict equity, that the republic remains within its rôle and within its rights. But it has simultaneously taken another step which carries it clearly beyond both. It has not only thrust aside the old governing classes, but it has also unmistakably given France to understand that it intends to go a long way further, and that it means to abolish, if it can, the power and influence of society as well. As the governing classes and society were composed, for a considerable part at least, of the same persons, it is to a certain extent comprehensible that the republic should not regard society as a friend; but that it should look at it—as it manifestly does—as worn out and obsolescent, as necessarily reactionary and anti-republican, is to go far beyond what the facts of the situation justify. War is, however, implicitly declared against society—not by the Government, of course, or in any well-defined or official form, but by the democratic party as a mass, by the whole surging, aspiring multitude of the *nouvelles couches*. It was in the order of things that it should be so: nothing could prevent it; it was only a matter of date. It was one of the functions of a radical republic to smash society as a force. The smashing has begun. The blow dealt at the political position and influence of the aristocracy produced, as a natural consequence, an immediate and painful *contre-coup* on society. The damage done to the one was keenly felt as an injury by the other; the two were, for the moment, so intimately bound up together that neither of them could suffer alone; all detriment to either was common to both, for they had not had time since 1871 to detach themselves from each other. As society in France had rendered the weightiest services to the state; as it had always been one of the primary factors in the formation of opinion; as it had presided over the whole organization of the higher life of the nation; as it had largely aided, morally and



intellectually, to fashion France into what France was; as it had formed, by the multiplicity, the variety, and the extent of its operations, an empire within an empire—it had naturally become an active supporter of what was then the governing class, and was considered and consulted by it as a faithful friend and ally. And yet, though all this was true, though society was mainly represented, in its public action and in its contact with the state, by the upper strata, it must not be forgotten that, in reality, society spread far away into the nation, and that it included a much deeper and much wider mixture of general components than are usually contained in what is called society elsewhere. Since the Revolution there had been nothing exclusive about it; there was but one condition for forming part of it—that condition was personal fitness. Neither special position, nor certain determined occupations, nor even money, were indispensable for admission to it. If ever a society was truly national, truly catholic, truly generous and open-armed, it was certainly the society of France. It was generally cold to foreigners, but it was amply open to the entire home population, with the single obligation of contributing to the discharge of its functions. The Faubourg St.-Germain singly stood apart. With that lonely exception society in France has always been during the present century as profoundly democratic in its roots and origins as it was conservative in its tendencies and action. It set an example of liberty and accessibility long before the republics of 1848 or 1870 proclaimed the rights of the people. With such characteristics as these, it was not strange that it counted as one of the powers of France. Its uses were so evident, its services were so manifest, its value was so indisputable, that successive governments courted its goodwill and coöperation, and saw in it one of the most energetic, most all-pervading, and most thoroughly French of the forces at their disposal; they recognized that society lifted up France at home and made her loved and honored abroad.

It was reserved for this successful republic, for this triumphant democracy, to attack an authority which all preceding masters (including even Napoleon) had respected; an authority which had a very special claim to consideration from popular feeling, for it had not only exercised its sway by the most eminent and most winning of French qualities—by gayety, by inspiration, and by charm—but had set the first example of permanent emancipation from class prejudices. The attack is not yet violent—it is directed, thus far, against the outworks only; but the siege has commenced, and the investing troops are too bitter to be likely to abandon it.

They see in society a citadel to be dismantled, because it stands upon a height—a stronghold to be demolished, because its garrison is composed of picked soldiers—a keep to be blown down, because the flag which flies from it is a small token of superiority. Democracy is jealous of society, and when democracy is jealous it destroys.

But it will not destroy society alone. Another of the brightnesses of France will fall with it. French society and Frenchwomen are one, and when society is gone as a force, there will be an end of women as a charm. What society did in France, women did, for society is an operator to whose ends Frenchmen contribute almost nothing. Society there was what women made it: it was through it that they preached their bright message; it was through it that they shaped their country; it was through it that Europe learned to know the French. Society and women, in France, labored together, prevailed together, prospered together. And, to-day, they fall together. In the great general excommunication of the French upper classes is incorporated the consequent inevitable ostracism of women from the public power which they once possessed and so admirably employed; for, though society, as has just been said, is not composed of those classes alone, it is still so largely dependent on them for its form, its essence, and its being, that it is not possible to conceive the continuation of its existence as a power, if ever those classes are effectively barred out from its direction. It would, in such an event, fall helplessly to pieces; it would lose the unity which has hitherto distinguished it; it would break up into patches, atoms, and scraps; its vitality would abandon it; the most French of Frenchnesses would be undone; and Frenchwomen would lose their scepter.

Thus far we have endeavored only to summarize the situation in its main outlines—to present an approximate sketch of the past action and past uses of French society and Frenchwomen, and of the new conditions in which they find themselves at this moment. We will now approach more closely to the subject, and indicate the nature of the actual position, so as to determine the character and degree of the decadence which has already been induced. This brings us to the core of the question; hitherto we have only been working up to it by preparing the necessary elements of comparison between the present and the past, between what was and what is.

First of all, it will be prudent to recognize that a great many people in France (a majority, in all probability) would deny that there is any decadence at all, or even that any real change

has occurred in the public situation and power of either society or women. The republicans would naturally affirm, in the puritanical language so many of them affect, that, instead of weakening the position of their countrywomen, they have placed that position higher even than it was before, by surrounding it with an aureola of democratic virtues and patriotic purities. A large number of the women themselves, especially the less thoughtful of them, would learn with astonished and offended pride that their place is going from them. But other witnesses are at hand; other voices are making themselves heard. The protestations of many among the French, the testimony of independent observers, and the evidence of the facts, unite to prove the reality of the damage already done, and to shadow forth the threatenings of the future.

The best, the truest, the noblest of Frenchwomen—the women who are no longer young, but who know how to be old without regret—the women who remember and compare, whose knowledge of life enables them to gauge events, and whose position, character, and authority place their attestations above denial—these women are almost unanimous in declaring that, during the last few years, they and their sisters have palpably lost ground, both in public action and in personal capacity. And this is not the querulous complaint of worn-out eldership, of persons whose views have changed with years, and who think the past superior to the present because their own associations are connected with the past. No; it is the thoughtful, unbiased verdict of unwilling judges, whose sentence gains still further weight because it is in painful contradiction to their wishes and affections. And it is not in the more ancient ranks alone that these reluctant deponents are to be found. Many of the younger women, too, are testifying against themselves each day, and are impartially proclaiming that society is fading, and that they themselves are drooping and withering with it. Even the men are beginning to take some small part in the outcry which is swelling up against the damage inflicted by democracy on society and women; and though it is only the more observant of the French who, thus far, point to the coming danger—though it is only the minority which has yet perceived the impending downfall—the day is approaching fast when all eyes will be opened to it.

Next come the declarations of foreigners, of aliens who live in France. Their evidence can not be suspected, for they love France—so earnestly, indeed, that they cherish not only her merits but even her faults. They admire her greatness and her brightnesses, but they have sense enough and philosophy enough to recog-

nize that it is contrary to all the teachings of reality, to all the lessons of life, to seek for excellences alone, and that the wise man must accept defects as well for the sake of the qualities which correspond to them. These foreigners have no dislike to the republic; on the contrary, most of them are thoroughly convinced that it is the only government which is now possible in France. Furthermore, being true cosmopolitans, with no prejudices and with no preferences, they declare that the political *régime* of France is no concern of theirs, and that it is for the French alone to choose the shape of supervision under which it pleases them to place themselves. All they desire is to live in France and to attach themselves to her without reference to the momentary form of her constitution. Well, these strangers, of varied nationalities, possessing (many of them at least) old and intimate acquaintance with French society, and the accumulated world-wide experience necessary to view that society broadly and measure it fairly—these strangers assert, almost with one consent, that the Frenchwoman is passing away. They say that her luminousness, her instinct, her fancy, and her sentiment, have all diminished; that she manifestly takes less trouble to please and to play her part in life; that her aptitudes are no longer exercised or applied as they were in former days; that her type of mind is ceasing to be peculiar to herself, and that, as a consequence of these changes, her charm has sensibly diminished. They observe that all this has happened since 1871, and on behalf of Europe they raise their voices in protestation. They entreat the republic to take note that the Frenchwoman is being stifled, and they appeal for her preservation as one of the glories of France and one of the necessities of Europe. The world can not spare her. Other women than she had realized the curious mixture of transient attributes, of artificial capacities, of acquired graces, of faculties and faults, of brilliancies and vanities, the accumulation of which makes up that strangely composite and profoundly conventional product—the modern lady; but no other woman had ever achieved these ends as she had done, with such plenitude, such finish and such ease, with such dexterity and facility, with such un-failing adaptability to the ever-varying modifications called for by the unceasing evolution of usages and manners. And, above all, no other women had ever utilized their sway to the same degree in order to make themselves felt everywhere as a living, self-asserting force. The success of Frenchwomen in all this had been so thorough; they had gone so resolutely ahead of the men of their race; they had so fully seized the front place in their land—that the rest of the

world looked on with admiration, and came by degrees to regard them as a generic but uncopiable pattern, as a sort of collective property of the earth, which every other nation had an equal right to respect from afar, to extol, and to acclaim. The Frenchwoman, in the eyes of the world of travel, of experience, and of critical comparison, was one of the special outgrowths of our time. The whole earth, indeed, has unstintingly felt this; it will therefore be justified now in weeping over the demolition of this universal idol, and in calling upon the republic to restore it to its place upon the altars. If the Frenchwoman is to be annulled, it is not for France alone to mourn over her; all humanity will claim the melancholy right to cast flowers on her grave.

And now let us pass from the personal to the material side of the proofs, from the testimony of individuals to the evidence of facts. A lowering atmosphere of *ennui* has settled over France since the establishment of the republic. The sky, so clear, so bright before, so full of sunbeams and so radiant with light, is veiled by mists of tedium, by hovering hazes of distrust, and by the clouds of gathering storm. The composition of the air seems altered; those who breathe it feel as if it had veered round from sprightliness to heaviness; its vivifying freshness is gone. The entire social climate has undergone a change; its old peculiar characteristics are disappearing; new conditions are arising in their places. And these mutations have not been vague and undefined; they have not been limited to general appearances, to occasional symptoms, or to passing signs; on the contrary, they have produced themselves in the most distinct form, with unequivocal precision, and with a persistence and a permanence which leave, unhappily, no doubt of their reality. It is a glaring verity that, during the last few years, French society has lost a large part of its gayety and vivacity, of its demonstrativeness and naturalness. The wish for joy is manifestly growing weaker. The French, who were once so resolute in their hostility to sadness, appear to be beginning to accept it tacitly, like the English, as a natural element of life. And more than all—incredible as it may sound—they are, most certainly, becoming stupid. They used to be the most intelligent people upon earth—they overflowed with vitality and animation—they chattered and rejoiced all day; but now they are often dull and silent. And as they talk less and laugh less, so also do they seem to feel less; the rapid impressibility, the comprehensive emotionality, which were so eminently theirs, have apparently been blunted. And all this is particularly and especially true of the women; for as they were, in former days,

the completest models of French capacities, so are they, naturally, the first to suffer when those capacities begin to wane. It is they who have lost the most in this national decline, for it was they who had the most to lose. They, who were once so full of confidence and self-reliance, who were so buoyant, so enthusiastic, so optimist, and even so utopian; they, to whom life was a theatre in which they were the applauded actresses; they, who had no doubts and no hesitations about either their talent or their performance—seem now to have become timid, diffident, suspicious, and half paralyzed by despondency. There is, in their attitude as a class, the anxious, nervous look of a prisoner on trial. And this comparison is not strained, for they all well know that, in fact and truth, the republic is sitting in judgment on them, and that they will probably be condemned. The result of all this is that social intercourse is diminishing, for when people have a rope round their necks they do not care to be amused or to amuse others. Festivities of all kinds are few; many well-known houses have closed their doors and receive no more; and in the homes which are still open to visitors there is a sort of chilliness. Some of the highest placed and most intelligent women of the foreign colony in Paris are positively beginning to confess that they no longer care to know many French people, because most of them have become so dull. Social leadership is passing away into exotic hands. There are still a few great ladies who retain their former chieftainship; but they can be counted on the fingers, and the reality now is that the French have drawn back from their old active contact with each other, and have left the care of hospitality to strangers and to Jews. In the provinces the condition is worse still; for outside the capital there are no Spaniards, no Americans, and no Israelites to replace the absent natives. And, furthermore, as the spirit of clanship and of petty hostility to the Government is much more active in the country, as the good people there seem to consider it a duty to be lugubrious under the republic, there is really almost an end of any social intercourse at all beyond the limits of the department of the Seine. Taking the situation all round, it may be said, with truth, that there is no more society in France in the old great meaning of the word; and that, even in the restricted sense of mere parties and dinners and dances, there is an enormous falling off. And as it is with society, so is it also with women. No more of them are being produced. The unceasing procession of fresh triumphers and of new potentates, which was so remarkable a symptom of the healthy period of French society, has stopped altogether. Scarcely any of the young beginners of the last

ten years have made a name or taken a place. The conductors of amusement in its present reduced form are still a remaining few of the same ladies who directed it under the empire. The republic has been a barren spouse to France; it has engendered no women, just as it has brought forth no men. These things are as well known on the Boulevard as are the *cafés* and the lamp-posts. They are as certain as night after day; and terribly like night they are in their gloominess and sadness. They make up a group of facts to add to the statements of the witnesses, and facts and testimonies combine together to prove that the Frenchwoman is decaying.

And all this is the work of the republic. It is impossible to deny it. There were no signs of decline so long as there was a monarchy in France. The whole of the symptoms which we have just indicated have sprung up since the war. And furthermore, the republic has pursued, as we have seen, a line of conduct toward society and women which, in itself, explains the commencement of decadence of which we are the spectators, and leaves no space for doubt that the present political system is responsible for what is happening. But here, again, it would be unjust to lay the entire blame on the back of the republic, properly so called. A republic is a rougher institution than a sovereignty; it cares less for forms and manners; it has less sympathy for elegances and graces; the brightnesses and delicacies of feminine charm are not regarded by it as necessary ingredients of life. But yet, notwithstanding these inherent antagonisms, there is no fundamental reason at all why a moderate republic should not recognize the necessity and the policy of gaining the good-will of society, and of supporting and utilizing it as a national force. To do this, however, the republic must remain somewhat conservative, and that is precisely what the French Republic has ceased to be. Its ungainliness is increasing instead of diminishing; its innate disinclination to graceful things is augmenting, for the simple reason that it is becoming more and more essentially democratic. It is to its democratic rather than to its purely republican spirit that the gravity of the social situation is to be ascribed. The republic, as a separate abstract conception, is relatively innocent. It deprived the upper classes of power, but it does not necessarily follow, nor is it in any way proved, that if left to itself it would have gone beyond that point. Democracy, on the contrary, would stop nowhere. The attacks against society, so far as they have already gone, were the act of the republic in its young excitement; the situation in the present is also, consequently, its work; but the danger of the future promises to arise almost exclusively from democ-

racy, from the radical elements which are unceasingly gaining power, and from the certainty, based on experience, that they will use that power for destruction. The result produced already is marked enough, and sad enough; but the true seriousness of the case lies in the somber probabilities of the future; in the effects which will be produced on Frenchwomen by the growth of the revolutionary spirit—by the development of that "latent radicalism" of which the Duc de Broglie so prophetically spoke in 1877, during the stormy discussions which followed the 16th of May.

The mass of the nation is indifferent in the matter; it does not understand it; and it cares so little for anything whatever except money-making, that it gladly leaves the management of its affairs to any one who is kind enough to take the trouble off its hands. But still, if the mass had any opinion at all, that opinion would be against society; for the old popular conservatism is ebbing away, and the multitude has no favor now for anything which lies above it. It is becoming democratic in the country as in the towns, and will soon be ripe to follow the new leaders who are marching to the front, and to approve the measures which those leaders will apply. Society and women, as institutions, can look nowhere, with certainty, for reliable and effectual assistance. According to all the probabilities of the case, they both are doomed. Even the intensity of their Frenchness will not save them, for the longing for subversion takes precedence of patriotism in the democratic mind. Furthermore, if democracy permitted them to exist, it would not know how to utilize them. The republic, even in the relatively temperate form it has hitherto assumed, has proved how incompetent it is to employ, or even to comprehend, these delicate forces; and democracy is, necessarily, still more awkward in the matter, for its entire essence is opposed to the symmetries and refinements of which Frenchwomen are the type and the exponents. Yet the danger lies not in the coarseness or the clumsiness of radicalism, but in its hate—in that chafing abhorrence of everything that stands high, which is the distinguishing characteristic of democratic passion.

There is but one faint chance left. If the republic can resist democracy, and if it can open its eyes to its own and the national advantage, it may yet prevent the coming disappearance of Frenchwomen. It was urged, at the commencement of this article, that some of the old forces of France might advantageously be employed by the republic. Is it quite incapable to distinguish between the "ancient parties" and society at large, and to keep the latter at work, though it continues to discard the former? Is it quite un-



able to utilize women? It is, of course, free to reject the aid of both if it thinks that it can do without them; it is also free to refuse to protect them, if it thinks that France does not want them; and it is fully entitled to set society at defiance, and to laugh at its hostility. But in doing these things it will have the whole of Europe against it; and the certainty of the disapprobation of all its neighbors may, perhaps, count for something in its eyes. Thus far the Government has given no signs of its opinions or intentions in the matter. Perhaps it is waiting to let the current grow in force, and then to float on with it when it is sweeping all before it. Perhaps, when that time comes, it will say of its citizens, like Caussidière in 1848, "Of course, as I am their chief, I must follow them"; perhaps it will do nothing at all, and will leave independent radicalism to effect the overthrow by itself. But even mere inaction on the part of the Government would be as fatal as active hostility; for of all the dogmas which compose the creed of French life, not one is more universally adopted, more indisputably admitted, than the tenet that the Government is supreme master of everything, and that nothing can thrive if the Government is not with it. In the present state of things, the declared support of the state is indispensable for the maintenance of society as a force; and even that support would probably be insufficient now, for the double reason that it would be powerless against democracy, and that nobody would believe in its sincerity. Still, it is the sole remedy to try. Society will, of course, continue as a half-dried channel of intercourse—visits and parties will go on in an impoverished fashion; but that is not the meaning of society as we are considering it here. If the Government will not or can not protect it from its adversaries, the day will soon arrive when its national functions and its corporate qualities—its creativeness, its self-constitutiveness, and its representativeness—its dignity, its luster, and its repute—will all be exterminated by irresistible and relentless sweeping out from below. Society can only be saved by union between it and the republic. It is for the republican Government to hold out its hand: it is the conqueror, it is the master; it is in a position in which it can afford to be generous; it can lose nothing, but it can render a priceless service to France, and can merit the gratitude of Europe. If the Government refuses to do its best, then the decadence will march on with speed, and there will be nothing left but to recommend French society and Frenchwomen to the protecting care of the Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments, so that their memory and their relics may not be totally lost in the land in which they were once so great.

It would be a mistake to imagine that what is now passing is a superficial or momentary accident, which will settle itself straight again in a little time. According to the aspect of things, no such expectation can be entertained. The rupture of personal relations between society and the republic, if that were all, could probably be patched up in time, provided society frankly admitted that it can only be rescued by the republic, and provided the republic heartily recognized that it would do an irreparable damage to France if it allowed society to be destroyed. But the true danger is graver and far deeper; it is in the very nature of the democratic sentiment—in the inevitable process of demolition to which all upper things will be subjected, not only in France, but in every other country in which democracy will successively apply its action. The lighter Paris newspapers proclaim, sneeringly, that "*la République manque de femmes*," and laugh at it because no Frenchwoman of what was formerly called good society will consent to appear at the official receptions of its functionaries. That detail is, however, so infinitely small that it constitutes no test and supplies no argument. The question is not one of the absence or presence of particular women in certain houses, but of the general feeling and intention with which the republic, in its entirety, contemplates the social institution which those women incarnate. It is not the action of the women which interests us—it is the action of the republic. The republic has now an opportunity of a special kind; it can astonish the world by being delicate and graceful. It can show, if it likes, that under its rule Frenchwomen can remain themselves, and that there is nothing in the theory or the practice of a republic which is in any way contrary to the development of elegance and charm. But, if it is to effect this, it must act with a tact and a skill of which it has hitherto displayed no sign. It must show sympathy for its vanquished foes, and must reawaken in them the sense of usefulness. It is in no way necessary that it should restore them to any share of political power; but it is indispensable that it should make them feel that they have still a duty to discharge and a function to perform, in the name and for the honor of their country. They should be told that France intrusts them—under the republic as under the monarchy—with the maintenance of some of her best traditions, with the conservation of her brightnesses and graces, with the guardianship of the qualities which have given to her the first place in social Europe. And they should be assured that, in the execution of the mission which is confided to them, the republic will resolutely protect them against all the attacks which may hereafter be directed against them.

Nothing of all this, however, is to be expected. Mention must be made of it because it forms part of the possible eventualities of the subject, but the probabilities are not in favor of its realization. They all lie, indeed, the other way, and betoken a constant aggravation of the estrangement between the republic and society. In such a strife, the vanquished are foredoomed. Democracy will stamp out its victims, and will give no thought to the damage done to France.

The French have not yet quite got to that, but they are fast drifting to it. The decadence of the Frenchwoman has not yet attained the form of a clearly marked decay of capacity. Thus far its symptoms are only a dispossession of place and power, with an accompanying cessation of the utilization of abilities. It is a deprivation, not a total loss; a torpor, not a death. The qualities of the Frenchwoman remain what they were, but they are ceasing to be active, and are becoming latent. Her potentialities are unproductive, her faculties are passive. She is in a state of lethargy, like the sleeping beauty in the

wood. So far, the harm done is not incurable; it is still quite possible to awake her, provided the republic will consent to play the part of Prince Charming. But if she remains too long in her present inaction, she will lose her power and unlearn her traditions; her arms will rust, and she will forget how to handle them. The present generation may be able, from habit and association, to preserve some portion of its ancient attributes; but its children will not inherit its endowments, because they will not have seen them in full work, and will not have learned either to value them or to apply them. Darwin tells us of some beetles in one of the Atlantic islands, whose ancestors flew there because they had wings, but who have no longer any wings themselves (though the marks of them remain), because, having left off using them—lest they should be blown from their sea-girt home into the waves—they have atrophied and disappeared. So will it be with Frenchwomen, when engaged in the *nouvelles couches*: their wings will leave them.

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## CIVILIZATION AND EQUALITY.

### A FAMILIAR COLLOQUY.

BY the beginning of the London season Mrs. Hervey had returned from Cannes, and had been busy in Berkeley Square alike with fashion and with politics. Young Mr. Seacorts had been a constant frequenter of her house, which had been made all the more attractive by the presence of a beautiful niece; and, when not engaged in discoursing to this young lady, he had often recurred, with her aunt, to the subject of modern radicalism. Mrs. Hervey was the staunchest of stanch Tories, and had rarely about her even any moderate Liberals. What, then, was the surprise, one day at tea-time, of Seacorts, when he heard the name announced of an actual and avowed Radical! It was the name of Mr. Lovel—the accomplished, the genial Mr. Lovel, who had the gift of conversing with men of every opinion, and of yet retaining his own. He was full this afternoon of news of the Irish Land Bill—a matter that, to Mrs. Hervey, was of more than theoretical interest; as she had an Irish estate which she was told was of some beauty, and which she had vague thoughts of visiting. An animated conversation arose with regard to landlords. The views advanced were naturally

very different, but, though they might have made a political discord, they made a social harmony; and when Mr. Lovel at the end was pronounced to be a "dreadful Communist," so charming were the lips that bestowed the name on him that he received it with a bow, as though it had been a flower for his button-hole.

"To change the subject," said the niece, as he was rising to take his leave, "I should so like to show you my private little collection of china. Communist though you are, you are a collector, I know, yourself; and I have had one or two pieces given me which I really have a right to be proud of."

Seacorts begged that he might be allowed to come also; and the three went up-stairs to the young lady's sitting-room. There was much opening of the glass doors of cabinets, much taking down of vases, and cups and saucers, and much grave discussion as to marks and dates.

"There," said Miss Hervey, at last, "is the real gem of my collection. It was given to me on my last birthday by my great-uncle."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Lovel, with all

the air of a connoisseur; and then presently with a start, "Why, surely," he said, "I have seen this vase before. It was in the collection, was it not, of the Duc de——, which was sold at Christie's some five or six years ago? To be sure it was. I remember the whole thing now; and it was knocked down at something over four hundred pounds. Beautiful!" he repeated. "I only wish, Miss Hervey, that it was mine."

"And if it was his," said Seacorts, "do you know what our friend would do with it? He would have it ground into fine powder, and make every man in the street swallow an equal pinch of it. That is the Radical's ideal of the right distribution of property."

Mr. Lovel laughed with his usual frank good-nature. "Yes, I know," said he, "that is what you Conservatives think of us; but you understand very little of what is really our aim and spirit. Mr. Seacorts and I, Miss Hervey, have had many and long discussions about this; and I have heard from your aunt the fame of what he said about our party at Cannes."

"I must admit," said Miss Hervey, "that for a Communist you are very kind and forbearing; but you know, Mr. Lovel, if we were to speak the real truth to you, though we do call you a Communist, we don't in our hearts even think that you are a Radical. We believe, with Mr. Seacorts, that radicalism is the religion of envy; and though numbers of people may no doubt envy *you*, you have certainly little temptation ever to envy *them*. I shall appeal to my aunt when we go back to the drawing-room; for I have heard so much from her about your charming villa at Twickenham, about your china, your engravings, and your collection of Roman pottery. Have you ever been there, Mr. Seacorts?"

"No," replied Seacorts, laughing. "I believe our friend is afraid to show it to me, and so he always asks me to dine with him when he knows I am engaged elsewhere."

"Will you dine to-night?" said Mr. Lovel. "My brougham is at the door; I will not ask you to dress, and I will drive you down immediately."

Seacorts smiled. "I have been engaged to dine out to-night for the last three weeks.—Didn't I tell you, Miss Hervey? That was always Mr. Lovel's way. However," he went on, "I have just received a telegram which announces the illness of the mother of my intended hostess. The dinner-party is put off; and if he does not repent of his proposal when he leaves, I am able to accept it. I am, at this moment, very much at Mr. Lovel's service."

"Then, in that case," said Mr. Lovel, "I fear it is high time for us to be moving. I am carrying off Mr. Seacorts," he said, at parting to Mrs.

Hervey, "to show him the den of a socialist and a conspirator. I know he expects that in every one of my Roman vases he will find an infernal machine hidden for blowing up the Lord Mayor or the Russian Emperor; and that the printing-press of the 'Freiheit' is now concealed in my wine-cellar. However, I don't despair of at least partly converting him, and of showing him that there is some difference between Bakunin and Mr. Gladstone."

"I believe," said Seacorts, when he and Mr. Lovel were in the brougham together, "that we really seem to you to consider Mr. Gladstone as a Nihilist. I am not saying this as a joke; though *Nihilist*, perhaps, was a wrong word to use. Let me say, rather, a communistic conspirator. You think that it is in that light that we look on your illustrious leader, and that we look on the Liberal party as a sinister and revolutionary conspiracy."

"Of course," said Mr. Lovel, "you are putting the matter too strongly. But upon my word, Seacorts, the fears of the Conservative party do seem to us to be even grotesque in their groundlessness. I hope you won't mind my plain speaking. I'm sure I shall not mind yours."

"I know you will not, and that is one of your chief charms. My dear Mr. Lovel, you are a delightful person to discuss a matter with, because you court plain speaking, and are never put out of temper by it."

"And why should I be? Upon my word I don't see the reason. Opposition of any kind gets upon the nerves of some people; but, if one's nerves are healthy, why should one be put out by it? Of course, I suppose the opposition to be really honest. Soldiers on opposite sides may fraternize after the battle is over; and, just as killing a man in battle is no murder, so calling him a fool in argument is no rudeness."

"Well," said Seacorts, "I'm not quite so sure about that."

"Of course," said Mr. Lovel, "there are ways and ways in which a man may be called a fool; and in argument, as well as out of it, it can, no doubt, be done offensively. But what I mean is this: the very fact that men belong to different schools of thought implies that on some point or points they think each other either fools or knaves. Now, I venture to say that neither you nor I thinks the other a knave; but we each, on some point or points, think the other a fool. Why should we mince the matter? There is really no offense in it. Used in this way, what do we mean by *fool*? We mean a man who, in our opinion, is incapable of seeing some truth. What to us means one thing, to him means quite another. He is afflicted, in our eyes, with an ob-

stinate intellectual blindness. The Protestant and the Catholic, the Liberal and the Conservative, each, in so far as they differ, appears in this light to the other. I think this of some of the most eminent men I know; they think the same of me; and just as I think that in their judgment there is no arrogance, so I think that in mine there is no impertinence. The one thing to which I look forward this evening is to learn the real points on which you think me a fool."

"Well," said Seacorts, "and I will do my best to show them to you; though difference of opinion may imply, to my mind, some other charge beyond that of folly or knavery. It may imply an overlooking of facts, as well as a misreading of them; and that is the chief sin I should like to bring home to you."

Host and guest, meanwhile, were being hurried rapidly out of London. They had passed the Park with its long concourse of carriages; they had passed Kensington Gardens with their more quiet shade. Holland House, too, and its elms were now far behind them. The buildings each moment were becoming more scattered, and between them were green expanses. Lines of trees began to make shady hedgerows; a bridge was crossed, below it were a broad water and barges; and then came in quick succession villa after villa within walled gardens, and shaded with old cedar-trees. At last the brougham stopped at some tall doors, hanging on brick gate-posts. A girl looked out of a small lodge-window at one side; in another moment the doors were thrown open, and the brougham, passing up a short but charming avenue, had paused presently before a white stone portico. In-doors were some low anterooms, with faded Turkey carpets, and old-fashioned marble tables supporting busts and vases. The staircase was hung with a number of fine drawings, some being original sketches by famous masters; and Seacorts noticed, as he glanced through an open door or two, certain mahogany cabinets, that doubtless contained treasures. Mr. Lovel told a servant to bring dinner directly; and the gentlemen, having made all the toilet they meant to make, took a few turns in the garden, that they might give a last edge to their appetites. The turf was soft and green. Over a red-brick billiard-room ran a long blue wistaria; five great cedars at a distance were spreading their "level layers of shade"; farther off still was a belt of scarlet rhododendrons; and to the west, beyond the now flowerless laburnum-trees, the cool clear sky was the color of a pale laburnum-flower.

"Well," exclaimed Seacorts, delighted, "if this is the reward of Liberalism, where is the modern workman who would not do well to be a Liberal?"

"Come," said Mr. Lovel, laughing, as he took the other by the arm, "there at last is the dinner-bell. Let us finish our talk in-doors. I know," he resumed, as they were beginning the soup, "what, with regard to us Radicals, is your favorite thesis. You say that our motive principle is neither more nor less than envy."

"Then," said Seacorts, "according to my own favorite thesis, I shall very soon be a Radical myself. I have envied you your villa from the first moment I entered it; and now with still greater vigor I have begun to envy you your cook."

"I am much obliged to you for your compliment. But compliments are the last things I was looking out for. I want you to give me a little of your plain-speaking. I want you to convince me of my folly, or else, what I should call, expose your own. Let us have a little friendly bout together; or, rather, let me be your victim, and you do the worst you can on me. Come! if you are shy of beginning, I will throw down the gauntlet. You say that the motive of radicalism is envy. I, on the contrary, say it is compassion. For my own part, I enjoy life myself, and I wish others to enjoy it. I enjoy life, because I am a healthy man. I wish to diffuse the enjoyment of it, because I am a Radical. You see I don't blush at praising my own position. I have set myself up on a pedestal, and I am inviting you to knock me down from it."

"You are inviting me, then," said Seacorts, "to do the very thing I have no wish to do. Not only would I not knock you down from your pedestal, but I would, if I could, even make it a little higher. You belong to the party of compassion, you say; and I am quite willing to believe it. You are a man of taste, of education, and of polished manners. You must excuse me for saying all this. If you are not going to call my accusations rudeness, you must not call my praise flattery. Well, besides being privately what I have just said you are, on your public side you belong to a certain party which you believe to represent the progressive instincts of humanity. Is not that so? It is a party that looks forward, and not behind. It desires the attainment of what ought to be, not the conservation of what is. It has no reverence for what it thinks obstructions; and sooner or later it expects to sweep away kings and aristocracies, and all such stereotyped inequalities. How soon these are to be done away with is another question. Not to-morrow, you will say, or even next day. I don't suspect you of hiding gunpowder under the House of Lords; but still in your mind the years of that assembly are numbered; and not of that special assembly only, but also of all similar ones."

"Go on," said Mr. Lovel, as he finished a



glass of champagne. "You are quite on the right track. I don't in the least hesitate to declare myself a genuine democrat."

"Exactly," said Seacorts, "you think, with so many others, that the chief movement the modern world is making is a movement toward democracy."

"Can you deny it?"

"I do not deny the movement: what I dissent from is what I conceive to be your view of it."

"Do you deny that it is a movement for good?"

"That, Mr. Lovel, I am not prepared to say."

"The drift of the Maker is dark, and Isis hid by a veil."

The movement is a fact—I do not deny that much; but I think it quite possible that it may lead to the most utter ruin."

"I am not a positivist," said Mr. Lovel, "nor do I go to a chapel to adore humanity. On the contrary, I believe in God, and, what is more, I am very grateful to him. But this I do believe, that the democratic movement is the movement of true progress, and that it is a movement toward righting some of the greatest wrongs of life."

"I too," replied Seacorts, "say that it *may* be this; but I say also that it *may* be quite the reverse. Now, Mr. Lovel, I am going to begin pitching into you. We both agree as to the fact of a certain movement. You call it the democratic movement. Now, I say that to call it that is to give it a question-begging name. It assumes one of the gravest points that I conceive to be at issue."

"And is it not democratic? Does it not everywhere express itself by a constant cry after democracy?"

"At present it does. But it is one thing to feel a want, and another to know what will satisfy it. To my mind the leaders of the modern movement have given an entirely wrong, and a possibly fatal, diagnosis of it."

"To what leaders do you refer?"

"To all its leaders, from Rousseau to Karl Marx; and what I mean by my accusation is this: The sound, practical common-sense of men lets them struggle for nothing but what they think proximately attainable. The democratic leaders have been teaching them that they can attain the unattainable. They have been debauching and distorting the growing aspirations of the masses, and fixing their eyes on a mere mocking mirage. Now listen," Seacorts went on, seeing that Mr. Lovel was about to speak—"you will, of course, deny this; but I maintain that you are not in a position to do so."

Speaking to you personally, and to your own immediate party, I say that your programme for the future is too vague for you to be able rightly to say whether it is a possible or impossible one. You, Mr. Lovel, I may venture to say safely, have no distinct scheme for the complete reconstruction of society."

Mr. Lovel smiled, and looked at Seacorts with a half-puzzled expression. "Certainly," he said, "I don't suppose I have; and, if I had such a scheme, it would not be worth much. Societies change and grow; they are not built to order. What we have to do is to feel our way gradually, and each day or each decade will bring its own light with it."

"That is hardly in keeping," said Seacorts, "with the great motto of Proudhon, *Destruam et reedificabo*."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Lovel, "what on earth have I to do with Proudhon? I have not the least wish to destroy society. On the contrary, I think that were it now reduced to ruins, all these abuses and evils which we are so anxious to get rid of would most probably repeat themselves in the process of reconstruction. Do you honestly think me a Communist, and a foe to property? If I were, should I live as I do live, in my own quiet villa, with the public shut out from me by trees and garden-walls? If I were a destroyer, should I be an art-collector?"

"Certainly not," said Seacorts; "but still, Mr. Lovel, as I shall try to show you, you have a close connection with Proudhon for all that. And why should I stop at Proudhon? The 'Pall Mall Gazette' is, I think, your favorite newspaper; but I maintain your opinions are connected with those of the 'Freiheit.' Yes—you may look incredulous; but I assure you I have a serious meaning."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lovel, "that the only serious meaning you can have is one too obvious to make it worth your while to utter it. Proudhon advocated the doing away of abuses; so, too, no doubt, did the 'Freiheit.' You may if you like call both Proudhon and Herr Most Radicals. But people who think as I do, think of them as mad Radicals. You should always remember that in the train of every party are a certain number of misguided enthusiasts, some of whom indulge in impossible theories, while others advocate inadmissible practice. The one sort of man is the dreamer; the other is the criminal."

"I am much obliged," exclaimed Seacorts, "for what you have said just now. There are several things in it that I will take as texts. I may call, you say, both yourself and Herr Most, Radicals. Suppose I call you both Liberals in-

stead. It is a wider word—allow me to use that."

"Certainly."

"Very well, then, what I want to remind you is that the Liberal party is a very heterogeneous body; and that though it consists apparently of men who are pushing in one direction, they are doing this with a vast variety of aims; and among these men there are very many with mad aims."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lovel, "men with mad aims, supported by mad theories, and sought for by mad means."

"We will drop the means," said Seacorts, "for the present. We will talk only about the theories. This is the point I am aiming at, and this brings me back to Proudhon. What was Proudhon's great maxim? 'Property is theft.' Let me take another, common to the whole school of Socialist writers. 'The source of all social evils is inequality.' Let me take another, and one more important still. 'The source of all wealth is physical labor.' Now, here are some of the theories that make your Radicals mad Radicals—that inspire them with a longing, more or less definite, for the entire destruction of the existing order of things. I want to fix your attention, if you will let me, on a few points like these."

"For one moment, pardon me," said Mr. Lovel, interrupting him. "Before you go on I have one remark to make. In a certain sense I don't dispute your facts. Doubtless during the last hundred years many misleading theories have been set afloat in the world, which have caused, and are still causing, mischief. This fact is sad, but it is not really alarming. Civilization is in no way menaced by it. The Socialists you are so afraid of are nothing but the camp-followers of the Radicals; or, if you would sooner it were put in this way, rational Radicalism is the appeaser of that discontent which is at the bottom of mad Socialism. We have already agreed that we are trying to convince each other of folly; and your folly thus far seems to me to be this—not that you see false facts, but that you see them in false proportions. And yet I am wrong," he went on after a moment's pause. "I think you are wrong to some extent even in your facts. Let us take these maxims you were just now speaking of. As for property being theft, I am not going to defend that; though even that may have some germ of truth in it. But let us take the others. 'The source of all social evils is inequality'; and 'The source of all wealth is physical labor.' Now, put these, with unchanged meaning, into a slightly different form, and you will see that they embody the principles of all social progress. The aim of all social progress

is to raise the condition of the poor; and what is that but to diminish inequality? Go a little further, and how is this to be done? By securing to the laborer the due reward of his labor. The fundamental question is not the nature of the ideal social state we aim at, but the degree to which a sane man can fancy the human race may approach to it. You have read Cabet's 'Icaria,' have you not? What a charming picture he gives of the life there! About the charm of it there can be no question; only a sober man knows that we can only make a distant approach to it."

"I have read Cabet's 'Icaria,' certainly. It is a sort of paradise of social equality, and, so well as I can remember, the description of it was, as you say, charming. But as to its being a picture we should look at to guide our actions, there I utterly dissent from you. As a dream, it is pretty; as more than a dream it is utterly misleading. You have admitted in what you said just now all the gravest charges that I have to make against you. Your Utopia is the Utopia of the Socialists; your philosophy is at bottom the same as theirs. Your only defense lies here. They say, 'We will achieve equality'; whereas you say, 'We will approach toward it.'"

"And do not Conservatives say the same thing?" cried Mr. Lovel. "Your party, I suppose, would like to raise poor wretches out of the extreme of misery; and there at once you have one step toward leveling."

"I am going," said Seacorts, "to answer that by a parable. A steam-engine, we will say, is very wasteful; it burns more coal than is necessary. Clearly the thing to be aimed at is to improve the heating arrangements, so that the required heat may be given by the least quantity of coal. Very well. The Conservative regards inequality in the social structure as the engineer may look on fire in the engine. His aim may possibly be to reduce it to a certain point; but not in his wildest dreams does he dream of doing away with it. My complaint against such pictures as that of Cabet is that they are mere mischievous tricks played on a deceived imagination. They represent, as it were, steam-engines, with nothing to generate steam. The vapor is under pressure with no boiler to compress it. And you, Mr. Lovel, and your friends—you sensible, shrewd, humane English Liberals, in your ideal of society as it should be, commit just the same error. You look upon inequality as a upas-tree to be destroyed; whereas it is only the elm-tree on which the vine of life is to be trained. You admit that your upas-tree can never be quite cut down; but you will do whatever cutting you can. We do our cutting; but with a different object. We are pruning the elm-tree

we wish to see flourishing; not hacking at the upas-tree that we would, if we could, eradicate. Will you let me go on speaking? I have something more which I am very anxious to say. My view of the situation is that the entire Liberal party, from the men of your school or of Mr. Gladstone's to the wildest and most sanguinary Socialists, are all led astray by an utterly false philosophy; only in the case of educated men like yourself, your sound judgment and common-sense, unperceived by yourself, is practically paralyzing what you imagine to be your theories. I say 'practically paralyzing'; but thereby hangs a tale. I should very much like to speak about that afterward; and then we shall come to something very like personality. But first I want to have a more general question out with you—the question of this modern social philosophy which is offered us as the *rationale* of the entire democratic movement; and a part at least of whose doctrines you accept like the Socialists."

Mr. Lovel laughed and hesitated. "Say," he said, "in a very modified way."

"Exactly," said Seacorts. "But I maintain that they are false every way. I maintain, not that they go too far in the right direction, but that their direction from the very first is wrong. I maintain—and this is what I want to submit to you—that the ferment of popular opinion that has marked the present century, the ferment of opinion, and the uneasy desire for change, will never come to good, till the whole fabric of our so-called social science has been reconstructed. I am eager on this subject, and perhaps my tongue runs away with me. But it is not unnatural; it is for this reason: I have been preparing—in a disjointed way, it is true, but still carefully—certain criticisms on the modern Liberal fallacies. And, in saying this, I am paying the highest tribute I can to the common-sense of mankind. Even the wildest revolutionaries seek for their proposed excesses some rational, some scientific justification. They are only able to excite themselves and their followers, for any time together, by appealing to something that they fancy scientific truth. This is why I attach such importance to the study of social science; and why I see it to be so dangerous in the state in which now it is. Science!" he exclaimed, getting more eager as he went on, "it is at present not a science at all. It is a pseudo-science—a jargon of loose phrases. Listen, Mr. Lovel—I don't want to bore you, but will you allow me to read to you one or two of these criticisms of mine? I have them here in my pocket-book, and I should much like to see if they in the least commended themselves to your judgment."

"I shall be delighted to listen," said Mr. Lovel, "more especially as I as yet do not quite

catch what you are driving at. Social science is a vague word. At a social science congress it includes, I believe, the subject of lady-helps. I should like to know the meaning that you attach to it. For my part, if I might make a criticism in advance, I should observe that political economy, which is a part of social science, seems to me by no means a pseudo-science. It has been as carefully and as accurately reasoned out as any science of any kind."

"That may be so," said Seacorts. "But I am not going to run a tilt against political economy. Let that structure be as sound as you like. What I am going to ask is, what foundation does it rest upon? It rests upon the broad and most universal facts of human character. For instance, if men had no desire to live, if they were just as willing to die, if they had no impulse to reproduce their species, and so on, the modern science of political economy would, for such human beings, have no significance whatsoever. Its validity rests, therefore, on the facts of the human character. Now, what I say with regard to our political economists is that they have roughly assumed these facts: they have never really analyzed them. A rough knowledge, of course, we all have of them; but not a scientific knowledge. It has been well said that science is organized common-sense. But common-sense with regard to the human character no one has ever organized, and by those who have tried to do so it has been only disorganized. I have tried to express this view in the first little fragment that I will read to you. I have used the word *social science* for the science I have in view. The name is only a make-shift, till I have thought of something more distinctive; but I think my various criticisms will make my meaning clear enough."

Seacorts produced his pocket-book, and began to read as follows:

"Social science is, in our century, what physical science was at the dawn of Greek philosophy. Karl Marx, for instance, one of the most advanced of socialist writers, is in his method, and his main conclusions, in a position like that of Thales. I quite admit that he is a great collector of facts, but he knows not how to read them. His predecessors have the same faults as himself. He reproduces all their fundamental errors. These fundamental errors are not many; but as they are few in number they are great in magnitude. They may be summed up in a few well-known sentences, and, when I have quoted these, it will be clear enough what foe I am fighting. 'Property is theft.' 'Capital is fossil labor.' 'Physical labor is the source of all wealth and all culture.' So says Proudhon; so say the modern German Socialists; and the whole Liberal party, if it does not consciously indorse these

doctrines, at least more or less timidly, is pledged to many of their corollaries. Now, of the sentences I have just quoted and the view expressed in them, I venture to say this: So far as truth is concerned, so far as scientific value is concerned, they are worth no more than the renowned doctrine of Thales, that the original source of all things is water. The world is the product of water. Wealth is the product of physical labor! The two propositions may well stand side by side, unless, indeed, the last be not the crudest, as it certainly is the most mischievous. Wealth is the product of physical labor! That one sentence is like a gigantic tombstone, under which is buried alive an unsuspected science. What a depth of ignorance is betrayed in it! What a world of facts is overlooked! What a—"

Seacorts stopped suddenly and smiled. "Well," he said, "I see I go on like that for some lines more. I need not trouble you with my exclamations, as they are not meant to be published; but, numerous as they are, they have really barely relieved me of the intense amazement that overcomes me when I consider this matter. Here we have had a century of talented writers, all busy on the same subject, and latterly trying to treat it in a scientific way; and there, before their eyes, or rather under their feet, is the very science they are in search of, offering itself to their study! But they—they are altogether blind to it; they utterly pass it over! How else would they utter that monster fallacy, that physical labor is the source of all wealth, and of all culture?"

"Surely," said Mr. Lovel, surprised at all this vehemence, "in a very great measure it is the source."

"In some measure, yes; but we don't want to be told that. It is one of the sources—true: but it is only one. Suppose a cunning detective tracks some thieves down a dark alley, and catches them. I am asked to explain the means by which he tracked and caught them; and I answer, his left foot or his knee-cap. That answer is just as adequate as to say that wealth is the product of labor. You can't have wealth without labor, certainly; just as the detective could not have run without his left foot: but that is all. Let me read you another of my paragraphs. They are mere memoranda, but they will still show something of my meaning. 'In constructing,' I say, 'the science of society on a true basis, one of the first things to be done is to arrive at the true relation between labor and wealth, and to substitute a true formula for the present false one. Physical labor *per se* is the source of nothing but the barest necessities of life. Physical labor is the source of poverty—poverty, in opposition to two things: to starva-

tion or non-existence on the one hand; and to wealth and culture on the other. I am using these words tentatively. Before the subject can be properly treated, we require a more accurate and an ampler terminology. It has occurred to me that the term *livelihood* might be used with advantage to denote the necessities of life; and that, by way of making a convenient antithesis to this, we should use instead of *wealth* the term *luxury*. Adopting this language, I should state my case as follows: Physical labor *per se* is the source of nothing but livelihood. Luxury is livelihood with a good deal added to it. It includes livelihood, but it is differentiated from it by the said additions. In the same way, to produce luxury, we require physical labor, with a good deal added to it; and what differentiates the causes of luxury from the causes of mere livelihood is emphatically not physical labor, but other causes added to it. Social science hitherto has entirely neglected these causes; or has given them an attention so slight that it has been the same thing as neglect."

Seacorts paused, and began turning over his pages. "Go on," said Mr. Lovel. "What are these causes?"

"I believe much," said Seacorts, "in the value of comprehensive formulas—I mean their practical, their popularizing value. 'Capital is fossil labor'; that seems to me an admirable formula, except for one reason—namely, that it embodies a falsehood. I want to get a formula as neat and as pregnant as that, and which shall at the same time embody the truth. I have tried many, but I am not quite satisfied with any. Here are several of them. 'Capital is fossil ambition.' 'Capital is fossil skill.' 'Capital is fossil cupidity.' 'Capital is fossil genius.' Then again I have been obliged to add to these, 'Capital is fossil luck.' All these phrases are mere suggestions. I am not satisfied with any of them. But the fundamental fact I have tried to express is the same in all of them, and is perfectly clear to me. And yet even this burdens me; for, single as it is itself, it has many sides, and can be put in many ways. I have here a whole pageful of aphorisms, in which I have tried to deal with it. I will read you one or two of them: 'It is assumed by the present school of thinkers that inequality is produced by our existing social arrangements. The truth really is that our existing social arrangements are the results of our inherent inequality.' 'No man, except criminally, can ever become wealthy but by conferring on others a something which those others think a benefit: thus men are wealthy in proportion as their good offices can be multiplied.' 'Karl Marx maintains that the profit of the capitalist is the difference between the value



of the work done by the workman and the wages for that work which the capitalist pays him. It is really a fraction of the value which is added to the workman's work because he does not work singly.' I have jotted the following down, not as an accurate fact, but as an example: 'A mechanic, working by himself, finds the value of his work to be four shillings a day. Working under a capitalist, it becomes six shillings a day; but the capitalist pays the mechanic only five shillings, thus daily pocketing one shilling for himself. This shilling represents, not the full benefit, but simply a fraction of the benefit, the capitalist does the workman. Of course, in certain cases the capitalist may extort more than he gives; but that is not because he is a capitalist, but because he is an extortionate capitalist.' Here again is another of my sentences: 'The profits of capital are the percentage paid by the workmen for having their work organized.'

"Allow me," said Mr. Lovel, "to interrupt you for one moment. Labor organized is of course more productive than labor isolated. That is little more than a truism. But why should we need some few capitalists to organize it? Why should we not substitute coöperation? Why should we not have joint-stock companies, in which the operatives are the shareholders? It is in that direction that I look for the hope of the working-classes."

"Schemes of that kind," said Seacorts, "I have often thought about; and, the more I have thought about them, the more hopeless have they seemed to me. They all, to me, seemed formed in ignorance of certain primary laws of human conduct and exertion. Of course, schemes for such coöperation as you speak about have been of many kinds, and many are the quarrels among themselves that the Socialists have had about them. But all these schemes have one and the same failing. They all try to eliminate what they think an evil, but what really, so long as human nature remains unchanged, is essential to the production of wealth. What I speak of is the superior position, the superior power, the superior pay of those few who direct the operations of the many. Convert, if you will, all our manufacturing establishments into so many joint-stock companies, in which the operatives are the shareholders; and they will have to pay skilled managers to direct their operations—managers who will be simply capitalists called by a new name—and for this reason. It may be laid down as an axiom that, other things being equal, a man's interest in any business increases in proportion to the money he expects to gain by it. In proportion, then, as the profits of a business are diffused, the interest in the business becomes relaxed; it is therefore in the interest of the

many that the interest of some few should be intensified. A thousand men paying one man a shilling a day might quite commonly find that they increased their own incomes by exactly the same sum. It is quite true that, while they were each earning their tens of pounds, this other might be earning his thousands; but what of that? It would be a dearly-bought luxury that of ruining a millionaire, if the price I must pay for it is reducing myself to destitution."

"I confess," said Mr. Lovel, "I don't quite follow you in all this."

"Possibly not," said Seacorts. "I am not, please to remember, trying to prove my position; I am merely roughly stating the positions which I wish to be proved. To prove them we must have recourse to the study of a missing science, which I may call with sufficient accuracy the Science of Human Motive. It is curious that, when all speculative philosophy should be insisting so strongly on the psychological fact that motive is essential to action—that action, in fact, is little but the puppet of motive—our practical, our political philosophy should leave motive out of sight altogether."

"I don't want," interposed Mr. Lovel, "to stop you in what you are saying now: but before we go further may I say one thing which I wanted to say just now? You were speaking of the profits of the capitalist. Now, when the capitalist has secured these, the laborer is left for the most part with little but what you call a livelihood. You maintain also—I do not forget this—that such a livelihood is the natural reward of labor. Now, I have often heard it said (though possibly it is only an approximation to the truth) that one man on an average could produce food sufficient for nine people. Surely, if this statement be anything like correct, the natural reward of labor must be more than mere livelihood."

"I am glad," said Seacorts, "you have alluded to this matter. It is very much to the point. Let us accept the calculation you mention, for the sake of argument. In some cases it is no doubt an over-statement: but it is an understatement in others. Well, what does it mean? You say an average man *can* produce so much. I think the word *can* is in these cases a very confusing one. I should prefer to use the word *will*. *Can* refers only to a potential world—a dream-land. *Will* refers to the world of realities. When we say that a man *can* do a thing, we mean that he *will* do it if he has sufficient motive. But there you see is the whole question begged. Suppose I want to go in fifteen minutes from Charing Cross to Paddington. It is little comfort to me to know that my cab-horse *can* trot twelve miles an hour unless I know also that

the driver will make him do so—will, in other words, supply the horse with the motive. In the same way, what a man *can* produce is of no practical moment until we take it in connection with the motives that shall make this potential production actual production. But of what we *can* do we shall do only just so much as we are induced to do; and to say, for instance, that a man can produce daily enough food for nine men, only means, if it means anything, that under no circumstances will he produce more than this, not that under any circumstances will he produce as much. An excellent illustration of this is to be found among some sub-tropical savages, of whom it is said that one in a single day can collect enough food to support himself for six months. How easy is livelihood for these men! Could any Socialist dreamer dream of more than this? And what is the result? Do these men rise from livelihood to luxury? Not a single step. They remain mere idle savages. Their surplus powers, with which they might do so much, are practically non-existent, because there is no motive to develop them."

"And supposing," said Mr. Lovel, "that all this is true, what are we to gather from it, with regard to capital and labor?"

"We are to gather this," said Seacorts, "that the laboring classes of themselves, as a homogeneous body of equals, will never produce more than suffices for their own livelihood. 'Progress is only possible through differentiation and through inequality.' On this point I have jotted down a few aphorisms, and that is one of them. Here is another: 'The many can only rise through the ambition and talent of the few.' 'Ambition is as necessary to the growth of genius as sunlight to the growth of corn.' 'Without exceptional rewards exceptional talent is impossible.' I have many more sentences to much the same effect, which I have written as they occurred to me; and, as applied to the present state of society, the upshot of all is this—that, unless it were possible for the few to make fortunes, the many would be in a state far worse than they are at present. Unless it were possible for the few to make fortunes, inventions would cease, commerce would languish, and there would be a slow relapse of society into listless or violent barbarism. And to me it seems that the reason is very obvious. Unless it were for the increased reward to be achieved by the higher labors—by the exercise of ingenuity, of commercial foresight, of political sagacity, and so on—these higher labors would be chosen by no one. The life of a Prime Minister is more anxious than that of a day-laborer. Rob the former of all his prestige, of all that fame and honor which is the noblest reward that a man can take delight in—rob him of all

the physical ease which can make intense thought tolerable, and would he not far rather, in that case, take to planting cabbages? Who, I ask you—

"'Would breast the blows of circumstance,  
And grapple with his evil star,'

unless that most just and most glorious hope was encouraging him that he some day should

"'Stand on Fortune's crowning slope,  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The center of a world's desire?'"

"With most of your argument," said Mr. Lovel, "I should probably quite agree. But are you not mixing up two things here—the noble ambition of the minister and the mere cupidity of the manufacturer?"

"Of course," replied Seacorts, "in a conversation like this of ours, one can only put things roughly. Ambition and cupidity are doubtless different things, but in one way they are allied. They are both forms of personal, of individual desire, and the object they aim at is some form of self-distinction. What we are in want of is a generic name, uncharged with any moral associations, which shall include all such desires, whether base or noble, whether for fame or money. There are many names existing which might be used, but they are either already appropriated (as *ambition* is) to a particular species of the desire, or else some notion of moral contempt or blame is attached to them. Could we only disinfest the word *selfishness* of such a moral implication, I think that might serve our purpose. At any rate, for the moment, I will borrow it from our common language, and invest it with a technical meaning. I mean, then, for the time being, by selfishness, all those desires of which the object is some special gain for self. Now, if ever the matter comes to be treated scientifically, it will be seen that this selfishness divides itself into a great number of kinds. There is personal selfishness, for instance, there is family selfishness, and there is national selfishness. Again, any of these may be in their very nature beneficent or maleficent, base or noble. Take, for instance, the ambition of a statesman. That ambition may be either for fame or power simply; or for fame and power gained by doing good. The fact that I want to make clear is, that, no matter how noble may be the statesman's aims, the natural, the legitimate hope that sustains him in the pursuit of these is the hope, not only that they will be attained by some one, but that they will be attained by *him*. You may call this a weakness, if you like. I can't help that; I know it is human nature. All history teaches it; all biography teaches it; every successful man, or

every man who has wished to be successful, will, if honest, acknowledge the truth of it. Consider one of the greatest events in the world's history—the discovery of America by Columbus. Did not personal ambition of some kind—in other words, did not one of the highest forms of selfishness inspire Columbus, and make him capable of his enterprise?"

"Of that," said Mr. Lovel, "I have no doubt. Ambition to the statesman or the discoverer is as much of a practical incentive as the hope of an extra shilling is to a cabman. But what strikes me is—if you will allow me to say so—that all this is too evident to need being insisted on. Our common-sense surely shows it us."

"True," said Seacorts. "And what is science? It is common-sense organized. What I say is, here are a whole field of facts, which our common-sense bears witness to; and what we want is that this common-sense be organized. At present it teaches us nothing; or at any rate not enough to guard trained and laborious thinkers from falling into the most fatal errors. Had our common-sense in these matters ever been raised into scientific knowledge, the monstrous fallacies on which Karl Marx and the whole democratic school found all their theories, and through which they gain all their influence, would never have been possible; the philosopher would never have taught, the people would never have believed them. 'All wealth and all culture'—think once again of that sentence—is the product of physical labor.' Was it physical labor that discovered America?"

"At least," said Mr. Lovel, "it was not desire for money that led to the discovery."

"Perhaps not," replied Seacorts; "but it was desire for some kind of inequality. Columbus was a man of exceptional powers, and he desired to externalize these, and to make them leave their impress on the world."

"But a man," said Mr. Lovel, "in desiring to do his best for others, need not desire any form of inequality that goes against the democratic ideal."

"That," said Seacorts, "may be proximately true of a certain class of men. But even in that case, remember, these men are not physical laborers. I do admit, however, that scientific speculators and scientific discoverers form a class of men whose ambitions and whose motives do not seem *directly* to aim at what the democrats would call inequality. But there are three things to remember: First, the leisure needed for abstract research and discovery presumes inequality, even though it does not aim at it. Secondly, the scientific temperament is a very peculiar one. It can, in its intensity, belong only to a small section. The unswerving zeal for knowledge for its

own sake would, if common to all men, put a stop to all ordinary industry. Thirdly, scientific discoveries neither advance wealth nor general culture, till they are applied by practical men; and certainly to stimulate the practical genius—let alone the scientific—those rewards of wealth and social consideration are needed of which I have just now been speaking to you. I believe that, under a scientific treatment of the subject, the philosophic motive and the religious motive would occupy a place by themselves. Were these motives analyzed, they would be found to be composite; and in their composition the desire for self-distinction would be found in an unusually small degree, but yet for all that it would be there. Consider how scientific men squabble for the honor of a discovery. I don't care, however, now to insist upon this point. It is as matter of detail, and neither one way nor another does it affect my proposition with regard to the product of wealth and culture—the proposition that the cause of wealth and progress is the genius and the enterprise of individuals; and that this genius and enterprise is only brought to the surface by the prizes offered through a state of social inequality."

"You take," said Mr. Lovel, "rather a cynical view of human nature; and you overlook, I think, two important facts. One is the existence, side by side with selfishness, of compassion and of unselfishness; the other is the fact, with regard to the power of individuals, that popular movements create leaders, far more than leaders make popular movements."

"That last statement," said Seacorts, "is in some cases true, in others partly false. Still, for argument sake, I will grant it is quite true. What then? Let it be that the movement makes the leader. Still the leader is necessary. No matter what be his genius, all the same he has to be generated. Again, you speak of compassion. Now, under what circumstances is compassion possible? It is a feeling proper to one in a superior position for one in an inferior position."

"Surely," said Mr. Lovel, "one man in misery may compassionate others in misery."

"The sight of abject misery may perhaps produce such a feeling in him: but let the man who feels this compassion be in no higher position than the object of it, the compassion will cease with the alleviation of the misery. It will cease long before there is any question of wealth. Compassion may tend to secure men a livelihood. Compassion unattended by ambition will never add to livelihood luxury. You said just now that my view of human nature was cynical. My dear Mr. Lovel, it is not the question whether it is cynical, but whether it is true."

"And as you put it," said Mr. Lovel, "I believe that it is not true. I can never believe that the one motive power of human progress is selfishness."

"Put badly," said Seacorts, "the proposition, I admit, seems not only shocking, but exaggerated; but its exaggeration and its cynicism will both disappear if we only take a wider and more careful view of it. Let us put the highest virtues out of the question; let us put out of question those counsels of perfection which even the Christian Church admits can be followed only by the few, and by those only through the aid of special grace—put, I say, these virtues out of the question, and the case will then stand thus. The highest character that a human being can attain to is based on the very lowest. It is composed of the lowest human impulses; only it consists of these transfigured. They are transfigured, they are not destroyed. How low and brutal in their original state are those passions to which the continuance of our species is due! Well, those lowest passions are transfigured into the highest. They are purified, they are raised; but they are not destroyed. In the same way may be raised that selfishness that I have been speaking about. That is the passion that is at the bottom of all the progress of our race, just as another passion is the source of its continuance; and the two passions, alike base in the beginning, may be made alike noble with the advance of culture. Remember how anti-Catholic writers attack a celibate priesthood. They say the institution is unnatural, that its practice depraves where in theory it was meant to purify. Now, the Church against this charge has her own defense to offer. She claims that her priesthood has special grace vouchsafed to it. But, were this not so, the charge would seem a very just one."

"I think it," said Mr. Lovel, "exceedingly just, myself."

"From your own point of view, no doubt. Very well, then; to produce a civilization in which men shall not accumulate is no whit more impossible than to produce a state in which men shall not marry. The accumulative instincts are as natural to man as are the philoprogenitive. You can no more eradicate the one than you can the other; and the attempt in each case would but aggravate what it tried to destroy. Look at the history of Sparta. The Spartans were vowed, if I may say so, to a kind of pecuniary celibacy; and what was the result? That the men who would die for their country one day would sell their country the next—that the exalted hero was always in danger of becoming a venal scoundrel. But—" Seacorts suddenly stopped. "Is that ten striking?" he exclaimed. "Upon

my word it is! I've an evening party I specially want to go to; and I'm afraid I must ask you if Twickenham boasts a cab."

"Certainly," said Mr. Lovel. "If you must really go, I will have a cab sent for. But I don't call this fair at all. You've been knocking me about all this time, and now, just when my turn might come, you get up and make off with yourself."

"Ah," said Seacorts, laughing, "you admit, then, that I have been knocking you about, do you? The shaft that you thought meant for the Socialist hits the Radical?"

Mr. Lovel laughed too. "Well," he said, "I admit I'm fairly caught there. But it was civility, not truth, that led me into the trap. For really, my dear Seacorts, if I am to speak seriously, so far as I am concerned, you have been fighting a man of straw. I admit, quite as fully as you do, that the schemes of the Socialists are impracticable; but I contend that, as a Radical, I have nothing at all to do with them—I mean as a political Radical. For the word radical may stand for two things—a political radical and a social radical; and, though you can hardly be the latter unless you are the former, you can very well be the former without being the latter. You may have the firmest faith in capital and in property, and yet may be anxious to develop popular government. I admit, however, for my own part, that I am something of a social radical also. But come," he went on, "what I want you now to do is to see if you really can do what I just now said you had been doing. I want to see if you really can connect your criticisms of the pseudo-science of the revolutionaries with what I consider the sound sense of the educated English Radicals—or, if you like the word better, the English Liberal party."

"That's just what I want to do," said Seacorts. "I said, some time back, that I had some personalities in store for you. I will now bring them out. Remember, however, they are not leveled at you, the man—only at you, the politician. I know you read the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and that in a general way you approve of its tone and principles."

"I do," said Mr. Lovel, "even in spite of the mysterious connection you declare it has with the 'Freiheit.'"

"It is exactly that connection," said Seacorts, "that I am now going to speak about—the connection between the moderate Liberals or the sane Radicals, or whatever we like to call them, and the mad and essentially insane revolutionary party, that would bring about reform by infernal machines and petroleum."

"My dear Seacorts," said Mr. Lovel, smiling, "as an answer to that, let me just confront you



with a fact. So little have the Radical party to do with the revolutionists that they are at this very moment at daggers-drawn everywhere. I say nothing of the prosecution of Herr Most by our own Government; I will point to a far stronger case in Germany, where, at a recent election for the Saxon Diet, the two opposing candidates were, not a Liberal and a Conservative, but a Radical and a Revolutionary."

"That," said Seacorts, "does not in the least alter my case. Nobody knows better than I do that the Liberals are not revolutionists in intention; but all the same without knowing it they encourage revolutionaries in fact. Let me correct myself. I will say, not revolutionaries, but the revolutionary spirit—the way of looking at things, the hopes, the temper, and the theories, that among the discontented and ignorant must inevitably tend toward revolution. I maintain that the general philosophy of society which the Liberal party adopts, by which more or less vaguely they are animated, and whose phrases they are always using, is that same false philosophy which has maddened and misled the Socialists. You are all of you infected with that false theory of equality. Look at the language used by many excellent Liberals with regard to the House of Lords."

"Well," said Mr. Lovel, "I am free to confess that I would abolish that House myself, were it in my power to do so. But it is not because I envy the Peers, but because I think that in their corporate capacity experience has shown they are not a wisely-judging body."

"No doubt," said Seacorts, "that is your view of the matter; and I can quite conceive that there might be, though I do not believe there are, rational and even conservative grounds for reconstituting our Second Chamber. For instance, the second chamber might be made elective, with a very high property qualification for the members. You would, I suppose, not object to that on principle?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Lovel. "I object to the Lords, not because they are great men, but because, as a body, they are prejudiced great men."

"No doubt," replied Seacorts, "as I said just now, that is your view of the matter. But how does that view of yours appear to your more ignorant supporters? You object to a lord because he is stupid, not because he is great. Your disciples read your lesson quite differently, and learn to object to him because he is great, not because he is stupid. What comes out of your lips as the voice of criticism, reaches their ears as the voice of envy. And here—I come at last to my personalities—I have to tax your party with doing a thing unconsciously which, if done

consciously, I should really call wicked. They appeal to the people for support, and they gain their support through the very passions which they themselves condemn, and are resolved to hold in check. They don't mean to do this; they don't know they are doing it; but, as a fact, they are doing it all the same. They find that certain language used by them, certain principles advocated by them, have a sudden effect on a large and an ill-instructed audience. Their success intoxicates them. They conceive themselves to have been speaking such evident truths that human nature at once responds to them; and they utter them again with even greater vehemence. They little dream of the thing that is really happening. They are conjuring with spells that bear a double sense—one to the wizard that speaks them, the other to the spirits who obey them. What that last meaning is your party have not learned yet. They do not yet know the likeness of the spirits they have been invoking; and, if ever these last should grow powerful enough to reveal themselves, those that have raised them will be as terrified as the witch of Endor, or as the fisherman that unbottled the Affreet. My charge against you English Liberals is that you are doing a dangerous thing. You are conjuring in a magical language of which you are but partly masters. Well, there's my charge against you; and I suppose it does amount, as you said it would, to something like a charge of folly."

"Yes," said Mr. Lovel, laughing, "you have fulfilled my prophecy. And so that is the way, is it, in which you think my party fools? Well, argument is long and time is short. I shall not have time to-night to defend our folly; so let me ask you, before you go, how you would recommend us to cure it."

"In the first place," said Seacorts, "I should recommend you to realize it. If once you understand that the folly is a folly, you will see pretty clearly the line to be taken in retrieving it. To me it seems that your whole mistake is due—or at least a great part of it—to the pestilent pseudo-science of socialistic quackery. The political philosophy of the present generation of Liberals rests on the same fundamental errors which the Socialists do but exaggerate—or perhaps I should say, which they do but develop logically. All your philosophy is tainted with wrong notions of liberty, and with wrong notions of equality. Your house, really, is divided against itself. You are pledged to a philosophy which can never be made to harmonize with your practical every-day convictions. What I should demand of you and your party—it is easy to demand when one knows one will not get anything—what I should demand is, that you utterly and

entirely repudiate every phrase that seemed to hint that you were in favor of equality as such—equality, that mad and maddening dream, which can never on this earth exist but for a moment, and then only for a moment of ruin and consternation. Equality is a popular word: it is connected with popular doctrines; but these doctrines are popular only because the people do not understand them. They are in reality but so many *ignes fatui*, and in the pursuit of them the people will be the first to suffer. At present, these things can only be put vaguely; but what I am trying to convince you of is that they are capable of scientific expression. There is a wild notion current that a democracy is omnipotent—that it can do what it will with the social fabric. And for the time being no doubt it might change many things. But there is one thing that it can not change; and that is human nature. It could as easily abolish the desire for food as the desire for private property. Indeed, on the Continent, the Socialist party have already reduced their schemes to an absurdity; as one of their primary proposals is the abolition of family affection. The home and the family are both to be destroyed. My dear Mr. Lovel, these proposals, of course, are but the ravings of criminal lunatics; but my charge against you Liberals is, that even your good sense, as misunderstood by the ignorant, is practically tainted with something of the same lunacy; even more than this, that you are popular with the ignorant masses in proportion as you seem to be tainted by it."

"The cab is come for Mr. Seacorts," said a servant at this juncture.

"You see," said Mr. Lovel, "you are destined to have the last word. Have one more glass of claret also; and, while you are drinking it, answer me one question. Much of what you say as to the pseudo-science of the Socialists seems to me very true; and I have no doubt it has not yet been properly put to the world. At the same time I deny altogether its connection with the

English Liberal party. What, however, I want to ask you is this. It seems to me that your desire for a true science has no other end than the damping men's hopes in progress, and making them see that their present miseries are irremediable. Is that so?"

"Very far from it," said Seacorts. "A Conservative, according to my view of him, may be as true a philanthropist, as ardent a friend of progress, as the most advanced Liberal. Only he discerns that the surest road to ruin is the cheering of certain hopes that are impossible, not in degree only, but in kind. He longs as much as the most advanced Liberal to improve the condition of the laboring-classes; but he knows that those men and parties do them the greatest of all evils who tell them to look for improvement in utterly wrong directions—who, professing to take them out of the house of bondage, only lead them into a wilderness, and a wilderness beyond which there is no promised land. You believe in coöperation. So do I, to a certain extent. Let our workmen, when they can, try to coöperate: let bodies of them try to become corporate capitalists. In some cases it may succeed: in other cases it will not. But, in all cases, what we should try to teach the people to aim at is to make the poor richer, not to make the rich poorer. The way to distribute riches is not to destroy them. As I said this afternoon at Mrs. Hervey's, you won't decorate every cottage with Sèvres by pulverizing priceless vases and giving every cottager a pinch of the gray powder. But, as I have said already, all this question will be confused and confusing as long as that science of human action and motive on which all political economy and all schemes of improvement rest is handled only by quacks and charlatans, and, scientifically speaking, is still a *missing science*."

W. H. MALLOCK (*Contemporary Review*).

## THE GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE traveler by railway across the American Continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the Western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the mouths of

narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim, creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty, monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of waterfalls leap-

ing down the crags, scattered pine-trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys—to find, too, that every mile brings you farther into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads—is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm-buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

One leading object of our journey was to see the wonders of the Yellowstone—that region of geysers, mud-volcanoes, hot springs, and sinter-beds, which the United States Congress, with wise forethought, has set apart from settlement and reserved for the instruction of the people. In a few years this part of the continent will no doubt be readily accessible by rail and coach. At the time of our visit it was still difficult of approach. We heard on the way the most ominous tales of Indian atrocities committed only a year or two before, and were warned to be prepared for something of the kind in our turn. So it was with a little misgiving as to the prudence of the undertaking that we struck off from the line of the Union Pacific Railway at Ogden and turned our faces to the north. Ogden is the center at which the railway from Salt Lake City and that from Northern Utah and Idaho join the main transcontinental line. The first part of the journey passed pleasantly enough. The track is a very narrow one, and the carriages are proportionately small. We started in the evening, and, sitting at the end of the last car, enjoyed the glories of a sunset over the Great Salt Lake. Next day about noon brought us to the end of the railway in the midst of a desert of black basalt and loose sand, with a tornado blowing the hot desert dust in blinding clouds through the air. It was the oddest "terminus" conceivable, consisting of about a score of wooden booths stuck down at random, with rows of freight-wagons mixed up among them, and a miscellaneous population of a thoroughly Western kind. In a fortnight afterward the railway would be opened some fifty miles farther north, and the whole town and its inhabitants would then move to the new terminus. Some weeks afterward, indeed, we returned by rail over the same track, and the only traces of our mushroom town were the tin biscuit-boxes, preserved-meat cans, and other *débris* scattered about on the desert and too heavy for the wind to disperse.

With this cessation of the railway all comfort

in traveling utterly disappeared. A "stage," loaded inside and outside with packages, but supposed to be capable of carrying eight passengers besides, was now to be our mode of conveyance over the bare, burning, treeless, and roadless desert. The recollection of those two days and nights stands out as a kind of nightmare. I gladly omit further reference to them. There should have been a third day and night, but by what proved a fortunate accident we escaped this prolongation of the horror. Reaching Virginia City (!), a collection of miserable wooden houses, many of them deserted—for the gold of the valley is exhausted, though many Chinese are there working over the old refuse-heaps—we learned that we were too late for the stage to Boseman. Meeting, however, a resident from Boseman as anxious to be there as ourselves, we secured a carriage, and were soon again in motion. By one of the rapid meteorological changes not infrequent at such altitudes, the weather, which had before been warm, and sometimes even hot, now became for a day or two disagreeably chilly. As we crossed a ridge into the valley of the Madison River, snow fell, and the mountain-crests had their first whitening for the season as we caught sight of them, peak beyond peak, far up into the southern horizon. Night had fallen when we crossed the Madison River below its last cañon, and further progress became impossible. There was a "ranch," or cattle-farm, not far off, where our companion had slept before, and where he proposed that we should demand quarters for the night. A good-natured welcome reconciled us to rough fare and hard beds.

On the afternoon of the third day we at length reached Boseman, the last collection of houses between us and the Yellowstone. A few miles beyond it stands Fort Ellis, a post of the United States Army, built to command an important pass from the territory to the east still haunted by Indians. Through the kind thoughtfulness of my friend Dr. Hayden, I had been provided with letters of introduction from the authorities at Washington to the commandants of posts in the West. I found my arrival expected at Fort Ellis, and the quartermaster happened himself to have come down to Boseman. Before the end of the afternoon we were once more in comfort under his friendly roof. And here I am reminded of an incident at Boseman which brought out one of the characteristics of travel in America, and particularly in the West. It may be supposed that after so long and so dusty a journey our boots were not without the need of being blacked. Having had luncheon at the hotel, I inquired of the waiter where I should go to get this done. He directed me to

the clerk in the office. On making my request to this formidable personage, seated at his ledger, he quietly remarked, without raising his eyes off his pen, that he guessed I could find the materials in the corner. And there, true enough, were blacking-pot and brush, with which every guest might essay to polish his boots or not, as he pleased. In journeying westward we had sometimes seen a placard stuck up in the bedrooms of the hotels to the effect that ladies and gentlemen putting their boots outside their doors must be understood to do so at their own risk. In the larger hotels a shoe-black is one of the recognized functionaries, with his room and chair of state for those who think it needful to employ him.

Of Fort Ellis and the officers' mess-there, we shall ever keep the pleasantest memories. No Indians had now to be kept in order. There was, indeed, nothing to do at the fort save the daily routine of military duty. A very small incident in such circumstances is enough to furnish amusement and conversation for an evening. We made an excursion into the hills to the south, and had the satisfaction of starting a black bear from a cover of thick herbage almost below our feet. Not one of the party happened to have brought a rifle, and the animal was rapidly out of reach of our revolvers, as he raced up the steep side of the valley, and took refuge among the crags and caves of limestone at the top.

Being assured that the Yellowstone country was perfectly safe, that we should probably see no Indians at all, and that any who might cross our path belonged to friendly tribes, and being further anxious to avoid having to return and repeat that dismal stage-journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone Park," as it is termed, and through the mountains encircling the head-waters of the Snake River, so as to strike the railway not far from where we had left it. This involved a ride of somewhere about three hundred miles through a mountainous region still in its aboriginal loneliness. By the care of Lieutenant Alison, the quartermaster of the fort, and the liberality of the army authorities, we were furnished with horses and a pack-train of mules, under an escort of two men, one of whom, Jack Bean by name, had for many years lived among the wilds through which we were to pass, as trapper and miner by turns; the other, a soldier in the cavalry detachment at the fort, went by the name of "Andy," and acted as cook and leader of the mules. The smaller the party, the quicker could we get through the mountains, and, as rapidity of movement was necessary, we gladly availed ourselves of the quartermaster's arrangements. Provisions

were taken in quantity sufficient for the expedition, but it was expected we should be able to add to our larder an occasional haunch of antelope or elk, which in good time we did. So, full of expectation, we bade adieu, not without regret, to our friends at Fort Ellis, and set out upon our quest.

The reader may be reminded here that the Yellowstone River has its head-waters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshone, the Tetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glacier-moraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were traveling, lay tossed about among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on the outlook for evidence as to the thickness of the ice, which might be revealed by the height at which either transported blocks had been stranded, or a polished and striated surface had been left upon the rocks of the valley. We were fortunate in meeting with evidence of both kinds.

I shall not soon forget my astonishment on entering the second cañon. We had made our first camp some way farther down, and before striking the tent in the morning had mounted



the hills on the left side and observed how the detritus (glacial detritus, as we believed it to be) had been rearranged and spread out into terraces, either by the river when at a much higher level than that at which it now flows, or by a lake which evidently once filled up the broad expansion of the valley between the two lowest cañons. We were prepared, therefore, for the discovery of still more striking proof of the power and magnitude of the old glaciers, but never anticipated that so gigantic and perfect a piece of ice-work as the second cañon was in store for us. From a narrow gorge, the sides of which rise to heights of one thousand feet or more, the river darts out into the plain which we had been traversing. The rocky sides of this ravine are smoothly polished and striated from the bottom up apparently to the top. Some of the detached knobs of schist rising out of the plain at the mouth of the cañon were as fresh in their ice-polish as if the glacier had only recently retired from them. The scene reminded me more of the valley of the Aar above the Grimsel than of any other European glacier-ground. As we rode up the gorge with here and there just room to pass between the rushing river and the rocky declivity, we could trace the ice-worn bosses of schist far up the heights till they lost themselves among the pines. The frosts of winter are slowly effacing the surfaces sculptured by the vanished glacier. Huge angular blocks are from time to time detached from the crags and join the piles of detritus at the bottom. But where the ice-polished surfaces are not much traversed with joints they have a marvelous power of endurance. Hence they may have utterly disappeared from one part of a rock-face and remain perfectly preserved on another adjoining part. There could be no doubt now that the Yellowstone glacier was massive enough to fill up the second cañon to the brim, that is to say, it must have been there at least eight hundred or one thousand feet thick. But in the course of our ascent we obtained proof that the thickness was even greater than this, for we found that the ice had perched blocks of granite and gneiss on the sides of the volcanic hills not less than sixteen hundred feet above the present plain of the river, and that it not merely filled up the main valley, but actually overrode the bounding hills so as to pass into some of the adjacent valleys. That glaciers once nestled in these mountains might have been readily anticipated, but it was important to be able to demonstrate their former existence, and to show that they attained such a magnitude.

The glaciers, however, were after all an unexpected or incidental kind of game. We were really on the trail of volcanic productions, and devoted most of our time to the hunt after them.

The valley of the Yellowstone is of high antiquity. It has been excavated partly out of ancient crystalline rocks, partly out of later stratified formations, and partly out of masses of lava that have been erupted during a long succession of ages. Here and there it has been invaded by streams of basalt, which have subsequently been laboriously cut through by the river. In the whole course of our journey through the volcanic region we found that the oldest lavas were trachytes and their allies, while the youngest were as invariably basalts, the interval between the eruption of the two kinds having sometimes been long enough to permit the older rocks to be excavated into gorges before the emission of the more recent. Even the youngest, however, must have been poured out a long while ago, for they, too, have been deeply trenched by the slow erosive power of running water. But the volcanic fires are not yet wholly extinguished in the region. No lava, indeed, is now emitted, but there are plentiful proofs of the great heat that still exists but a short way below the surface.

Quitting the moraine mounds of the Yellowstone Valley, which above the second cañon become still more abundant and perfect, we ascended the tributary known as Gardiner's River, and camped in view of the hot springs. The first glimpse of this singular scene, caught from the crest of a dividing ridge, recalls the termination of a glacier. A mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the somber hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water, which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound, and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But, along the steep front from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly

added to. The colors of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-colored hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth, curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points, indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There are no eruptive springs or geysers at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak and repair to the nearest brook or river for ablution. Sometimes a crust of ice would be found on the pools. One night, indeed, the thermometer fell to 19°, and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen, so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping-ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvelous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hair-breadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burned low, or was awakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine-logs hewed down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my traveling-cloak, I used to lie apart for a while gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence

of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us, and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party, with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their packs, followed by Jack, who, with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-strap, endeavored to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position, sometimes riding on ahead, and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt, or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp-fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch, and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't you see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not present, but who it seemed was doomed to the most horrible destruction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks

of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tuffs. We chose as our camping-ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this ravine, of whose marvels we had heard much, we left the mules rolling on the ground and our packers getting the camp into shape, and struck through the forest in the direction of the roar. Unprepared for anything so vast, we emerged from the last fringe of the woods and stood on the brink of the great chasm, silent with amazement.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet deep. Where its shelving sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upward. It has been excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are here two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Cañon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and semicircular sloping recesses. The dark forests of pine that fill the valley above sweep down to the very brink of the gorge on both sides. Such is the general plan of the place; but it is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the cañon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colors. Much of the rock, especially of the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur-yellow. Through this groundwork harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange color, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But, as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange, mysterious gloom, through

which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellow tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of somber green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but, for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of coloring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such, at least, were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geyser Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forests, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open, park-like glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched, at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, "the bears had been sharpening their claws." Deer of different kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules, and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geyser Basin, we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighborhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysers, and steaming caldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact, in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind-foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and, a day or

two afterward, repassing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geyser. In this basin, however, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour or a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same tendency to form basins so marked at the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. These basins are bordered with the same banded, brightly colored rims which, running in level lines, give the stratified look to the mound. On the top the sinter has gathered into huge dome-shaped or coral-like lumps, among which lies the vent of the geyser—a hole not more than a couple of feet or so in diameter—whence steam constantly issues. When we arrived a considerable agitation was perceptible. The water was surging up and down a short distance below, and when we could not see it for the cloud of vapor its gurgling noise remained distinctly audible. We had not long to wait before the water began to be jerked out in occasional spurts. Then suddenly, with a tremendous roar, a column of mingled water and steam rushed up for one hundred and twenty feet into the air, falling in a torrent over the mound, the surface of which now streamed with water, while its strange volcanic colors glowed vividly in the sunlight. A copious stream of still steaming water rushed off by the nearest channels to the river. The whole eruption did not last longer than about five minutes, after which the water sank in the funnel, and the same restless gurgitation was resumed. Again at the usual interval another eruption of the same kind and intensity took place.

Though the most frequent and regular in its movements, "Old Faithful" is by no means the most imposing of the geysers either in the volume of its discharge or in the height to which it erupts. The "Giant" and "Beehive" both surpass it, but are fitful in their action, intervals of several days occurring between successive explosions. Both of them remained tantalizingly quiet, nor could they be provoked, by throwing stones down their throats, to do anything for our amusement. The "Castle Geyser," however, was more accommodating. It presented us with a magnificent eruption. A far larger body of water than at "Old Faithful" was hurled into the air, and continued to rise for more than double the time. It was interesting to watch

the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column, and burst into a shower of drops outside. At intervals, as the energy of discharge oscillated, the column would sink a little, and then would mount up again as high as before, with a hiss and roar that must have been audible all round the geyser basin, while the ground near the geyser perceptibly trembled. I had been sketching close to the spot when the eruption began, and in three minutes the place where I had been sitting was the bed of a rapid torrent of hot water rushing over the sinter-floor to the river.

Without wearying the reader with details that possess interest only for geologists, I may be allowed to refer to one part of the structure of these geyser-mounds which is not a little curious and puzzling—the want of sympathy between closely adjacent vents. At the summit of a mound the top of the subterranean column of boiling water can be seen about a yard from the surface in a constant state of commotion, while at the base of the mound, at a level thirty or forty feet lower, lie quiet pools of steaming water, some of them with a point of ebullition in their center. There can be no direct connection between these pipes. Their independence is still more strikingly displayed at the time of eruption, for, while the geyser is spouting high into the air, these surrounding pools go on quietly boiling as before. It is now generally acknowledged that the seat of eruptive energy is in the underground pipe itself, each geyser having its peculiarities of shape, depth, and temperature. But it would appear also that at least above this seat of activity there may be no communication even between contiguous vents on the same geyser-mound.

Another interesting feature of the locality is the tendency of each geyser to build up a cylinder of sinter round its vent. A few of these are quite perfect, but in most cases they are more or less broken down as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of exceptional severity. Usually there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter-mound; but in some cases several may be seen with their bases almost touching each other. As the force of the geyser diminishes and its eruptions become less frequent the funnel seems to get choked up with sinter, until in the end the hollow cylinder becomes a more or less solid pillar. Numerous eminences of this kind are to be seen throughout the region. Their surfaces are white and crumbling. They look, in fact, so like pillars of salt that one could not help thinking of Lot's wife, and wondering whether such geyser-columns could ever have existed on the plains of Sodom. In a rainless climate they might last a long time. But the



sinter here, as at Gardiner's River, when no longer growing by fresh deposits from the escaping water, breaks up into thin plates. Those parts of the basin where this disintegration is in progress look as if they had been strewn with pounded oyster-shells.

That the position of the vents slowly changes is indicated on the one hand by the way in which trees are spreading from the surrounding forest over the crumbling floor of sinter, and on the other by the number of dead or dying trunks which here and there rise out of the sinter. The volcanic energy is undoubtedly dying out. Yet it remains still vigorous enough to impress the mind with a sense of the potency of subterranean heat. From the upper end of the basin the eye ranges round a wide area of bare sinter plains and mounds, with dozens of columns of steam rising on all sides; while even from among the woods beyond an occasional puff of white vapor reveals the presence of active vents in the neighboring valley. A prodigious mass of sinter has, in the course of ages, been laid down, and the form of the ground has been thereby materially changed. We made some short excursions into the forest, and, as far as we penetrated, the same floor of sinter was everywhere traceable. Here and there a long-extinct geyser-mound was nearly concealed under a covering of vegetation, so that it resembled a gigantic ant-hill; or a few steaming holes about its sides or summit would bring before us some of the latest stages in geyser history.

One of the most singular sights of this interesting region are the mud-volcanoes, or mud-geysers. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "The Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geyser Basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter-mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously colored mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the grayish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared. But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the caldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly colored green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each

of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order, the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von Buch and the old exploded "crater-of-elevation" theory. Each of these cones was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilization; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geyser Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey far down below its lowest cañon on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again toward the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine-tops—a vast, dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short, narrow valley, full of beaver-dams, we reached a low, flat water-shed, seven thousand and sixty-three feet above the sea, and stood on the "great divide" of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry's Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open, moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky toward the west had been growing more hazy as we approached, and we now found out the cause. The

forest was on fire in several places. At one part of the journey we had just room to pass between the blazing, crackling trunks and the edge of the river. For easier passage we forded the stream, and proceeded down its left bank, but found that here and there the fire had crossed even to that side. Most of these forest-fires result from the grossest carelessness. Jack was particularly cautious each morning to see that every ember of our camp-fire was extinguished, and that by no chance could the dry grass around be kindled, for it might smolder on and slowly spread for days, until it eventually set the nearest timber in a blaze. We used to soak the ground with water before resuming our march. These forest-fires were, of course, an indication that human beings, either red or white, had been on the ground not long before us. But we did not come on their trail. One morning, however—it was the last day of this long march—we had been about a couple of hours in the saddle. The usual halt had been made to tighten the packs, and we were picking our way across a dreary plain of sagebrush on the edge of the great basalt flood of Idaho, when Jack, whose eyes were like a hawk's for quickness, detected a cloud of dust far to the south on the horizon. We halted, and in a few minutes Jack informed us that it was a party of horsemen, and that they must be Indians from their way of riding. As they came nearer we made out that there were four mounted Indians with four led horses. Jack dismounted and got his rifle ready. Andy, without saying a word, did the same. They covered with their pieces the foremost rider, who now spurred on rapidly in front of the rest, gesticulating to us with a rod or whip he carried in his hand. "They are friendly," remarked Jack, and down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and, after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learned that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright color was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright-blue coat faced with scarlet, another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly broided canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad

to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah—that a neighboring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumors of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and, after they had left us, and were scampering along the prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterward another much larger cloud of dust crossed the mouth of a narrow valley down which we were moving. Waiting a little unperceived to give the party time to widen their distance from us, we were soon once more upon the great basalt plain.

The last section of our ride proved to be, in a geological sense, one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain, near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realized with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very generally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the Far West furnishes the true key to the his-

tory of the basaltic plateaus of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

At last we reached the railway that had been opened only a week or two before. Andy rode on ahead to the terminus, to intimate that we wished to be picked up. In a short while the train came up, and, as we sat there in the bare valley near no station, the engine slowed at sight of us. Our two companions were now to turn

back and take a shorter route to Fort Ellis, but would be at least ten days on the march. We parted from them not without regret. Rough, but kindly, they had done everything to make the journey a memorably pleasant one to us. We took our seats in the car, and from the window, as we moved away, caught the last glimpse of our cavalcade, Andy in front with a riderless horse, and Jack in the rear with another.

ARCH. GEIKIE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

## ON THE BUYING OF BOOKS.

### I.

#### LOVERS OF BOOKS.

THE lover of books may be distinguished by one trick he has which betrayeth him. If he is in a strange house he makes straight for the shelves; before anything else he hastens to take stock of the library; blue china can not turn him aside, nor pictures detain him. There are other peculiarities by which he may be known. If he passes a bookseller's shop he may not choose but stop; if it is a second-hand shop, which is at all times more interesting than a shop of new books, his feet without any volition on his part and of their own accord draw him within it. However poor he is, his shelves grow continually larger and groan more deeply with new additions. However large his own library may be, every other man's library is an object of curiosity to him for the strange and unknown wonders it may possess.

I, who write this paper, am one of these lovers of books. I love them beyond all other earthly things. I love them because they are books, good and bad alike. To me they are as living things, and possess a soul. It gives me a glow of pleasure, even after many years of experience, to buy a new book. To carry it home, cut the leaves, turn over the pages and look in it here and there is joy enough to last the whole evening. At such a time one does not curiously criticise the contents: one enjoys the fresh aroma of new print—I believe it is caused by the use of "turps"; one is grateful to the author and the publisher; there is a charm about the binding; the very type has a beauty of its own.

My wanderings among other people's libraries have led me to make a few discoveries which may or may not be original. Thus, I have laid down the general maxim that, as is the average

man, so is the average library. I look not, therefore, for aught beyond the commonplace. Bookshelves are made to match their owner; the books upon them are a counterpart to the man who possesses them. Thus a beautiful harmony reigns in this as well as in other departments of nature. I am tempted to believe that after learning the profession of a man, studying his face, dress, and bearing, and hearing him talk for a single quarter of an hour, I should be able to tell, within a dozen books or so, all that he has ever bought. The converse of this proposition is certainly true, namely, that a very short examination of a library is sufficient to enable one to describe the owner in general and unmistakable terms. For the fact is, although it humiliates one to state it baldly and openly, and though it makes one tremble at thinking of the monotony of human nature and the dreadful sameness of men's minds, there are to be found among the "better sort"—a phrase I love because it beautifully connects virtue with wealth—but two or three classes or descriptions of library.

Every one, for instance, knows the great, solid mahogany bookcase—perhaps two or three such cases—filled from top to bottom with inherited books which once belonged to a scholar of the family long deceased. Among these are old college prizes bound in Russia, stamped with college arms. There are editions of the classics; there are the "standard" works of Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Alison, Paley, Young, Hervey (his "Meditations"), Johnson, and perhaps those sound and judicious divines, Andrews, Hooker, Bull, and Jeremy Taylor. All those books of the original collection which were not handsomely bound have long since been sent away and sold at a shilling the volume, sorted out. Those with leather backs were retained to stand in rows, and act as furniture; they are but the dry bones,

the skeleton of the old library: for they were formerly the books of reference, the necessities of the life and the daily work of the defunct scholar, who lived in his library. But the soul of his collection is gone: the duodecimos which he read in daily, the tattered old volumes which helped his research and stimulated his thought, the actual food of his brain—these have vanished; what is left is a mere shell. This is the Furniture Library. None of these books are ever taken down; none are opened or read; the library is like a marble statue which lacks the breath of life, or a sealed fountain whose waters are drunk by neither man nor beast.

A pretty allegory might be made showing how a certain Pygmalion collected together a divine library, so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it and gazed upon it was straightway smitten with a passion which made his heart to beat and his cheek to glow; and how presently the library became alive to him, a beneficent being, full of love and tender thought, as good as she was beautiful, a friend who never failed him; and how they were united in holy wedlock and lived together, and never tired of each other until he died, when the life went also out of the library, his wife, and she fell all to separate pieces, every piece a precious seedling of future life should it be planted in the right place. Is there not here the material for an allegory? A library, you will perceive, is essentially feminine: it is receptive; it is responsive; it is productive. You may lavish upon it—say, upon her—as much love as you have in your nature, and she will reward you with fair offspring, sweet and tender babes—ideas, thoughts, memories, and hopes. Who would not love the mother of such children? Who would not be their father?

The Furniture Library never gets a new book added to it at all. But even this poor dead and dispirited thing is better than the Flimsy Library, common among persons who have had no scholar in their family, or else no family among their scholars. The volumes of the Flimsy Library consist almost wholly of the books collected during youthful and pre-nuptial days. They are beautifully bound in crimson cloth and gold, with a leaning toward too much ornament. They are the books which used to be presented to young ladies—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago, according to the age of the house. The titles vary, but the taste remains much the same: they are books on the domestic affections, the immortal works of Mesdames Ellis, Hemans, Sigourney, Sewell, and Yonge; Keble in many bindings; the "Gentle Life"; Longfellow, Scott, Tupper, Wordsworth, and so forth. Perhaps there is a row of the "Waverley Novels," and there are

one or two "Handbooks." The Flimsy Library can go no further.

A third class of library, and a very common one, may be called the Railway Library. It consists of two-shilling novels—nothing else—and each one represents a railway-journey. They stand in rows with their paper bindings in red, black, and yellow; they are treasured by their owners as if they were Elzevirs at the least; there may be also among them, perhaps, a Bret Harte or a Mark Twain—humorists who have caught the popular taste. Burnand, Lowell, Leland, Gilbert, who somehow seem to have missed the uncritical ear, will not generally be seen on the shelves of the Railway Library. These three classes of library represent the broad divisions. There are, however, others—subdivisions—which should not be forgotten.

Thus, there is the Fashionable Library, in which every volume marks a passing phase of literary fashion in *genre*, printing, or binding, from the Minerva school down to a ballade or a villanelle; there is the Casual Library, in which the books seem to have been bought by the yard just to fill up the shelves; the Technical Library, in which the seeker after literature finds the Dead Sea apples of scientific and professional works—fancy Charles Lamb shut up for an afternoon with a mathematical library! the Goody-Goody Library, where the works are certainly intended to disgust the young with virtue and religion; the Milk-and-Water Library, most of the books in which are at least thirty years of age, and were written by ladies who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid, and conceited; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten; the Fast Library, in which the works of "Ouida" are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot! And oh, dear me! how rare it is to find such a library!

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature.



They are not without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity: they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together: a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them: they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, can not long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the libraries could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets, and, if so, for whom? and at what social level people cease to belong to a library? where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line? Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books; do fruiterers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no book-shelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an APPALLING thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies, and those swift thoughts which pierce

the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact unredeemed by hope or illusion, with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somaulis, Veddahs, Andaman-Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few, alas, be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete board-school course is generally that the boys and girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the Grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hands the key to all the knowledge whereunto man hath attained, to all the knowledge whereunto he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delight of life—and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the board-school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days by-gone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life: it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book: that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre, for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience: it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When he came away he said to me: "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps mere pretense, with craft and subtlety. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied: "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present en-

gaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.' The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomfortable because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrow-bones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen-midden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of previously unsatisfied mankind when some one, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, cuneiform, or Hitite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the School Board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do, those who read much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even bookish boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A bookish boy is at first a curious and inquiring boy, who, at every step of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the world and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wondrous organ upon which divine melodies may be played; perhaps he is content to listen; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, essay to touch the charmed instrument. I can not think that such a boy would ever cease to love books.

It is the development of this other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the

books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they can not appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read, they dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did the people want? And what more, indeed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp: he tastes; he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine-glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the *sole à la maître d'hôtel*, the *côtelette*, the *riç de veau*, the *mayonnaise*: where thick, sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Château Yquem, and Piper *très sec*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual meal taken continually by the all-devouring reader. He reads everything: he reads whatever is set before him: he reads without consideration: he reads without criticism: all styles are alike to him: he is never greatly delighted, and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions, is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with,

must be bad: who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shoveled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize bats, prize foot-balls, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the Lyceum with the girls costs as much; a dinner at the club to one or two friends costs as much; sittings at church cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday, it will buy just one dozen of champagne; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at: it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement; yet, administered in the way of a subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelve-month. What an investment!

What an investment, indeed! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert; so that—alas!—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure which he can not buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger? All that is over, be-

cause any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessary for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions, how much should we pay for it? and how? As for the latter, it is easy to answer: we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him pleasure, then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical: let us make a suggestion: let us estimate literature as a ratable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that authors will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.

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## II.

### BOOK-COLLECTORS.

If ever gratitude were legitimately due by one class of individuals to another, that feeling, according to their own admission, should unquestionably be entertained by London booksellers toward their American patrons. What would have been their present condition without the aid of these enterprising auxiliaries may to a certain extent be gathered from the incontrovertible fact that three fourths of the rarities periodically appearing in their own catalogues, and at public sales, find their way across the Herring Pond, and will in all probability continue to do so. This raid, for such it may be correctly termed, which commenced about six or seven years ago, has ever since been steadily increasing, and is still pursued with such unrelaxing perseverance as to threaten the almost total absorption by these literary cormorants of our

choicest artistic and typographic masterpieces, the demand for anything out of the common way far exceeding the supply. As far as the interests of the booksellers are concerned, the impulse thus given to their trade is doubtless beneficial, although not without its accompanying disadvantages; inasmuch as it encourages reckless competition, and tends, as we shall presently have occasion to see, to establish in the case of certain works a scale of prices utterly out of proportion to their original value.

To the main body of English collectors this sudden rise is at once inexplicable and prohibitive; they can neither comprehend the exaggerated "*feu sacré*" of their transatlantic brethren, nor make up their minds to imitate them, but prefer waiting until—a most unlikely occurrence—the ardor of their rivals shall have cooled down, and prices shall have gradually sunk to their former level. Of this there is at present no sign; on the contrary, since the commencement of 1879 a notable advance has taken place in those specialties particularly affected by Uncle Sam, namely, books illustrated by Cruikshank and Leech, dramatic and other biographies, and, above all, first editions of the works of our leading modern humorists. Publications of a more recent date than 1860 are less in request, being liable in America to a duty of twenty-five per cent., a serious consideration for even the most enthusiastic bibliomaniac. This impost, however, has not lessened the demand for books embellished with extra illustrations, the preparation of which affords constant employment to some half a dozen London dealers, the principal result of their joint labors being the all but complete exhaustion of the materials necessary for the purpose, and, in the majority of instances, a very inadequate accomplishment of the task undertaken by them.

Even for the private collector, to whom the "time-is-money" principle can not be said to apply, the appropriate illustration of a book is a difficult matter, entailing much research and no little judgment in the selection of passages most suitable for adornment; what, then, would it be for a wholesale practitioner, were he to proceed in a similar fashion! But he does nothing of the kind. He neither reads the work, nor troubles himself about the personages who figure therein; he simply relies on the index, if there be one, at the end of the volume; if not, the pages are hastily skimmed over by himself or his assistant, and an alphabetical list of names is compiled, which will hereafter serve for as many copies as he may elect to "do." His next step is to inspect his stock of portraits and engravings in hand, and extract therefrom whatever may, by hook or by crook, be introduced into his "illus-

tration"; supplying the places of the missing types, in nine cases out of ten the most important, with accessories incidentally mentioned by the author, but wholly unconnected with the subject of the book. His task thus completed to his satisfaction, and the requisite number of prints inserted at proper intervals between the first page and the last, his share in the business is over, and in due course of time the "splendidly illustrated copy," showily bound in tree-calf or Levant-morocco, occupies a prominent place in his catalogue, and in all probability becomes eventually the property of some enterprising amateur of Rhode Island or Chicago. It is just possible that the recipient, on examining his purchase, may discover such trifling anomalies as the substitution of Caroline of Brunswick for the Queen of George II, or that of little Wilkinson of the Adelphi for the illustrious Tate of York notoriety (a portrait not likely to be found in the manufacturer's folios), and that, in the first outburst of his wrath, this incongruity may be commented upon in somewhat unorthodox language; but, on reflection—bearing in mind the twenty-five per cent. duty he has already disbursed, and will certainly never see again—he will doubtless come to the charitable conclusion that, all circumstances considered, it would be more advisable to make the best of a bad bargain, and—human nature being confessedly liable to error—accord to the offending bookseller the privilege of participating in the universal failing. There are, of course, exceptions to this general rule of illustrative incompetency, and one or two members of the fraternity, more lavish of care and money than their colleagues, have produced some really creditable specimens; most of those, however, inlaid to quarto or folio size, are too cumbersome and costly for the ordinary run of buyers, and we therefore only allude to them *pour mémoire*. In any case, it is safer for a lover of this class of books to cater for himself, and—having first gone through the apprenticeship indispensable to beginners—to adorn them according to his own taste, mindful of the good old saying:

"On n'est jamais si bien servi que par soi-même."

We have frequently heard it asserted by booksellers that the number of collectors in England has of late years greatly diminished, and are inclined on the whole to believe the statement to be correct. It is possible that the multiplicity of cheap editions may have lessened the demand for the more expensive ones; but, whatever may be the cause of the decline, we can affirm on the authority of an experienced dealer that, especially among the higher classes, the possessors of really fine libraries, except when remaining in the family as heirlooms, are few and



far between. Where people formerly, on the publication of a new work, ordered it at once from their bookseller, they are now content to apply for it at Mudie's, and rarely dream of encumbering their shelves or tables with anything in the shape of literature beyond those social manuals of daily reference not included in the yearly subscription. But, our present business being less with those who do not buy books than with those who do, we will confine our remarks to such varieties of the latter class as we have had occasion to meet with, beginning with that insatiable peripatetic nuisance, the bargain-hunter.

We have known several specimens, both male and female, of the genus, but a brief description of two of them will suffice for our purpose, and exemplify the leading characteristics of these literary "middle-men," whose ruling principle is of the simplest, namely, to buy as cheap and sell as dear as they possibly can. The least ambitious of the pair, who, like Jenny l'Ouvrière in the song, "*Se contente de peu*," pins his faith on the resources derivable from an intelligent inspection of the fifth-rate book-stalls in the by-lanes of the metropolis, disposing of his acquisitions at a small profit through the medium of that widely circulated journal, "*The Exchange and Mart*"; occasionally he extends his researches as far as Richmond or Hounslow, or even Windsor, but, as a rule, his operations are chiefly confined to London. His colleague, or rival—if we may call him so, although neither term is strictly appropriate, as they neither frequent the same localities, nor in the slightest degree interfere with each other—is of a very different stamp, combining the practical acuteness of the bookseller with the indefatigable perseverance of the collector. He is rarely seen at Sotheby's or Christie's, but is a regular attendant at "out" sales, where, being well "up" in the fluctuations of the book-market, and knowing exactly, moreover, where to place his purchases, he is constantly on the watch for some blue dahlia fortuitously overlooked by the "trade"; and, if so far favored by chance as now and then to light upon a stray rarity, which he can resell an hour later at a profit of cent. per cent., he feels by no means disposed to exclaim with Titus, that he has "lost a day."

Another curious type is the collector of "remainders," a term signifying the surplus copies of unsalable works discarded by their respective publishers, and consigned to the tender mercies of the hammer at an establishment popularly known as the "slaughter-house." Of these the greater part are comparatively valueless, and woe be to the unlucky speculator who deludes himself with the hope of their eventual popu-

larity!—but here and there a stray volume may sometimes be found destined to a better fate, and it is precisely by his tact in separating the wheat from the chaff that the habitual frequenter of these sales differs from the mere chance visitor. The same instinct guides him in the purchase of books sold at a reduced rate by the original publisher to a wholesale dealer, and he has often cause to congratulate himself on his acumen, as in the case of Haydon's "*Correspondence and Table-Talk*," which might be had six months ago for half a guinea and is now literally out of the market. It often happens, indeed, that a work neglected on its first appearance, and regarded as a drug by the second-hand bookseller, who grudgingly accords to it an obscure corner of his shelves, is by some fortuitous circumstance suddenly sought after; and more than one instance might be cited where such waifs have trebled, nay, quadrupled the price of publication. Lord Hervey's "*Memoirs of the Court of George II.*," currently quoted in 1872 at eight or ten shillings, is now worth at the very lowest computation three guineas and a half; Jesse's "*Correspondence of George Selwyn*," once valued at thirty-five shillings, is at the present moment considered cheap at six pounds; and Peter Cunningham's charming little volume, the "*Story of Nell Gwyn*," which an Oxford Street bookseller thought himself fortunate seven or eight years ago to sell for half a crown, was recently priced in a New York catalogue three pounds five shillings.

It is a mistake to suppose that cheap reprints of popular works tend in any way to depreciate the original editions, the effect being precisely the reverse; nor is the result different in the case of reproductions where neither expense nor trouble is spared. Collectors in general are apt to regard with suspicion even the most elaborate modern publications; they abominate toned paper, an innovation much affected by contemporary publishers, and consider the crude and unsightly woodcuts which disfigure so many of our periodicals as sorry substitutes for the etchings and steel engravings of thirty years ago. And it must be owned that their strictures are not wholly unreasonable, and that too many of our much vaunted literary novelties betray, either in one way or the other, the blemish which characterizes the "*Pêche à quinze sous*" of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger. Examples of this relative inferiority might be cited by scores, but we have already outstepped our limits, and it is time to refer to the subject we have reserved as a fitting close to the present paper, namely, the extraordinary increase in value within the last three or four years of the first editions of our modern humorists, a few instances of which may

not be without interest for the reader. Such, indeed, is still the demand, not only for publications embellished by Cruikshank, Leech, and in some cases "Phiz," but also for original copies of others containing no illustrations whatever (as for example "Esmond," now worth three guineas), that clean and uncut specimens are rarely to be met with either in a bookseller's catalogue or at a public sale. Collectors, however, are proverbially capricious, and by no means include the entire works of a writer among their desiderata; thus, while "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and half a dozen minor productions of the same author, are in constant request, "The Virginians" and "Philip" may be had (comparatively) for a mere song. In like manner the earlier stories of Lever are eagerly sought after, whereas "Roland Cashel," "Barrington," and other later efforts of his pen are drugs in the market; and, although he can not be classed among the humorists, the remark is equally applicable to Ainsworth, whose "Tower of London" and "Jack Sheppard" average from three to five guineas each. Surtees's sporting novels, more particularly "Mr. Sponge" and "Facey Romford," far exceed in value "Plain or Ringlets," and "Ask Mamma," and are scarcely to be procured at thrice their original cost; and Gilbert Abbott à Beckett's literary reputation—financially speaking—appears to rest entirely on his "Comic Histories of England and Rome."

But all this is "leather and prunella" compared to the astounding prices currently demanded and obtained for genuine first editions of Dickens. A bookseller's catalogue now lies before us, in which the first octavo edition of "Sketches by Boz" in monthly parts, originally published at twenty shillings, is quoted twelve guineas; and it may also be stated, on the authority of the same dealer, that he recently sold a spotless copy of the book for eighteen guineas. It is difficult to find a "Pickwick" in good condition under five pounds, if uncut and containing the two canceled plates by Buss which certain collectors have the bad taste to prefer to those subsequently engraved by Hablot K. Browne, although the author (and who should know better?) justly considered them as eyesores, and suppressed them accordingly. A similar and equally incomprehensible *sine qua non* with

American book-buyers is the first of the two final plates engraved by Cruikshank for "Oliver Twist," and afterward withdrawn by Dickens's express desire, and replaced by the one more generally known, which, if not one of the artist's happiest inspirations, is at all events superior to its predecessor. Next in rarity to these—we are speaking only of the writer's more important works—come "Martin Chuzzlewit" (recently priced four pounds), a "Tale of Two Cities," worth at least two pounds ten shillings, "Great Expectations," the "Uncommercial Traveler," and the "Christmas Carol"; "Copperfield," notwithstanding its popularity is, strange to say, relatively cheap, nor is the demand for "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," or "Our Mutual Friend" by any means proportionate to the supply, whereas "Grimaldi," although merely edited by Dickens, averages from four to five guineas.

But where this "razzia," for it can be termed nothing else, ceases to be either legitimate or intelligible, is in the case of such trifles as the libretto of the "Village Coquettes" (music by Hullah), and the farce of "The Strange Gentleman." If we remember rightly, the verdict passed on the former was what our neighbors call a *succès d'estime*; and as for the latter, though amusing enough, and excellently played by Harley, it certainly did not make manager Braham's fortune; nevertheless, the first is eagerly snapped up at two guineas, while the second is worth six pounds of anybody's money.\* Both however, are eclipsed by a little pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," by Timothy Sparks, one of the least voluminous but unquestionably the scarcest of its author's productions. No missing will, no philosopher's stone, was ever sought for more perseveringly, and we might almost add more unsuccessfully; and, were we to estimate its marketable value at twenty times its weight in gold, it is possible that we should not be far wrong.

\* "The Strange Gentleman" has been reprinted, and may be had for 5s. Another farce by Dickens, "The Lamplighter," has recently been printed, we believe for the first time, from the prompter's copy. "The Village Coquettes" has also been reprinted, and can be purchased for 4s. 6d.

## LA JEUNE FRANCE.

FEW more interesting passages can be found in the chronicles of literature than that which traces the progress of the revolt of the romanticists in France, in the earlier part of the present century. It was in truth something more than a revolt, it was a revolution. Men who ordinarily cared not a button about *belles-lettres* found themselves drawn into a maelstrom of literary excitement, and compelled to take sides. The war, from its battle-grounds of the journals and the theatres, spread to the *cafés* and streets of Paris, and even into the departments. Duels were fought and men killed who had never seen Victor Hugo, or read the works which they defied with their lives. Family ties were snapped asunder; classicists and romanticists found it impossible to live under the same roof, even when most closely related. It is difficult for one, not living in the gay capital during 1828-'30, to realize the heat and rancor of the combat between the rival factions. The journals teemed with anathemas, recriminations, and epithets; the theatres interested were scenes of furious uproar; the discussions on the streets ended not infrequently in fisticuffs. Finally, when the smoke cleared away, classicism was found to have been so roughly handled that death was only a question of days: it never held up its venerable head again.

During the turbulent years of the Revolution, French literature stagnated. The minds of the epoch were too painfully engrossed with the present to think of writing classics for the future. They were too busy with the drama of life to occupy themselves with counterfeiting it for the amusement of their fellows. The lesser lights never rose above a servile imitation of Spartan precedents. To the most puerile details this abject apery was carried. Fickle Paris, from the luxuriant splendor of the monarchy, rushed headlong into the severe nudity of an antique republic. Ladies sported the attire of Athenian vestals, who bore reputations scarcely consistent with the assumption. Throughout Paris, togas, and sandals, and all the pretty paraphernalia of the classic epoch, engrossed the costumers' minds. In the domain of art the frigid dignity of David supplanted the amorous philandering of Boucher. After Greuze came Gros. Poetry, fiction, the drama, struggled feebly under this grand extinguisher, this hopeless task of keeping up the illusion that the mimic had become the model, and that Paris was really Rome.

This assumption was abandoned with the

birth of the empire; but the blight it had thrown upon letters still remained. No critics appeared with strength sufficient to divert the playwrights and verse-makers from the rut into which they had fallen; their only movement was a backward one: their model, from the Rome of Brutus, had sunk to the Rome of Domitian. Through the night that followed two stars appear, Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand; but, being stars rather than torches, they communicated their fire to no one, and simply served to make the general dullness discernible.

With the Restoration France sank into repose; desolated and weary after her terrible death-dance, she asked for nothing so much as rest, and yawned in the face of those who sought to arouse in her a healthy literary appetite. The few who were awake had no eye for the poverty of Picard's wit or the stupidity of Madame Cottin. They yielded themselves up to be amused, languidly, yet contentedly; who should amuse them was no concern of theirs: the Academy and the censors had that responsibility.

As the nation recovered from her lethargy, with that wonderful recuperative power which we have all marveled at in the present day, signs of better times for literature began to appear. In 1819 Casimir Delavigne produced a tragedy, "*Vêpres Siciliennes*," which, partly owing to intrinsic merit, partly to pertinent and pungent political hits, had an immense success with the people. With the critics it was far less popular. M. Delavigne had, in 1815, published a famous work, "*Messéniennes*," which displayed considerable hostility to the returning Bourbons. The minister of Louis XVIII had overlooked this, or at least acted as if he had, for he appointed the young poet librarian of the chancery. True, there was no library there, but that was irrelevant: an administration which could make a seaport out of Augoulême was not likely to hesitate at such a *bagatelle* as this. But the conservative journals did not forget the disloyalty, and revenged themselves on the play, which was, indeed, far from free of offense in the same direction. The tragedy itself was written in a spirit of compromise: it was about equidistant from what the classicists demanded and what the young students would have had it, and can hardly be placed among the works which precipitated the grand agitation.

From this time to the publication of "*Cromwell*," in 1827, no manifestation worthy of notice was made by the disaffected. During this peri-

od, the state of literature can not be better described than by a quotation from a newspaper critique by Charles Nodier, in 1822: "The classicists continue to reign, in the name of Aristotle, over European literature; but they reign like those dethroned kings who have preserved of their power nothing but acknowledged rights and the vain array of a title without authority. Their domain is but a vast desert, the productions of which, languishing and withering in their birth, attest only the arid poverty of an exhausted soil and a decrepit nature. If the arts undertake any monument worthy of posterity, it must be upon another foundation. If some genius, abounding in rich hopes, arises, it will be under another banner. The classicists find favor with the journals, the academies, the literary circles. The romanticists are successful in the theatres, in the book-store, and the *salon*. The first are approved; the others are read."

The genius who was to head this predicted revolt was already famous as a royalist poet! Since a history of the movement necessitates an extended notice of its leader, it may be well to give some little space here to a glance at his early life.

VICTOR HUGO first made his bow to the public in 1816, when only fourteen years of age. When, at the age of nineteen, he obtained permission from his father to become an author, he was already the pet of the Academy and the admiration of select *salons*. Each succeeding year increased the universal amazement at his precocity. From 1826 to the present day, for fifty years, he has been the acknowledged master of French poetry.

The boy-poet entered the realm of letters seriously, devotedly, and in a spirit of consecration. No crusader ever couched lance with more chivalrous or knightly motives. His mother was a Vendéan refugee, an ultra-royalist; his father a general of the grand army, and Bonapartist to the core. Naturally enough, the warmth of their political opinions created a coolness between them. The veteran saw but little of his children, and left their education wholly to the mother. Hence Victor's early royalism. At the Restoration, the long-standing coolness burst into open enmity, and the general took the urchins from their mother and placed them in a school at Paris. They were far from pleased at this, and it merely increased their regard for all that their mother believed. Victor burst into a poetic frenzy of loyalty; looking through his mother's eyes, he saw nothing but glory in the Bourbons, nothing that was not sacred in the Church, and made hatred of Napoleon the essence of his creed. Her death, which occurred in 1821, did not weaken this feeling. In behalf of her mem-

ory—to which an altar-fire has ever burned in his soul—he drew his sword still more violently in defense of the king and the bishops.

In 1822 he gave to the world his first volume of odes. They were, to use the words of a contemporary, "productions stamped with an impress of the loftiest religious and royalist enthusiasm, perfectly classic in form, but heedless of ancient traditions, almost exclusively devoted to the great things of feudal times, resonant with the shock of buckler and lance, shouting the old war-cry '*Montjoie Saint-Denis!*' imbued with a delicious perfume of chivalry and faith, and vivid with men-at-arms, and squires, and pages, and melancholy *châtelaines*, and steel-clad knights." The experiment met with a flattering success. The king gave him an annuity, the journals spoke kindly, and everybody predicted great things of the young poet.

We have noticed Victor's aversion for his father. To him the brave old veteran appeared a sort of arbitrary stranger, who only came to see his children when he had something disagreeable for them to swallow, who had made the young student drop his lyre, and take up alien Euclid, who had ill treated the kindest of wives and mothers, and who, to cap the climax, had married again. In other words, the poet no less than the poems, was under the influence of sentiment rather than justice. In 1823 circumstances brought the two together, and Victor found that he had done his father gross injustice. The general was really an excellent man. We are inclined to regard this meeting as pregnant with results. Although still clinging to his hatred of the empire, and his veneration for the *fleurs-de-lis*, it is probable that this discovery of a flaw in his prejudices was the turning-point in his career, and, by prompting a closer examination into the merits of his doctrines, led to their ultimate abandonment. The shrewd old veteran had predicted this; years before he had said to General Lucotte: "Let time do its work. The child is of the mother's opinion; the man will be of the father's."

At this time the young poet was the hope and pride of the royalist party. The king had annotated his odes with his own royal thumb-nail; Chateaubriand had called him *the sublime child*; he was in receipt of two pensions from the throne. Here, one would think, were material advantages and flattering honors sufficient to silence the still, small voice, and overbalance any desires to break through the rose-chains of royalty; but the same devotion to conscience which characterized his entrance upon a literary career marked his actions when he arrived at its turning-point. "I make small account," said he, "of the spirit of compromise, promiscuous



creeds, and conventional traditions; because I think that a prudent man ought to examine everything with his reason before accepting anything: if he is deceived, it will not be his fault." And again: "When one has a tranquil conscience and a good purpose, he ought to walk with firm step upon trembling ground." Surely, this man will not prostitute his talents; mistaken he may often be; willfully wrong, never.

In 1824 Chateaubriand was ejected from the cabinet, "like," as he describes it, "a valet who had stolen the king's watch from the mantel." As might have been expected, he showed his teeth maliciously. He devoted his next three years to the punishment of his adversary, Vilèlle; he attacked his whilom associates of the ministry, tooth and nail. The quarrel assumed proportions as alarming as they were unexpected. Everybody took sides; our young royalist defended Chateaubriand vehemently. He even went further than his principal: the ex-minister waged war on the ministry alone; Hugo assailed the whole monarchical system.

In 1825 Prosper Mérimée published "The Theatre of Clara Gazul," professedly translated from the Spanish, under the pseudonym of Joseph Lestrangé. This created a sensation akin to that of a thunderbolt in the camp of the classicists. At the same time, it aroused the energies of the younger authors who were ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the coming conflict, of which the first gun had been sounded. It stimulated their industry, and during the succeeding year the romanticists, though still unorganized, began to make themselves heard.

In January of the following year, Victor Hugo published a new edition of his odes, augmented by new odes and ballads, which gave evidence of an entire revolution in the mind of the author. They were accompanied by a preface, which announced to the classicists the appearance of a new and by no means despicable foe. As a matter of course, they hurled themselves violently against the poet and his book, and denounced just as vigorously as they had applauded four years before.

The work created the wildest enthusiasm among the romanticists. Sainte-Beuve, at that time a surgeon, threw up a lucrative position in a frenzy of literary ambition, and entered upon a literary career with a glowing apostrophe to the new book. He was immediately recognized as a master-mind, and warmly welcomed by the young school who now recognized Hugo as their leader, and built their hopes upon his genius.

This school, shortly after to be known as "La Jeune France," was a fusion of all the disaffected elements existing at the time. Its influence was not confined to the fine arts, to literature, and

the stage. The Revolution of July was not less a triumph of this progressive class than the production of "Henri III." For several years a leaven of discontent had been at work with the people. Under the gilded, *blasé*, self-possessed stratum of the conservative society, a thousand elements of discord were gnawing ceaselessly at the foundations of the throne, the clergy, the aristocracy, and all else that was dear to the heart of the *bourgeois*. Socialists, communists, republicans, liberty-lovers of every description, were banded together in this work. The students, the young Bohemians of the opposition press, the *enfants* of the *cafés*, the Latin quarter, the attics of Menilmontant, fed this smoldering fire with all the radical fervor of two-and-twenty. With the impetuosity characterizing a state which can by no possibility become worse than it already is, these ragged babes of the Muses assumed control of the movement. The onslaught upon the classical school was but the opening of their battle; through the breaches made by the pen, the children of the barricade and the tricolor were to appear upon the scene. A blow leveled at the classicists was a blow in the face of conservatism. Through Aristotle they pummeled Charles X. If they were powerless to mold France to their liking, they at least could put their models on exhibition before the world. If they were as yet too weak to meet monarchy behind a barricade, they could laugh it to scorn on the stage. We are not saying that every leader of the romantic school had precisely this end in view; but it was the controlling idea of the body. While, in this case particularly, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw sharp lines between a pure literary enthusiasm and that which is subordinate to political fervor, we do not believe that many of the palms which applauded "Hernani," in February of 1830, were free from participation in the barricade-building of the following July.

Hitherto, the chief obstacle in the path of the innovators had been a want of organization, or at least of a leader who should announce a decisive plan of procedure. This lack was supplied in December of 1827 by Victor Hugo, who threw off any pretense of ambiguity, and placed himself at the head of young France in the preface of his first drama, "Cromwell." This preface was alarmingly voluminous, and as revolutionary as the most ardent romanticist could have desired. It contained an entire poetic system. In it he cut loose from all the past glory of French letters, and offered a substitute of his own. He divided the race into three epochs, primitive, ancient, and modern, and poetry into three corresponding departments, the ode, the epic, and the drama, as illustrated by the Bible, Homer,

and Shakespeare. Upon the system of the last named he based his laws for the drama. "The characteristic of the drama," he said, "is reality; reality results from the natural combination of two types, the sublime and the grotesque, which cross in the drama as they cross in life and in creation; all that is in nature is in art." This bold manifesto, which declared war to the hilt upon Aristotle and Racine, and calmly ignored the existence of Corneille and Voltaire, produced the effect of an avalanche upon the classicists. The accompanying drama, which was to illustrate the beauties of the author's position, was wellnigh lost sight of in the acrimonious discussion which the preface provoked. Personally we are not acquainted with it, and are therefore incompetent to speak of its merits; but, if contemporary criticism be reliable, our incompetency is a matter of grave self-congratulation rather than of lament. It is said to be prolix, wellnigh interminable, and withal royally insipid. However, the abuse it received—deservedly, perhaps—from the classical critics, was more than balanced by the tumultuous greeting it received at the hands of the young Bohemians, who joyfully hailed Hugo as their champion, and made his preface their rallying-cry. Only as marking an era in the fight of the rival factions is this Cromwellian venture worthy of note.

In 1828, Frédéric Soulié succeeded, through the influence of Jules Janin, then in the first flush of critical notoriety, in getting "*Roméo et Juliette*" presented at the Odéon, where "*Der Freyschütz*" had been having a successful run. Both Shakespeare and Weber ranked high on the romantic calendar, and the young upholsterer's translation from the English poet shared with the grand music of the German the enthusiastic plaudits of the reformers.

The same year Victor Hugo gave to the public "*Les Orientales*," one of the finest poetical works in the language. In thought it ranks below his later works; but for simple word-painting, for delicacy of outline, harmony, and richness of coloring, and witchery alike of imagery and rhyme, it stands unrivaled. It had an unprecedented success. Almost simultaneously was issued the "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," which treats a somewhat repugnant subject with wonderful truth, and, as a powerful protest against the death-penalty, deserves careful consideration. This also was hailed by his followers with enthusiasm.

His dramatic path had fewer roses, and a disheartening preponderance of thorns. "Cromwell" was manifestly unfit for the stage. His "*Amy Robsart*," an old, rejected manuscript which he gave to a young admirer, and which was presented under the friend's name at the

Odéon, was hissed mercilessly. Hugo avowed the authorship, his friends made a point of applauding it, the agitation spread to the Latin quarter, and the luckless drama was suppressed by the government. "*Marion de Lorme*," begun on the 1st and finished on the 24th of June, 1829, was highly praised by the friends to whom it was read; but the censors saw in Louis XIII, governed by the great cardinal, a secret allusion to Charles X and the Jesuits, and forbade its representation. M. Hugo appealed to the king in person; his Majesty was gracious, said many sweet things, but a few days after added his refusal to that of the ministers. The handsome annuity with which he sought to gild this pill, the poet declined spiritedly.

Early in February of 1830, "*Hernani*," by Victor Hugo, was announced for the 26th. The two dramatic schools were at this time in a paroxysm of excitement. In rancor and malignity they had reached a point unattainable, and almost unimaginable, in this age and country. "Nobody," said Moreau, "is now respected, if he be above eighteen years of age." The controversy had not lacked fuel during the preceding year. Two new luminaries had risen above the romantic horizon—Alexandre Dumas and Alfred de Vigny. M. Dumas, who had nine years before begun to compose tragedies under the impression that "to write for the theatre was a trade like any other, and only required practice," received his first impulse in the right direction from witnessing Macready in "*Hamlet*," in 1827. This magnificent performance opened for him a new world of untold wealth. Under its inspiration he wrote two plays, "*Christine*" and "*Henri III.*" The latter named was produced in 1829, and met with an uproarious success. The young men were almost delirious in their applause. It was their first triumph. Flushed with victory as complete as it was unexpected, they overwhelmed the cold, cutting criticisms of the classicists with hot-headed, vehement retorts. De Vigny took up the thread as Dumas dropped it, and put upon the boards a very spirited translation of "*Othello*." We have before us a criticism of the day, which calls Shakespeare "a Vandal," and states that he "was parading before the astonished eyes of the public in all the African nudity of '*Othello*.'" This is an exceedingly mild example of the stuff which the classicists employed, in their vain attempt to stay the tide. M. de Vigny, whose "*Cinq Mars*" (1825) ranks—for purity, ease, and truth—among the foremost historical romances of any day or language, and whose character was above reproach, was the recipient of a perfect tempest of Billingsgate, which, in its furious vilification, would have done justice to Traupman. The Paris journals,

always prone to personalities, teemed with the foulest epithets. Respectable old gentlemen of the *ancien régime*, theatre-goers of Voltaire's time, who brought in their families to enjoy the plays, were hooted at by the *gamin*, as if they had been so many Punches. Audiences not infrequently drowned the acts by brawling and fighting in the pit. When it became known that a play of Victor Hugo's was about to be presented, everybody felt instinctively that the battle of the campaign was impending. The young men nerved themselves for the assault; the critics sharpened their pens with a malicious smile; Paris waited with bated breath for the opening night. A week before its production another theatre gave a burlesque of "Hernani," which, while giving a certain idea of the play to the public, held up its various scenes—especially that of the portraits—to uproarious laughter. Spies had been secreted in the Théâtre Français, where it was in process of rehearsal, and had given its salient points to the hostile camp. All Paris laughed over the witticisms of the extravaganza and the piquant blackguardism of the journals. Never had a drama been so near being killed before it was born.

Finally, the eventful night arrived. That venerable stronghold of classicism, the Théâtre Français, opened its doors to the Goths, and "Hernani" was given to the dramatic world on the author's twenty-eighth birthday. The story of its reception, as told by Madame Hugo, is one of the most amusing passages in the history of literature. We can not but regret that the limitations of space forbid its reproduction. Hugo obstinately refused to employ or tolerate that patriarchal auxiliary of the Parisian stage, the *claque*. His friends were surprised and alarmed; they attempted to point out the folly of such a resolve, but argue, expostulate, plead as they might, they were powerless to shake it. The poet's position—"that to a new order of things a new public was necessary; that his public must resemble his drama; that, desiring a free art, he desired a free pit"—was impregnable. Nothing daunted, his disciples ransacked the Latin quarter, the attics, and the *cafés*, and marshaled an army of ragged, disheveled, youthful Bohemians—a volunteer *claque*, which supplied by devotion what it lacked in experience. "For fear of being too late, the young battalions came too early. The door was not open, and during a whole hour the innumerable passers of the Rue Richelieu saw a band of wild and curious beings accumulating, bearded, long-haired, dressed in all styles—except the fashionable one—in Spanish cloak, waistcoat à la Robespierre, cap à la Henri III, with all ages and all countries upon their shoulders and their heads, in the

heart of Paris and in broad daylight. The *bourgeois* stopped, astounded and indignant." In this strange assemblage we see many who later climb high on the ladder of fame. "M. Théophile Gautier," at that time only nineteen years old, "especially insulted all eyes by a scarlet satin waistcoat, and heavy hair which fell to his loins." Later, Honoré Balzac, then poor and unknown, gets hit with a cabbage-stump. That night the *claqueurs* had it all their own way. The remembrance of the parody provoked some laughter, and sundry malignants hissed feebly as a matter of conscience; but the bulk of the audience forgot their prejudices, and acknowledged the power of the drama by generous applause. "The *dénouement* was an intoxication; there was a shower of bouquets at the feet of Made-moiselle Mars; the name of the author was received with acclamation, even by the boxes; five or six only were mute; not one protested." When the curtain fell, Hugo had already sold his drama to a publisher for six thousand francs, and everybody, whether friendly or not, deemed it a success. But the inner breastwork, the citadel of the classicists, was defiant still. The journals—with the exception of the "Journal des Débats," of which Janin was dramatic critic—attacked "Hernani" with savage fury. They confounded author, play, and audience in one common denunciation. Royalist, moderate, liberal, all were unanimous in emptying their vials of sarcasm, ridicule, and wrath upon the poet, his pitiful drama, and the "ragged banditti" who applauded it. At this the humbler classicists took heart, went again, and laughed aloud at scenes which, in their ignorance, they had admired on the opening night. The Bohemians resented this inconsistency, and redoubled their applause. For forty-five nights clouds of hisses, thundering cheers, mingled laughter and applause, mutual recriminations, and not infrequently fisticuffs, filled the auditorium of the staid old Théâtre Français. "The hundred"—for, after the first night, that number of seats were placed at the author's disposal—"lost in this mass, did not yield; their youth and their conviction excited them to rage in that hurricane. They stood out against the multitude, defended the scenes line by line, abandoned no hemistich; they stamped, they roared, they insulted the hissers. M. Ernest de Saxe-Coburg," a natural son of the reigning duke, and a vehement admirer of Victor Hugo, "knew neither age nor sex. A young woman laughed loudly during the scene of the portraits:

"Madame," said he, "you should not laugh; you show your teeth."

Old men, with bald, venerable heads, hissed vociferously in the orchestra-chairs. He yelled,

"To the guillotine, old knock-knees!" In short, the closing scene of chaos was enacted gratuitously by the audience.

Despite the formidable resistance shown by the critics, the cause of the classicists had received a death-blow. The fear that they had of the romanticists' chief may be seen by the vigor with which they strove to prevent the appearance of his play. In their despair they would have invoked the logic of military intervention. The Academy, scandalized at having the sanctuary of Racine defiled by barbarians, carried its protests to the foot of the throne. Charles X replied, with a good sense that would have served him well five months later, "In matters of art I have no more power than appertains to a place in the pit." The waters which were too troubled to be calmed, even by the sacred oil of Rheims, were forcibly soothed by the Revolution of July.

The triumph of the dramatic branch of the agitation was unequivocal. "Marion de Lorme," which had been interdicted by the old *régime*, was more than a success under the new. Dumas's beautiful drama of "Antony" had preceded it by a few weeks, and met with a flattering reception. Soulié, De Vigny, and others less famous, followed in their footsteps, and stocked the stage with successful plays. Of Victor Hugo's "Lucrèce Borgia" (1832), and "Ruy Blas," produced, we believe, in 1838, are best known to American audiences, through the media of Ristori and Fechter. The classical reaction which was attempted by Ponsard and St. Ybars, and which had for its soul the antique Rachel, enjoyed but a brief success. Melodrama had already inscribed an epitaph on the tomb of Tragedy.

In the domain of poetry the victory was no less complete, though the contest had been far less bitter. From the first, Victor Hugo had been acknowledged to be one of the great poets of France. In his "Orientales" he had brought the French language to a degree of ductility never before attained, and reached the very acme of the beautiful in form. In 1832 he added to the glory of the language as much as to his own fame by "Les Feuilles d'Automne," the sweetest if not the greatest of modern poems. To the delicate grace of his earlier lays was wedded the majestic splendor of ripened thought. To the beautiful in form is added the beautiful in soul. Before this masterpiece of genius the bickerings of the critics were hushed. To hiss "Hernani" was one thing; to sneer at the "Prayer for All" was another.

The novel is the field in which the reformers exerted the most lasting influence, and in which their efforts will be best appreciated by the bulk of American readers, to whom Hugo the poet is as great a stranger as Chaucer, and Dumas as a

dramatist scarcely better known than Ben Jonson. The first notable novel of the new school was "Cinq Mars," by De Vigny, already mentioned. In February of 1831 appeared Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," the most powerful work of fiction that had yet been produced in France, if not in Europe. To use the author's words, in a private letter: "It is a picture of Paris in the fifteenth century, and of the fifteenth century as related to Paris. . . . The book has no historical pretensions, except, perhaps, to paint with some science and some conscience, but only by glimpses and snatches, the state of customs, beliefs, laws, arts, of the civilization, in short, of the fifteenth century." Viewing it as such, it has an intrinsic value not generally recognized. By a series of glimpses, it is true, but none the less with masterly handling, it places before us *old Paris*, the Paris of the Valois, with all the ornate splendor of Macaulay and the minuteness of Mignet. Beside its graphic sketch of that strange duo—Louis XI and hangman L'Hermite—the more elaborate portrait in "Quentin Durward," in our estimation, is weak and puerile. As a vivid and artistic reproduction of a dead age, we know of nothing in the English language—unless it may be "Romola"—that is its equal.

Of its merits as a work of fiction there is more to be said. Written in the heat of the dramatic agitation, it embodies, more fully, perhaps, than any other work, the peculiar ideas set forth by the author in his preface to "Cromwell," and may be taken as a fair representative of all that was condemned by the critics of France, England, and America, in the new school. The basis of the romantic creed was antithesis, the continual contrast of evil and good. The conflict between the two makes human life what we find it: "All that is in nature, belongs of right to art." We are forced to admit that, in the exaggerated enthusiasm of a first success, these young men carried their idea to an absurd excess. They forgot that there is in nature an infinite variety of exquisitely graded middle-tints; they painted altogether too much in dazzling white and unmitigated lampblack. Everything that was not angelic they handed over to Lucifer. As a result, they confused the natural lines between the good and bad, and lifted up into the cherubic ranks some very shabby specimens of humanity. But successful revolutions very rarely stop on the lines that prudence would draw. Eyes flushed with triumph are seldom capable of nice discrimination. Mounted on a hobby, it is the easiest matter in the world to leap unwittingly from the grand to the grotesque, from the wise to the wicked. The young enthusiasts of the pre-Raphaelite school of English furnish us



with a pertinent illustration. They carried a very true idea to an unquestionably false extreme. To-day, no doubt, they laugh at their juvenile folly; but, in admitting their indiscretion, they are very far from abandoning the idea that had served them then as a banner. The world of art has come to admit that their error lay, not in the fundamental principle which they fought for, but in the extreme to which they carried their application of that principle. In not quite so fair a spirit the critical world admits—tacitly, at least—the justice of Victor Hugo's theories of art in literature, but places its ban upon his vigorous attempts to illustrate those theories, and set them fairly on their feet before the world. A jury of illiterate farmers will distinguish between a man who violates law in an enthusiastic desire to aid a perfectly pure and exalted cause and one who is moved by wanton greed or malice. Shall a jury of educated, catholic-spirited critics be less fair?

As to the theory upon which Hugo, Madame Dudevant, Balzac, and their less famous associates worked, it is to-day not a dubious venture, but an established and universally employed principle. All modern fiction is based upon it. "Our Mutual Friend," "Philip," "The Scarlet Letter," "Anne Furness," and "Castle Nowhere," are but stories of a structure the foundations of which are "Notre-Dame," "Indiana," and "Père Goriot."

Reverting for a moment to "Notre-Dame": M. Hugo alienated much sympathy by coupling the grotesque, the deformed, with virtue. His Quasimodo, who stands for true, unselfish devotion, and who, from first to last, has the best wishes of the reader, is a loathsome monstrosity, capable of giving lessons in repulsiveness to our modern "What is it?" who makes the reader shudder in the midst of his sympathy. This idea—which the author has modified in his later and greater works—has been mercilessly condemned without being really understood. It seems to us properly attributable to that intense devotion to and feeling for the degraded, ignorant, and suffering, which is so prominent a feature in French reformers, and which we colder northerners, with our practical motto, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom," are at a loss to comprehend. Victor Hugo was filled with the wrongs of feudalism, the blight of aristocracy, the unspeakable oppression of the peasantry. From the extreme of loyalty to the Bourbons, he had passed to the ultra-limit of devotion to the people. In his enthusiasm he invested the masses with all the virtues; their crimes he laid at the doors of those who had kept them in ignorance. His great soul revolted at the injustice of the caste-loving classicists,

who invariably arrayed chastity in satins, plumes, and diamond buckles. He burned to destroy this ruinous notion, this wholesale assumption of all the honors by the class least deserving of any. Hence Quasimodo, the hideous, the despised, the ragged, with the soul of an archangel. To our mind it was a whole-souled protest against the idea that a repulsive exterior implied a vicious heart—and nothing more. But England, with her horror of Robespierre, and her hatred of Napoleon and his plebeian marshals, drew up her dress to her ears, and shrieked in a nightmare of disgust over such a monster. She refused to look at the idea held up, but lashed herself into a paroxysm of rage at the manner in which it was presented. She has laughed for two hundred years over Falstaff, a morally bankrupt buffoon, whose life was of the lowest and whose very thoughts were filth; yet for honest, earnest, devoted Quasimodo she had nothing but shuddering contempt. To us this is a curious manifestation of petty spleen.

With the unequivocal triumph of "Notre-Dame" the history of the movement properly ends. Although the master was silent for many years after, his place as a novelist was worthily filled. George Sand, Honoré Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, and a host of lesser lights stepped forward through the gate opened by "The Hunchback," and opened a new world of fiction. The excellences and discrepancies of these are too well known, and have been too thoroughly canvassed to need any comment here. In the domain of verse Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, and others scarcely less worthy, won enviable reputations, and added to the poetry of France some of its brightest gems.

The movement we have traced was not confined in its influence to the lighter branches of literature. It emancipated history as well as poetry, science no less than art. Sainte-Beuve, with his quaint originality, his terse, idiomatic language, his keen, piquant criticisms of men and things; Gautier, with his delicately tinted pictures of European scenery and manners, his perfect language—reminding one of the introduction to "Mosses from an Old Manse"—his masterly critiques upon art; Mérimée, in his triple glory of poet, archaeologist, and novelist; Michelet, the graphic, the sympathetic, the champion of everything human; Houssaye, Janin, Karr—these are but rich blossoms of the romanticist tree.

The leaders of *La Jeune France* have nearly all passed away—its days of triumph are forgotten; the works which thrilled its young heart lie covered with dust on musty shelves; but the impulse it gave to letters is all-powerful still. It

marks the line between the formulas of the eighteenth century and the truths of the nineteenth. It brought into the desert of classicism fresh flowers and warbling birds, strong groupings and rich tints, a world of passions, loves, and hates. It brought man into the drama, where he had been stifled, into the novel, where he had been frozen, and into history, where he had been trampled under foot by majestic royalty. It led art—the perquisite of palaces—into the humblest cottages; it painted virtue in rags, honesty in hovels. The romanticists threw off the incubus of a literary aristocracy. They leavened the world with republican notions of liberty, fraternity, and equality. They familiarized the race with the great idea—the brotherhood of humanity. They were the pioneers of a new world. Mother Nature, recognized by Rousseau, Goethe, Chateaubriand, it was theirs to explore. Standing upon the threshold of this new

sphere, they were dazzled by its wonderful contrasts of light and shade, its sumptuous coloring, its sensuous luxuriance of form, its appalling heights and depths, its amazing infinity of possibilities. They rushed into extravagances, like Ponce de Leon and De Soto of old. Admiration of the beautiful too often became lust; the laws of this new nature were too often mere license. But their faults are ascribable to misconception rather than to willful mendacity. "Les Misérables" corrects "Notre-Dame," "Consuelo" sets nobly right the extravagances of "Indiana." The chief claim of La Jeune France to honor at our hands is, not in its contributions to the various branches of literature, but in the fact that it vindicated the freedom of the pen, and led the way for the present school of English-writing novelists, of whom we are justly proud.

HAROLD FREDERIC.

## THE BLEAK WIND OF MARCH.

"ALL the same, some men are brutes," said my companion.

This was at a wedding, and my companion was a chance companion. The seat we occupied was in the rear of the church, among other whispering and uninvited folk. We had gazed our fill, and were about following the better class of invited guests in fine clothes, out of the church. The bridal party had been gone some time. The guests were chatting, and pulling their light cloaks over their shoulders, and waiting about the vestibule for their carriages. My companion, who might have been a dressmaker, seemed divided between some emotion stirred by the ceremony just passed and interest in the dresses being covered up by the light cloaks. She did not seem in a hurry to go, and, as she was at the head of the pew, I was a prisoner. She pinned her striped shawl tightly over her chest, and repeated her remark, but did not offer to pass out. I had been rather amused by her bitter little confidences at first, but was getting tired.

It seemed a little funny to talk of men being brutes after looking at the soft, peach-colored, downy lad at whose nuptials we had just been assisting. The black-eyed young woman, whom he had led captive, though veiling her brutality under white lace and flowers, appeared much more capable of it than he.

"I could tell you something," she said.

I saw she was very anxious to tell it, and I

had no objection to hearing anything in reason. So I said:

"Suppose we walk along together, and you can tell me as we go. The sexton will be waiting to shut up the church."

She gave a last look at the light cloaks (they were by this time on the pavement) and consented. I was in a strange city, and did not much care whether I walked with a striped shawl or a velvet polonaise; besides, I have always rather liked to hear things. So I said, as we walked along:

"It isn't anything about the people we have just seen married? For I don't even know their names."

She said that she did not, either, and that what she told me was in no way connected with them. But she never could see any one married without thinking of it, and she did not believe I could either, after she had told me. She had seen the woman married whose story I was to hear, and had also known her tolerably well, I inferred from what she said. But here is what she told me:

"Louisa Miller was a young American girl living in some small town, who had considerable good looks, and was amiable and rather attractive. I fancy her family were plain people, perhaps small tradespeople, but I do not know. Somewhere she met a German, a respectable merchant in the city. He was fascinated by her

pretty face and gentle manners, and in a few months, with the approbation of her parents, they were married and came to the city to live. The husband did not feel disposed, or able, to burden himself with an establishment of his own, and so he took her to a boarding-house. And in 'two pair front' their lares and penates were set up.

"In that way they lived year after year, and there her first and only child was born, a boy. She was very weary and unoccupied till this time, having no household duties, and being in a strange city, and not being, by education or inclination, able to entertain herself with books. I am afraid she was rather a weak woman, but I am sure she was gentle and well-intentioned. Her husband, who was superior to her in education and position, was much disappointed at her inaptitude for books, and showed that he was ashamed of her when, occasionally, he brought some of his comrades to their rooms to spend an evening. The difference of nationality also came in as a source of trouble; the wife keenly felt all the sneers of her husband at American ways and customs. In fact, they were ill-mated, and both sore and disappointed, the wife tacitly so. She was not the kind to define her griefs and know what was the matter with her; but she was dreary and discontented, and wished a hundred times a day that she were back again at home. The husband bore his disappointment with German phlegm, and, if he complained, it was rarely, and then to some pipe-and-lager companion who never spread the matter. He was not ungenerous to his wife in the matter of money, and generally spent his evenings at home, but treated her with alternate indifference and harshness.

"After the birth of the child, however, things righted themselves a little. He was fond of the baby, and proud of it, and much interested in all the nursery details, but also a good deal disposed to be tyrannical. The wife was so happy that she submitted cheerfully to this at first. Her life was now quite changed: she was the happiest and busiest of women. After the first year she had no nurse for the child, taking care of it herself, making its clothes, carrying it into the street, feeding it from her own plate, living with no other thought in her mind day or night. She had as little regard for her own comfort as for her husband's. She neglected her own dress to tuck and puff and embroider for little Louis. When her husband came home to dinner he found her frequently not dressed, the room in confusion, and Louis being put to bed. This was not wise, but she had not been born wise.

"For a year or two this went on; then the father began openly to assert his authority, and

to interfere in many matters. He had cut his wife off from her own people since the child was born. He would not allow her to take him to them on a visit, and she had no home to which they could come. This was a grief to her at first, but Louis compensated her for everything. She grew indifferent to her home and people. But, having no one to consult about the child, of course she made mistakes in his treatment, and these mistakes were used against her by her husband. He treated her contemptuously, and fretted her by continual opposition. She was naturally timid, but like an animal in her fealty to her young. From this, of course, arose deception; she did not have courage to oppose her husband, but she did find cunning to outwit him. Not a very happy state of things, but not so rare as could be wished. It would have been better for poor Louisa if she had been stronger in intellect and weaker in affection.

"The house in which they lived was comfortable and respectable, a third-rate boarding-house, suitable to persons of small means. Louisa in early days had ambitioned a little house of their own, had earnestly longed for even a 'floor,' a little domain in which she could be mistress. She knew that she could cook, and could well manage such a *ménage*, could even in it command her husband's respect, and make him satisfied. But this she could not tell him, being of an inarticulate nature: only he knew she wanted the home, and he refused it. It suited him to board, and live in two rooms up two flights of stairs, and have his wife a spurious lady.

"She hated her life, and pined, as I have said, till her baby was born, and then all that should have gone to making a housekeeper and making a good wife went to making an exaggerated mother. Louis's clothes were more to her than the salvation of the heathen or the destruction of the commonwealth. Whereas most weak-minded women, happily placed, talk of their servants and their children and their houses, this one could only talk of her one child; or, rather, think of him and not talk of him, to her husband at least. With the women of the house she could open her heart about measles and whooping-cough and the scarlet fever; but with her husband she was shy and afraid of opposition. And so he had small enjoyment of either wife or child.

"Louis was a pretty boy, brown-eyed and soft-skinned like his mother; and, sad to relate, a little timid, after her pattern. He clung to her, and, as was to be looked for, was afraid of his father. It was an understood thing that the father disapproved of all that was nicest and most delightful to him. His father disapproved of his being sung to, and sat by when he went

to sleep at night; of his playing with the little dolls which were dear to his soul; of his having sweet things to eat, and of his being kept indoors so much. And so the house was divided against itself—the two weak against the one strong.

"When Louis was about six years old he was still certainly very much of a baby. He certainly had been coddled. There was no question that he was very timid, very backward, and very delicate. All this the father, in phlegmatic wrath, imputed to the mother's treatment of him, forgetting that a good deal was inheritance and a good deal the inevitable result of his surroundings. A life in two hot rooms under the care of a mother who has no other thought or interest, is not the school for hardy manhood. Louis was not manly, but he was very pretty, and very dear to his mother's heart. In fact, he was her heart, her religion, her life. There was nothing besides him that she craved, or asked, or hoped.

"One evening the father came home from business rather early, but with a frown a little darker, and a manner a little colder, than was his dreary wont. There had been bitter hostility for several days past, and a forced peace had succeeded an outbreak more than usually severe. When the father opened the door Louis was sitting peacefully at his mother's feet cutting paper dolls. Paper dolls had been the rock on which they had split before, so Louis crept to the shelter of his mother, and hid his treasure in his apron.

"What are you doing there," said the father, laying down his coat and hat, and keeping a cruel eye upon the child.

"Louis hung his head and did not answer.

"Speak," said the father. "I like to have an answer when I put a question."

"His mother telegraphed him to give an answer.

"Playing," said Louis, faintly, not meeting his father's eye, but keeping his face turned toward his mother, to gather assurance and direction. It is not pleasant to be in the room with two people who telegraph what answers they shall make you, even if they are only a woman and a child.

"Playing with what?" said the father, in wrath, and he plunged his hand into the boy's apron, and brought out a handful of the proscribed dolls. With a sniff of contempt he crushed them together and threw them on the floor. At this Louis began to whimper; not a good honest bawl. His father thought he could have stood that, but a boy of six years old who whimpered, and who hadn't the pluck to cry even, was below contempt. So he boxed his ears—a good tingling box from a strong hand—

and sat down by the light to read his evening paper. Even the box did not bring on the bawl, but an agonized increase of the whimper, smothered in his mother's arms.

"A boy six years old playing with paper dolls," said the father, from over his newspaper, swelling with wrath at the sound of the continued wail. "When I was six years old my mother used to send me a mile away across the ice to take her eggs to market. She did not keep me all day toasting by a hot register, cutting paper dolls."

"At this the mother gave Louis a tighter squeeze, and whispered something seditious in his ear. She had heard this comparison so often, I am afraid she wished that there had been a thin place in the ice the last day that he carried his mother's eggs to market. She did not say this to Louis, of course, but Louis understood her squeeze to be seditious, and was comforted. Not so the father, who was as much irritated by the quiet as by the noise; but for some reason he contained himself.

"You have played with your last paper doll," he muttered, between his teeth, as he subsided behind his paper, and no more was said.

"That night, after Louis was in bed, the father said, not looking at his wife as he spoke, which was his way when not communicating anything welcome to her: 'I am going to take Louis to the store with me to-morrow morning. Have him ready.'

"If it's a pleasant day," she said, anxiously, for it was bitter March weather, and the child was liable to croup.

"If it's a pleasant day or if it's an unpleasant day," he said, harshly; "we've had enough of coddling."

"Then the mother knew there was no use in any further speaking, and Louis must go, croup or no croup. Her husband was an importer of wines and groceries—the store was large and cold. There were hatchways down which he might fall; there were a hundred dangers in the dim and dismal place, but she knew it was useless to remonstrate. She hoped Louis would be so in his way that he would never want to take him down again.

"The morning proved cold and windy, but as there was no rain there was no excuse for speaking of her fears. The child was quite happy in the idea of going; it had long been promised to him. Once in the summer he had spent the day there, and he liked the recollection. He was afraid of his father, but it was a great thing to be going to 'the store.' He had on his best suit, and his mother buttoned on his leggings and his gloves and his overcoat, with many charges.

"Be sure you don't forget your tippet when



you're coming home,' she said. And then she reiterated counsels to the father about his leggings and his tippet and his many articles of dress. To all this the father may have paid attention or may not. At any rate, he did not answer her, but that was not anything unusual.

"After she had kissed Louis good-by, and watched him down the stairs, she ran to the window and watched him down the steps, going down one step at a time, and holding to the rail as she had taught him. As he reached the pavement a keen, biting, bleak wind swept down the street. It made him put down his head and clutch his hat, and look pitifully at his father, who was striding ahead.

"He will forget him! O Gustav! Louis can never walk as fast as that!" And she opened the window to call, but fortunately the noise of the street kept her foolish appeal from being heard. She watched the boy till he caught up with his father, and till they sharply turned a corner and left her nothing to look at any longer.

"Then she drew in her head with a sigh, and much chilled shut the window down. What should she do all day? This was the second time in his life that she had had to face a day without him. She arranged the room in nicer order than usual. She put his toys neatly in the drawer assigned them. She prepared a little surprise for him among them. Then she finished a little embroidered shirt that she was making. And she watched the weather as the day wore on, and grew hot and cold with apprehension as the wind raged past the window, and sifted the fine March dust under the sill and over her work. It was a dreadful day, and was growing hourly worse. People looked blue and chilled and put their heads down as they hurried past. Women had their hats tied up in veils, blue and gray and brown. Men wore the collars of their coats turned up, and plunged their hands deep in their pockets. The outer hall-doors across the street were shut. People came and stood by the windows, but shivered and went away, and did not sit down by them. The morning had been dark, but the afternoon grew darker. It was winter and March together. It was too cold to snow, and the wind was gusty and fitful, and full of the raw exasperation that March alone is mistress of. The mother grew restless, and hurried on the last button of the shirt, that she might give herself free scope for apprehension, and might watch the weather without let or hindrance.

"She put on her bonnet and cloak and went out to a neighboring toy-shop in the avenue, and bought a little stable that Louis had been longing for. That took up some time, and gave her a sense of occupation and anticipation. She also wanted to know just how bad the day was, and

she found, after she had been out in it, that it was worse than it had looked from the window. Surely, surely, he would have crouched to-night. She got the spongia and aconite bottles out. She even got the two glasses ready, and the spoon, and set them on the table. Then she smuggled the stable into a closet and locked it up. For the father did not approve of buying Louis toys. And then she walked about the room, for there was nothing else to do, and looked at the clock, and looked out of the window, and looked at the thermometer. If there had been a fire to have heaped coals on, it would have been a comfort. But there was only a register that pumped its hot and dry and devitalized air into the room and sent the mercury up, but brought little cheer.

"By-and-by the postman brought a letter. This was a diversion. But it was a foreign letter, and was for her husband. She would have liked to tear it to bits, and to scatter it on the bleak March wind that drove past the window. These letters always made her husband more stubborn and tyrannical. This one was from a sister, a stout, hard German woman, whose photograph, in all its ugliness, had to stand on the mantel-piece, and which Louis and she jeered at in seditious whispers.

"This sister-in-law was always sending advice to Gustav about the boy. She was always recommending this or that old-fashioned treatment for the little ailments of childhood, and laying down rules for the improvement of his health and of his mind. She had even sent some hideous clumsy patterns of the underclothes of German children, and the mother had had to make some after them, which were grotesque affairs on the person of the slender little American. And many doses from the German apothecary on the corner had the poor boy been forced to take, through her officious machinations. We naturally hate our sisters-in-law, but a sister-in-law such as this!— Poor Louisa was to be blamed, of course, but was not to be wondered at. She felt that the second great blessing of her life was that this woman and she lived three thousand miles apart.

"So she put the letter on the mantel-piece, next to the abominated picture, and resolved that she would not listen to a word that it contained.

"It was now five o'clock, and there was some excuse for lighting the gas. Then came the weariest hour of all. It was dreadful to think of Louis exposed to such an air at such an hour as this. He had never in winter been out after four o'clock, and then only on the finest, safest days. She heard in imagination the ringing, warning cough, and saw the flush on the poor

little cheek. Why did she let him go? She ought to have fought it out, and kept him at home. There is a sort of mother-anxiety which is like a fever in the veins. She walked about the room, and at some moments trembled with weakness of nerves, at others felt frantic with the desire to go out and hunt for him.

"At last! just on the stroke of six, she heard the latch-key in the door, and the sound of her husband's step in the lower hall. Her poor, silly heart gave a leap, she ran and turned up the gas, and then hurried out into the entry.

"For some reason, on the floor below, the gas had not been lighted. There was just the dimmest light in the lower hall, and none on the floor above, nor on this floor. She forgot all her fears in joy at the return. She remembered, with a little thrill, the surprise in the toy-drawer, the stable in the locked-up closet. She wondered if he had been unhappy without her. If he would dare even to whisper it, with his father in the room. No, he would slip his slim warm little hand in hers, and hold it tight. They understood each other.

"Gustav came up slowly, more slowly than usual, and heavily. She stood by the balusters, and looked down into the dimness, and listened eagerly for the little tread behind the heavy one. Gustav made such a noise with his great boots. She dared not call out 'Louis.'

"But when the step of her husband got nearly to the top of the stairs on their landing-place, her ear discovered that there was no other foot-fall, light or heavy, following him.

"She drew back when her husband passed her alone to go into the room.

"'Where—where is Louis?' she asked, hurriedly.

"He passed her stolidly, as was his wont, and did not answer her.

"He had left him in the hall below, perhaps, she thought. He had quarreled with him, and the child was in disgrace and crying, and he had not dared to come up-stairs. She flew down; perhaps he was afraid of the darkness. She called softly, 'Louis, Louis,' as she hurried down.

"But there was no one in the hall, nor on the staircase. She even opened the front door, and glanced up and down the street, where the gaslight was flaring in the savage wind.

"She got up the stairs again, somehow, and stood panting at the door of their own room.

"'Where have you left Louis?' she said, taking hold of some piece of furniture near her. Her husband stood with his back to her. He was taking off his boots.

"She repeated the question before he spoke. Then it was a little hoarsely.

"'He is safe enough, I hope.'

"'I know it, but *where?*'

"She was not afraid of him now, but was quite near him, with her eyes like fire.

"Then the man raised himself, and said brutally, for it was best to have it over with:

"'He is outside of Sandy Hook by this time, and deadly sea-sick, I haven't any doubt.'

"She did not swoon; she gave a long, low shriek, and sprang at him, and grasped his throat. I really do not know what ill she might have done him in her mad fury, if she had not been a slight and delicate woman, and he a great heavy brute of a man. He had dreaded this moment, but he had dreaded it none too much. He had feared tears, reproaches, swoonings; but here she was like one mad, and fearing neither him nor Heaven in her horrible reproaches.

"The household was soon roused. This is one sort of secret that can not be kept. The lodgers, the people of the house, the servants, hurried to the room, and in a few moments comprehended all.

"'She shall be put into a mad-house if she goes on like this,' said the husband shaking her off, and turning to leave the room, a very little pale.

"'You deserve to be put into something worse, if there is such a place,' cried one of the women, hysterically. 'You are a brute—a brute! I only wish you could be killed!'

"Gustav shrugged his shoulders, with a little sarcasm about the license of a woman's tongue. And, in all their wrath, they felt themselves to be inferior creatures as he spoke.

"'This is a bad business,' said one of the men of the household to him, looking at the frantic mother, held between two women who were crying with her. Her fury and strength were dying down, and she was shuddering and faint.

"'Yes,' said the stolid husband, in reply.

'But a man is master of his own child, I suppose, and can educate it in one place or another, as seems best to him.'

"'That is true,' said the other, thoughtfully. 'All the same, it seems a little hard.'

"A little hard; yes, it was a little hard. In the midst of it all Gustav went down to dinner, and some of the servants had to go down to wait on him. And the men had to go down to get theirs. And although no one had great appetite after the scene up-stairs, they all ate fairly, and some of them talked a little politics. None of the women would go down; they had their hands full with the poor creature up those two shabby flights of stairs.

"That was a fearful night. But it was only one night out of many. It makes me sick to

think of her longings for the child; of the hours that she lay awake while he was yet on the ocean; of the terrors she endured lest he should never reach the distant, hard home to which he was dispatched; of the pathetic, hopeless craving that she had to feel his slim little hand in hers once more; of the unspeakable pity that she felt for his loneliness and timidity. She never dwelt upon the fear that he might forget her. She almost wished he might, if it could save him any homesickness.

"When the wind blew, she knew that the steamer had been wrecked, and he was drowned; she moaned and cried, thinking of his soft, brown, dripping hair.

"When she saw the aconite and spongia vials, she knew that he had died of croup on that first cruel March night when he was torn from her care, and sent alone to sea with hirelings.

"When she looked at the hard-faced picture on the mantel-piece, she knew the poor little boy

would die of fear and homesickness if he ever reached her hands.

"And so on, through the cruel and ever-fresh trial. For she did not go mad, and have to be put in a mad-house. An equal fate, perhaps, to that, she had to go on living with him, if one can imagine such a thing. She had to take her pitiful bread at his hands, for she knew no way to earn any for herself. She had no relatives who had means at their command to offer to her. She had neither health, nor talents, nor anything strong about her but her passionate mother-love. She could not follow the child, for she could no more have obtained the money for the long and expensive voyage than she could have collected funds to found a national bank or endow a university. Her weakness bound her, as he knew it would. Sometimes she might hear from Louis, if she staid with him. Otherwise she would be cut off from him entirely. So she staid.

"Three very easy words to say."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUTLEDGE."

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW long will it be ere we shall see women generally admitted to practice at the bar? It is fairly foolish to doubt the coming of that time, however much one may oppose the unwished-for consummation. The ladies who are anxious to gain the privilege are determined, persistent, and united, while their opponents are not united, not very determined, and consequently not persistent. Several breaches have already been made in the once well-guarded barriers, and we shall without doubt soon see these breaches widen, the defenses yield point by point, until at last the female battalion will sweep upon and demolish them altogether. To our mind it will not be agreeable or edifying to see our women wrangling at the bar, but we may for the moment suppress our distaste for the picture, and study a little some of the aspects which this new and most unhandsome departure will exhibit.

A court-room is a sort of battle-field, where the contests are fierce, uncompromising, and usually not very scrupulous. A lawyer can not afford to lose any advantages he may possess, whether legal or not, whether essential or accidental. Counsel have gone great lengths at times in their appeals to a jury, and they are pretty sure not to omit anything that is calculated to act upon jurymen's sympathies or prejudices. In view of this fact, will not our new legal pleaders depend upon their personal charms as one means of influence? Shall we see them practice in the courts the same fascinations they

bring to bear upon us in the parlor or the ball-room? Will they bury their feminine attractions under legal robes, as Portia did, and limit themselves to logic and intellectual persuasion, or will they try to win by coy coquetties, by bewildering glances, by dazzling smiles, by all the witcheries their sex possess? Will a fair cheek, a bright eye, a sweet smile, a rounded bosom, an alluring manner, be the resources most in demand, the qualities in a counsel that will be best paid for, the weapons most confidently relied upon in a contest with graybeards with their dull law, their dry facts, and their uncomfortable logic? In short, will it be possible to keep out of the court-room, when women appear as counsel, those things that women elsewhere employ as forces? Women complain that in pursuits generally they are paid less than men. But they are not paid less than men in cases where they can bring in their beauty as a factor. On the stage a fine figure and a handsome face are worth a definite increase of wages; in the court-room perhaps they would also be worth a definite sum, for men in a jury-box are as likely to be susceptible to feminine attractions as when on the benches of a theatre. It may be no worse to see maiden loveliness displaying itself for price before a jury than on the stage; but then it must be remembered that the stage has not been considered exactly conducive to female modesty, so that the parallel, if it is a just one, makes against the idea of women-lawyers.

But would the young Apollos of the bar long consent to be beaten by this peculiar means? If women are to be permitted to enter courts as lawyers, why should they not be required to enter them as jurors? We hear a great deal about women's debarred rights, but not much about women's debarred duties. If one is granted, the other should be insisted upon. Under the practical operation of this idea, with half the jury-box filled with women, the young men of the bar would have the means of meeting their fair opponents under equal conditions. They too could display themselves, and practice fascinations of manner upon susceptible female jurors. We should see a rivalry of personal forces, a contest of good looks and winning manners rather than of wit and logic, a war of smiles and melting glances. This may seem very absurd, but absurdities flourish in many ways, and courts of law are not commonly so wise as to prevent new forms of absurdity gaining entrance there.

If we shall not find young women depending for success upon personal attractions, what other likely picture may we imagine? Shall we see sharp-tongued spinsters shrieking at each other? Shall we see lovely women fiercely wrangling with that confused and inconsequent objurgation that usually characterizes excited and angry ladies? Will our courts become an arena for scolding-combats, a place where feminine tongues shall have ample scope for the exercise of all their powers? What a place a court-room would be for some of those rasping village shrews whose sayings and doings are the main amusement of the town! On the other hand, it may be that scolds abound among women because they have never had fit opportunity for the exercise of redundant energies in this direction. The domestic field has been too narrow for them. The wrangles of the court-room would have given superb play to their talents, and possibly by way of reaction converted them elsewhere into quiet and self-contained beings. If there is any truth in this supposition, a good many much-tried men would become enthusiastic advocates of female lawyers. Perhaps, moreover, women at the bar would have a repressing effect upon litigation, for would not a fierce scolding from the opposing lady counsel add a new terror to the law?

It is more pleasing to assume that women as lawyers would enter upon their new vocation in a high and fine spirit—that they would be superior to coquetties, feminine vanities, and all the means which their sex employ against men in the social world. We can imagine them like Portia, calm and dispassionate, the admiration of all men for their wisdom and sobriety; or like Hypatia, full of serene majesty and pure reason. They would bring into the courts, let us hope, purer manners and all intellectual refinements. A chastened temper, let us believe, would mark their utterances, and a philosophical spirit enter into their arguments. Coarse jests and brutal denunciations would be banished. There would be no angry collisions and no vulgar personalities. A lofty regard for truth and justice would

consecrate our legal proceedings thereafter, and a court of law become a place where might be witnessed admirable exhibitions of forensic skill, accompanied with every grace of manner. If all this should come about, women as lawyers would, in one form at least, become a blessing. Which of our two pictures is the most likely, the reader must say for himself.

It is possible that some of our readers recollect several articles that appeared in this journal a few years ago suggesting the use of roofs for gardens. The subject attracted some little attention at the time, but, like almost all ideas that are opposed to existing prejudices and notions, it made little if any headway, and apparently dropped out of sight. Now, however, there are some indications of a revival of the idea. A recent number of the "Evening Post," of this city, in an article on "The Metropolitan Casino" (this being the name of the reconstructed "Metropolitan Concert Hall"), speaks of its effort to establish a garden on the roof, and says:

"Hitherto every attempt at a garden in New York had been a ghastly failure. When any one had undertaken to set up a 'garden' he generally utilized a back yard for the purpose, which, being inclosed by high walls, always resembled a cellar with the top taken off much more than anything else, and was totally unventilated, close, hot, and generally damp. . . . The fact is that the price of ground in New York is so enormous that obtaining any large space for a purpose of this kind is out of the question; and yet for a real garden this is absolutely essential. It is economically impossible that the same space should not be turned to a far more profitable account by being built over. Hence the only available spaces for 'gardens' are just those spaces which are of least use for such a purpose—little bits of land in the rear of buildings, which can not very well be built on without making the front building inconvenient—or, in other words, the back yards.

"But there is one place which is always accessible, always exposed to the air, always free from surrounding walls, and always cheap. The roof in a city like New York is obviously destined to take the place which in other cities is occupied by gardens on the surface of the ground. It rains very little in New York in summer, and there are few cities in the world where the atmosphere on the level of the street is more unendurable. There is everything in favor of the roof, and nothing to be said against it except that it has not been sufficiently introduced to make the idea familiar. Prejudice is the hardest thing in the world to root out, and it must be confessed that the Anglo-Saxon has a prejudice against the roof, simply for the reason that hitherto in Anglo-Saxondom, the roof has not been utilized in the way we suggest. . . . When we think of the enormous amount of roof-space in New York, of the almost universal use of elevators, and the erection of taller and taller buildings, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that we are on the eve of a great development in the use of the roof as the American substitute for the European garden."

We are glad to find the "Evening Post" advocating the utilization of roofs as gardens, but we must claim for ourselves priority in this matter. It is now nearly ten years ago since we wrote on this



subject, and called in the aid of an artist's pencil to depict a "City of the Future," in which the roof is made beautiful with plants and flowers. "Far up under the unobstructed heavens," we wrote, "flowers may blossom and fruit ripen, and the airs that come refreshing and pure from the sea or the far-off hills may gather from our roofs the fragrance of many blossoms." We pointed out that no miasma could steal up from bogs and marshes to infect the air and poison our blood, that the dampness which steals over the surface of the earth would not in these roof-arbors stiffen our joints with rheumatism, that neither dust nor the mosquito would plague us, and we dwelt upon the charming effect picturesque roof-gardens would give to every prospect.

The article in the "Evening Post" recalls all this; and the question again arises, Are roof-gardens practicable? No one, we presume, disputes their desirability; and hence if they are practicable why should they not be generally introduced? We know of no obstacle to them that could not be overcome. They would be very hot places in the fierce glare of the sun, of course, but at twilight and during the summer evening they would be cool and pleasant. Awnings might suffice when light winds prevailed to make the roofs agreeable even at mid-day, and they would probably be necessary to screen the plants part of the time from the sun, which otherwise would scorch them with its excessive heat. Instead of awnings, arbors covered with vines would afford a grateful shade, if the vines themselves could stand the full glare of the sun during the long day. Ample means for watering the plants would have to be provided. Tanks could be erected with water forced up into them by rams or other power, and these tanks could possibly be so constructed that the water would ascend as in a fountain, the spray serving to cool and sweeten the air. The roofs would have to be built so as to support the additional weight, but narrow borders of earth along the sides and ends of the building, with ornamental center-pieces, would not be of excessive weight. It would be difficult in many instances to convert roofs of present buildings into gardens, but new structures could, without much additional cost, add this interesting feature. It would certainly be a most useful as well as agreeable addition to all buildings erected for flats, the occupants of which are commonly without a garden or any place for out-door recreation. The time will come, we confidently believe, when a few enterprising men will see the advantages of roof-gardens, and after they have set the example all the town will wonder how it is that so charming, so useful, and so healthful a feature of town houses had not long before been introduced.

IN the midst of the prevalent discussions in regard to work for women, and their fitness for certain vocations, they have unexpectedly evinced a talent that opens for them an important field of operation to which no one will object. This is decorative art.

In the way of Easter and Christmas cards they have competed successfully with the best-trained talent of men; and recently in a competitive exhibition of wall-paper designs the four prizes offered were all taken by women, the judges being men. This is really very remarkable. Women, notwithstanding their devotion to music, and all the time and study they have given to it, have not made their mark upon it, excepting as concert and opera singers; and in other vocations for which they have always been supposed to have a peculiar talent they for the most part have been outdone by men. It is therefore something of a surprise to find them distancing competitors in an art which has only recently enlisted their attention, and for which no one supposed they possessed an exceptional talent. Fortunately, it is an art which is rapidly now extending its boundaries, and the opportunities for the exercise of inventive talent are abundant. It is only within a very few years that the idea of constructing furniture, painting china, and making wall-paper designs in accordance with acknowledged art principles, has made any headway, and we shall now undoubtedly soon see it extending to other things. From wall-papers to carpets is a natural transition, and we hope soon to see a competitive exhibition of designs for carpets, and trust the prizes will all fall to women. There is certainly great opportunity for improvement here, carpets as they are now commonly made being the despair of people who have a sense of how a room should be furnished. Not a few carpets are in themselves handsome, and would be satisfactory if they were used as drapery, but carpets that assert themselves too much render the artistic introduction of drapery and other things rich in color artistically impossible. We hope that, when ladies contribute the designs, this fault will be remedied. There is also abundant opportunity for the exercise of talent for artistic designs in women's fabrics. The field altogether is a large one, but, large as it is, we for our part should be glad to see women, whose range of choice is so limited, having it pretty nearly all to themselves. We congratulate them on their late triumphs, which we look upon as something significant and hopeful. We are glad to see them entering so successfully upon a vocation that develops and employs their sense of beauty, that enables them to gratify one of the most powerful of their tastes, and which will do much to gratify the world.

THE distasteful character of our railway-stations, as compared with those in England, has long attracted the attention of intelligent travelers; and all persons of this class will be glad to learn of a movement in New England tending to effect a reform in this particular. On one of the railways leading out of Boston the station-agents are now allowed an annual sum for the purchase of flower-seeds, plants, and shrubs, and a price is offered to the station-agent who makes his station most attractive. The seeds and the prizes will be sure to bring about an

improvement in all the surroundings to the stations, and hitherto they have been commonly rough and unsightly enough. Those who have seen the neatly planted and blooming approaches to railway-stations in England, where commonly for some distance along each side of the track extends a well-kept flower-garden, have remarked the absence of all thoughtful care of this kind with us, and must welcome the attempt in New England to introduce a reform. But while flower-planting along the borders of the tracks and the approaches to the stations will be an agreeable feature, these stopping-places must be improved in other particulars if they are to be rendered agreeable or sightly. The flowers are coming in, but who shall drive out the tobacco-chewers and the peanut-eaters? Who shall expel the unsavory loafers that gather at these places? Who shall make the rude multitude understand that the floor of a public building is not a depository for apple-peelings, peanut-shells, and tobacco-juice; that the winter stove is not a huge spittoon; that the benches are not sleeping-couches; that decency is a condition as requisite for a railway-station as any other place where self-respecting people come together. The planting of the grounds around these stations will not prevent, at least, a reform in the particulars we have mentioned, and it may lead to a general revision of things hitherto neglected. There is one rule that ought to be enforced everywhere, which is, that a man who in his habits disregards people and place has no rights that anybody is bound to respect, and that such fellows must be peremptorily excluded from the society and contact of cleanly men and women. This would be a difficult thing to bring about, perhaps, but it is not impossible. Meanwhile there is this comfort: if the interior of railway-stations must continue to be intolerable in the way we have described, the exterior under the promised new order will, as the New England example extends, be seemly and reputable, and this is something.

It is whispered that the project of a World's Fair in New York will be revived, large subscriptions having been promised by a few capitalists. It is also mentioned that the well-known Jumel estate, on

Washington Heights, will be selected for the site. The Jumel grounds are more suitable than almost any other interior place that could be named; but we are prompted to revive a notion advanced in the "Journal" at the time when it was first proposed to hold the fair—this being the possibility of erecting floating structures for the purpose, anchored in our bay. New York is preëminently a marine city, a city lying close to the sea, and is more identified with commerce than any other on the continent. Our World's Fair, therefore, should separate itself from other international exhibitions by a recognition of this fact. If it were possible to build a magnificent industrial Venice, so to speak, in our bay, we should have an exhibition that would be peculiarly appropriate to our metropolis, and one brilliantly novel in its plan. It would obviously possess features that would give it great distinction, while the visitors to it would escape the greater part of the fatigue and discomfort in going to it and coming from it that in all other cases have been such serious drawbacks. We build for our New York waters the greatest steamboats that float; why is it not possible to build similar great palaces for a great floating World's Fair? A series of these structures connected by bridges would afford ample space, and they could be anchored with perfect safety under the protection of the hills of the Staten Island shore. They could be made more easily accessible, by means of ferry-boats, than any inland spot, and the very grave question of drainage would be met more easily than upon land. The effect upon the imagination, rising like an extemporized Venice from the sea, would be great. The only obstacle is possibly a greater cost than for land-structures, but we are by no means sure that this would be the case. Even admitting it, would not the greater novelty and attractiveness more than compensate? The proposition, no doubt, will strike many persons as wild; but all distinctly great new projects impress people in this way at first. Looking at the idea coolly and deliberately, is there really any insuperable obstacle to it? Is it not simply necessary to believe in it in order to accomplish it? A new Sir Joseph Paxton would seize the idea at once and triumphantly carry it out. Is there no Joseph Paxton in our midst?

### Notes for Readers.

PERHAPS the most conclusive evidence that could be offered of the growing popular interest in all matters pertaining to Florida is the publication of so comprehensive and elaborate a book as Mr. George M. Barbour's "Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers" (Appletons). Other books upon the same subject have previously appeared, and pamphlets innumerable have been put forth; but these, as a general thing, have either been ad-

dressed to some particular class of readers and inquirers, or have been designed to promote the interests of some special locality or speculative enterprise; no work hitherto issued has attempted to cover the ground so fully or exhaustively, and none has been written with such competence of knowledge. As defined by himself in his opening chapter, Mr. Barbour's aim in writing his book was "to give as clearly and specifically as I can such information as

may prove helpful to the three classes of readers to whom the book is addressed: the tourist who comes for amusement, sight-seeing, or sport; the invalid who comes in search of that more genial climate which shall prolong his days in the land; and, even more especially, the settler whose aim is to make himself a home under pleasanter and more promising conditions than those which he encounters on the stern soil or amid the harsh blasts of the Northern sections of our country." For the benefit of the first class, he describes the principal cities, resorts, natural curiosities, and routes of travel; for the second class, he furnishes all needful details regarding climate and health, temperature, rainfall, seasonal changes, and modes of life; and for the third class, or settlers, he deals exhaustively with the natural divisions of the State, the soil and productions, farming and gardening, the culture of the orange and other semi-tropical fruits, live-stock, insects and reptiles, the various kinds of game, and the special opportunities which are afforded to labor and capital. There is scarcely a question which could be asked concerning the natural resources of the State and the conditions of human life in it that is not here answered with definiteness and precision; and the general reader who may not be interested in such practical matters will find many amusing episodes of adventure, of travel in remote regions, and encounters with curious specimens of the oft-mentioned "Florida cracker."

That Mr. Barbour has enjoyed especial facilities and opportunities for the preparation of such a work is certified by the Hon. W. D. Bloxham, Governor of Florida; the Hon. George F. Drew, ex-Governor of Florida; the Hon. Seth French, ex-Commissioner of Immigration; and Mr. Samuel Fairbanks, Assistant Commissioner of Immigration. In a "Testimonial" prefixed to the volume these gentlemen declare that it is known to them that "the author, Mr. George M. Barbour, has traveled over almost the whole of Florida under circumstances peculiarly advantageous for enabling him to acquaint himself with the varied resources of the State, and with the attractions which it offers to the three classes to whom his book is addressed—Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers"; and they say further that "our knowledge of his abilities as a writer on Florida subjects, and of the opportunities he has enjoyed in preparing his book, are such that we can commend it as at once trustworthy and comprehensive—greatly superior in these respects to anything hitherto published descriptive of the entire State and its soil and productions." In his own preface, dated September, 1881, Mr. Barbour says: "The writer of the following pages first saw Florida in the month of January, 1880, when he accompanied General Grant on his tour through the State, as correspondent of the Chicago 'Times.' He had previously either traveled or resided in nearly every other portion of the country, East, West, and South; but his first impressions of the 'Land of Flowers' were so favorable that, his special service as correspondent being over, he re-

turned thither with the idea of making for himself a permanent home which should put an end to his wanderings. Since then he has enjoyed an extended experience in the State, engaged in a vocation requiring visits to all the more prominent places, and has traveled over its immense territory under circumstances the most favorable for learning its real resources and observing the great variety of its productions. . . . The present volume is the result of personal observation and study; and is written with a sincere desire to do justice to all parts of the State, and to describe accurately and with precision its real resources and advantages. It is written for Florida *entire*, and not in the interest of any corporation, speculative scheme, or special locality. Having no land to sell, and no personal interest of any kind to further, the author has found little difficulty in following Othello's injunction, 'naught to extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' We may add that the volume is provided with a folding map of Florida, and contains a large number of choice illustrations of the scenery, people, and products.

ONE of the most remarkable books that has recently come under our notice is "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister, edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott" (Putnams), and it is almost equally remarkable whether it be regarded as fiction throughout, or as a slightly disguised record of an actual personal experience. If it be fiction, it is a truly wonderful example of sustained imaginative realism; if, on the other hand, it be the record of an actual life, it is in the highest degree touching and pathetic; and in either case it is profoundly interesting as a piercingly vivid and real picture of the mental struggles and sufferings which so many noble minds in our day are compelled to encounter and endure, often with no hope of ever reaching any satisfactory solution of the problems involved. Mark Rutherford, the subject of the autobiography, was born in a small country town in one of the midland shires of England, his parents belonging to the ordinary middle class of well-to-do shopkeepers. They were both rigid Calvinistic Independents whose whole life was adjusted to the Puritanic *régime*, and as their son grew into youth and manhood it seemed perfectly natural, and in fact inevitable, that he should first "experience religion" and then "go into the ministry." Each stage of this predestined career he submissively trod, and on the conclusion of his college course found himself "called" to an Independent chapel in a small town of some seven or eight thousand inhabitants. Unfortunately, during his college life, narrowly limited and guarded as it was, he had caught startling echoes from the great, tumultuous world outside; and even before his ordination he had come to be suspected by his ecclesiastical superiors of not being "quite sound." In truth, almost unconsciously to himself, he had reached a stage of thought which compelled him to eliminate all the non-natural or supernatural elements from the Christian scheme of salvation, and what he was able to expound from the pulpit was

rather a secular morality than a systematized body of theological dogmas. Yet it was not without keen mental anguish that he gave up any of the old recognized beliefs, and for many years he was tormented by vain endeavors to reach some tangible and rational conclusions concerning such questions as death, the future life, and the immortality of the soul. The tragedy of his life was essentially a tragedy of the mind, for the external conditions were ordinary and commonplace as they could well be; and its significance lies in the fact that it symbolizes and portrays so many similar tragedies, that are working themselves out around us every day. As the editor of his autobiography says: "He was emphatically the child of his time—a time of transition, of a time when the earth under our feet rocks and the foundations of everything are shaken, of a time of intense misery to all those who pine to be assured." Of the propriety of publishing the record, the autobiographer himself appears to have been very doubtful; but he thought it might be considered worth preserving because he has observed that it is a consolation to many of us to know that our sufferings are not special and peculiar, but that other people have been tried exactly as we are tried. "Death," he says, "has always been a terror to me, and at times, nay generally, religion and philosophy have been altogether unavailing to mitigate the terror in any way. But it has been a comfort to me to reflect that, whatever death may be, it is the inheritance of the whole human race; that I am not singled out, but shall merely have to pass through what the weakest have had to pass through before me. In the worst of maladies, worst at least to me, those which are hypochondriacal, the healing effect which is produced by the visit of a friend who can simply say, 'I have endured all that' is most marked. So it is not impossible that some few whose experience has been like mine may, by my example, be freed from that sense of solitude which they find so depressing."

AN unobtrusive little book, very modest in its proportions and unpretentious in style, but which throws more light upon the vexed "Indian problem" than reams of the ordinary discussion, is "Among the Sioux of Dakota," by Captain D. C. Poole, of the Twenty-second infantry, U. S. A. (New York: D. Van Nostrand). It contains a plain, unvarnished, and apparently trustworthy record of eighteen months' experience as an Indian agent; and it is noteworthy for the calm impartiality with which the author states and illustrates the conclusions to which his experience led him. Army officers in general are suspected of a tendency to despise the Indians, and to resort on slight provocation to the rough arbitrament of the bullet; but Captain Poole seems to have a sort of respectful sympathy for many of the traits which they display, and he quite obviously regards them as the victims of systematic outrage and bad faith on the part of the whites, whom they are constantly called upon to trust. At the same time he neither entertains nor encourages

any illusions as to the possibility of "civilizing" them. He does not condemn the new policy in so many words, and it is evident that he honestly tried to further it at his own agency; but the facts and experiences which he records can have but one interpretation, and they are significant because free from any preconceived prejudices or antipathies.

On his first arrival at the agency, he found that the civilizing policy had already been inaugurated. "A number of acres had been broken in various parts of the agency ground, and the different plots surrounded by fences, all the work of the Government employees, as an encouraging start for the Indians. Some of these plots were worked by the white men before mentioned, whose squaw wives attracted an endless number of relatives around their homes, only limited by the amount of provisions on hand. The lord of the forest and prairie was often seen watching the process of plowing and cultivation performed by his white relation, as he leaned against the fence or lay on the ground in the shade, as unconcerned a looker-on as could be found—seemingly with no thought of ever being obliged to engage in such a pursuit himself. The formidable array of agricultural implements seemed also to fail to awaken any enthusiasm in the red-man's breast; never in all my subsequent experience did I see one observing the construction of the more intricately contrived machines, nor standing behind a plow (as who has not seen a farmer at a country fair?), holding its handles while turning it from side to side, with a countenance expressive of the longing to see the mellow soil roll away from its polished share." Even when the work had been done for them by the Government employees, they exhibited neither appreciation of it nor desire to profit by it. With great labor and at a heavy cost, one of the cultivated plots had been surrounded with a cedar-post and board fence; but during one of the "blizzards" of the following winter, the agency employees not being sufficiently watchful, the much-admired fence was consumed in the lodge-fires, though there was an abundant supply of wood within less than half a mile. Another experiment was made with one of the chiefs, Swift Bear, who went so far as to say that he wanted a plowed field to himself, with a good house near at hand, where he could sit and watch his corn and potatoes growing, while his people could look on, admire, and perhaps imitate his example. "I took him at his word. A few acres were broken and fenced about on a spot selected by himself, and a comfortable log-house erected as he desired. But it never pleased him. He was no better than the rest, and turned his squaws out to labor, while he made use of his house only by moving his canvas tepee near it. Thus he realized his dreams of being a husbandman." No better success attended the effort to induce them to adopt the habiliments of civilization. On one occasion, in lieu of the customary blankets and calico, a large issue of ready-made clothing was made, consisting of fifteen hundred pairs of pants, the same number of dress-



coats, seven hundred overcoats, and one hundred hats. "The clothing was originally intended for the defenders of our country, but had been turned aside from its purpose and colored a dark blue, thus making a more stylish citizen dress. An Indian in this costume would be far from poorly attired, although no shirts were provided; but it did not come up to his ideas, and he proceeded at once to improve upon it. So the legs of the pants were cut off, making rather poor leggings, and the whole upper part discarded. The overcoats were ripped up and appropriated by the women for making skirts. Some of the young bucks did appear in the dress-coats, with the skirts and sleeves cut off, thus making a sleeveless jacket, the military buttons being replaced by buttons procured from the trader and fastened upon the improvised garment in all directions. The hats were thrown away." This little experiment cost more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and the author can hardly be accused of severity when he remarks that it was "perhaps a misdirected expenditure."

THE new volume of Miss Christina G. Rossetti's poems, "The Pageant and Other Poems" (Roberts), exhibits in a favorable manner all the distinctive qualities of her verse. Not having accepted the theory that music is the chief test and criterion of poetry, her poems are usually more interesting for the thought that underlies or the emotion that suffuses them than for fluency of style or gracefulness of expression. Her meters, indeed, are apt to be broken and irregular, and she rarely resorts to "aliteration's artful aid"; yet the music of her verse, though elusive, is very pleasing to the attentive ear. The principal poem in the present volume, and the one which gives it its title, is a cleverly managed allegory in which the months of the year are personified. It is more plausible and interesting than allegories usually are, and it includes many charming passages. The poems which we have read with most enjoyment, however, are the sonnets, of which the volume contains upward of fifty, "full of love," as sonnets should be, and exceptionally perfect in structure and expression. One series of these is called "a sonnet of sonnets," because it comprises fourteen on the same theme, and is entitled "Monna Innominata." They are worthy to rank with Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Could there be a finer expression of self-abnegating love than this?—

"If there be any one can take my place  
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,  
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe  
I do commend you to that nobler grace,  
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;  
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive  
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,  
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.  
For if I did not love you, it might be  
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;  
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,  
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,  
Your honorable freedom makes me free,  
And you companioned I am not alone."

And there is a wonderfully pathetic touch in the serene dignity of the sonnet which closes the series:

"Youth gone, and beauty gone if ever there  
Dwelt beauty in so poor a face as this;  
Youth gone and beauty, what remains of bliss?  
I will not bind fresh roses in my hair,  
To shame a cheek at best but little fair—  
Leave youth his roses, who can bear a thorn—  
I will not seek for blossoms anywhere,  
Except such common flowers as blow in corn.  
Youth gone and beauty gone, what doth remain?  
The longing of a heart pent up forlorn,  
A silent heart whose silence loves and longs;  
The silence of a heart which sang its songs  
While youth and beauty made a summer morn,  
Silence of love that can not sing again."

A CONCLUSIVE affirmative answer to the query whether "anything strange or funny did ever happen to a missionary" is furnished by the Rev. Hamilton W. Pierson in his "In the Brush, or Old-Time Social, Political, and Religious Life in the Southwest" (Appletons). During the five years prior to 1858 Dr. Pierson acted as agent to the American Bible Society, and in furtherance of its work traveled extensively over the least-visited portion of the Southwest, meeting and associating with a class of people of whose ways of life the outside world has hitherto obtained but rare glimpses, and who have already to a great extent been transformed by the construction of railways and the onward march of civilization. His book belongs to that class, invaluable to the future historian and sociologist, which enables us to see what pioneer and backwoods life in the West really was—what in a measure, and in certain remote sections, it probably is to this day. It is not a fanciful picture, intended merely to amuse, but describes actual personal experiences, and describes them in a way to stimulate thought as well as provoke merriment. A very good idea of the quality and contents of the book has been afforded to readers of the "Journal" by the chapter on "Candidating, or Old-Time Methods and Humors of Office-Seeking in the Southwest," which was reproduced in our September number. Without any very marked powers of picturesque description, and with somewhat too obtrusive a tendency to moralizing, the author has the redeeming qualities of a humorist; and there are few things of their kind in literature that surpass in raciness, realism, and homely vigor, certain of his character-sketches, narratives, and anecdotes. Among the especially good things in the book may be mentioned the chapter on old-time hospitality in the Southwest, the account of the attractions and *modus operandi* of barbecues, some experiences with a candidate in the Brush, and the "skeletons" of some sermons preached by negro and other illiterate preachers. Not least among the amusing features of the volume are the illustrations furnished by Mr. W. L. Sheppard.

IN a portly and well-printed volume of some six hundred and fifty pages Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson has collected upward of three hundred of the

standard and favorite songs of the English-speaking race, arranging them with piano accompaniment, and prefacing them with sketches of the writers and brief histories of the songs ("Our Familiar Songs and Those who Made Them": Henry Holt & Co.). A most catholic taste has been displayed in the selection, and there are very few music-lovers, probably, who will find that their special favorites have been omitted from the volume. It comprises not popular songs merely, nor old songs exclusively, but well-known songs, of various times, and, it must be admitted, of various degrees of merit. "They are songs we have all sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mothers crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspired armies, sustained revolutions, honored the King, made Presidents, and marked historical epochs." In topics the songs may be said to cover nearly every theme of human interest, and they are arranged under the following comprehensive classification: "Songs of Reminiscence," "Songs of Home," "Songs of Exile," "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of Nature," "Songs of Sentiment," "Songs of Hopeless Love," "Songs of Happy Love," "Songs of Plesantry," "Convivial Songs," "Political Songs," "Martial and Patriotic Songs," and "Moral and Religious Songs" (other than hymns, which are not included). A glance at the list of authors, comprising such names as Ben Jonson, Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Allingham, Tannahill, Præd, Procter, Kingsley, Dibdin, Charles Mackay, Allan Cunningham, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Mrs. Hemans, shows that, even as a collection of choice poetry, the volume is of no slight value; and equal care and discrimination seem to have been bestowed upon the selection of the music. The brief biographical and historical sketches prefixed to the songs are more interesting than is generally the case with such work, being written in a remarkably graceful and chatty style, yet containing a great deal of information that has obviously cost the compiler no little painstaking research. Altogether, it is hardly too much to say that a choicer or more thoroughly equipped collection has never before been offered to those who have a fondness for our familiar songs, old and new.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in our review of "A Fool's Errand" we predicted that the remarkable success achieved by that story would encourage the application of a similar treatment to other "burning questions" of the hour. Since then the Indian question has been made the subject of a pathetic and impassioned story; and now, in Mrs. Paddock's tale of the Great Salt Lake, "The Fate of Madame La Tour" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), we have a scathing exposure of the "Mormon system." Sympathizing cordially with Mrs. Paddock's purpose, and recognizing the desirableness of arousing public sentiment against the anomalous state of

things that is permitted to exist in a Territory for which the nation is responsible, we yet are unable to perceive that she has adopted the most promising method of attaining it. She assures us that her heroine is not a creation of fancy, and that the entire story is constructed out of realities existing on every side of her which far surpass in strangeness and romance any fiction that could be invented; and we can only say that, if this be so, it is a pity she did not abjure fiction altogether, and content herself with a plain and exact statement of such well-authenticated facts as have come into her possession during her long residence in Utah. That this would have been more effective than the plan pursued is proved by the book itself; for much the most weighty and convincing portion of her work is the first section of the appendix in which she discusses the last decade of Utah history, chiefly in reply to Mr. George Q. Cannon's article on Mormonism in a recent number of the "North American Review." In direct appeals to the judgment, Mrs. Paddock is a forcible and interesting writer; but in novel-writing success depends upon the power with which the feelings are moved or the sympathies aroused, and here, in the present instance, she fails to meet the requirements of the situation. Her story is unreal, complicated, and dull; and the reader whose interest is awakened at all finds himself better pleased with the Notes than with the narrative. Nevertheless, we hope it will find many readers.

MR. JOHN BARTLETT, whose "Familiar Quotations" is so well known, has compiled what he calls "The Shakespeare Phrase-Book," which he describes as "an index to the phraseology of Shakespeare; a concordance of phrases rather than words." The plan was "to take every sentence from the dramatic works of Shakespeare which contains an important thought, with so much of the text as preserves the sense, and to put each sentence under its principal words, arranged in alphabetical order." It will be seen at once, from this description, the particular service the book is designed to give. It does not include every word, as in a concordance, but only every principal word. Even with this limitation its usefulness is very great. Although each selection is confined to a single line of his page, amounting generally to about two lines of the original, yet the selections in a majority of instances are as full as the searcher for quotations would require, saving in most instances the need of a fuller concordance, and in almost all the necessity of referring to the original passage. Collections of brief selections like this are of value not only to readers, but as an introduction to Shakespeare to young persons who have not read him, for they exhibit in a very striking degree the quality of Shakespeare's style, the flavor of his utterances, and the amazing richness and fullness of his thought. If there is any doubter of the greatness of Shakespeare's genius, an hour or two over this volume would reveal to him the beauty of his workmanship as a literary artist, and scatter his doubts for ever. At the end of the book contrasted

readings are given from the texts of Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White. The volume is published by Little, Brown & Company.

MR. J. BRANDER MATTHEWS has made the study of dramatic literature his specialty, and consequently his volume just issued, entitled "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century" (Scribner's Sons) is eminently trustworthy and authoritative. A history of dramatic literature of the nineteenth century necessarily includes an account of the battle between the Classicists and Romanticists, and probably nothing in literature is more interesting and even dramatic. The contest is one that was only faintly apprehended at the time of its occurrence by the English literary and dramatic world, and it is only by virtue of comparatively recent studies of the French stage that it has been brought fully before English-speaking people. Mr. Matthews retells the story with force and interest, and it is one so strange and fascinating in its various features that it will bear many repetitions. Mr. Matthews has the advantage of being not only a student of dramatic literature, but is learned in the art of the stage itself, and consequently his criticisms are generally trustworthy in regard to plays both as literature and as acting dramas. He has an acute sense of artistic and literary merits, which is really an indispensable qualification for any one who attempts to treat of the French drama, which is equally a question of letters and artistic construction. Mr. Matthews writes pleasantly as well as understandingly, and his book affords no little intellectual pleasure on account of its bright and vivacious style, whether one is much interested in the theme or not. His statements may generally be implicitly relied upon, but in one instance it is our impression that he is in error. He says that a "mutilated and innocuous alteration" of "Camille" was acted here by Miss Davenport, and that later the piece was taken up by Matilda Heron. If our recollections are not at fault, "Camille" was first produced by Miss Heron, and afterward the "mutilated and innocuous alteration" by Miss Davenport was brought out. But this is a small matter. We heartily commend Mr. Matthews's book to every one interested in the French drama, and what subject in all literature has so many interesting features?

It would be an advantage to the future of our country if the young generation, both North and South, should read Mr. J. D. Champlin, Jr.'s "Young Folks' History of the War for the Union," just from the press of Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Champlin has written his history with an evident determination to exclude all partisan passions and prejudices, and to state the causes that led to the struggle with as much fairness and impartiality as possible. The results will not altogether please extremists in either section of the country, but we have seen no history that is so well calculated to remove local misunderstandings and suppress sectional passions; and what could be better placed in the hands of our children

than a book that will teach them to look dispassionately upon all the irritating elements that entered into the great conflict, and lead them to that spirit of charity and breadth of view that are indispensable if North and South are to live on terms of amity in the future? Mr. Champlin's analysis of the growth of the differences between the Northern and Southern States which culminated in the war is very clear, and we believe it to be generally correct. We notice but one error of statement. Describing the manner of the adoption of the Constitution, he says, "It was decided that if nine of the thirteen States should accept the Constitution it should go into force and become the law of the land." This is an error, which is obvious to any one who will consult the Constitution, which declares that "the ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." This is very different from Mr. Champlin's assertion, the direct inference from which is that upon the consent of nine States the Constitution became binding upon all. Nothing, one would suppose, could be easier to understand than the manner of adopting our Constitution, and yet, in nineteen cases out of twenty, speakers and writers, in attempting to explain it, show that they do not understand it. That the people of each State voted simply for its adoption by that State, and not for its adoption by the whole people, and that the action of one State had no relation to the action of any other State singly, or of all the other States collectively, seems to be beyond comprehension, if one may judge by the loose utterances on the subject which come from historians, politicians, and people generally. Mr. Champlin is not clear on this point, but he is commonly very perspicuous, and writes in an agreeable and transparent style. In one instance, in his endeavor to be historically impartial, he employs a term that, to our mind, is distinctly the wrong one. He speaks of the original settlers of the country, North and South, bringing with them "religious prejudices." "Prejudices" is not the word to describe the profound religious *convictions* that animated the men who landed on Plymouth Rock. Generally Mr. Champlin is accurate, and we hope his work will be accepted in American homes in all parts of the country as a just story of the great war.

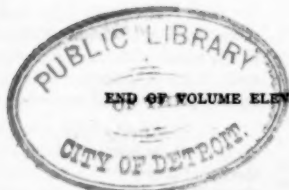
REVIEWING "Wood Magic," the new book by the author of "Wild Life in a Southern County" (Cassells), the "Saturday Review" places its author, in his peculiar field, above even White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton. Indeed, abandoning its customary grudging and hesitating tone, it says:

"No man, living or dead, has written of the country as Mr. Jefferies writes; others, who love to roam over the broad downs of England, through the coppices and along the streams, are mere 'prentice-hands compared with this Doctor—this *Doctor Mirabilis*—of woodcraft. A tree to most of us is a tree, and nothing more; to Mr. Jefferies it is a living, sentient creature, sometimes malevolent and loving mischief, even to the astounding ex-

tent of keeping rotten branches for squirrels to fall from, or to be dropped on the heads of people who sit down beneath them—all the elms in Kensington Gardens which have been cut down were, in fact, punished for being thus 'malice-minded'; sometimes they are kindly and benevolent; a tree is, moreover, the home of innumerable living things; in its branches live smaller creatures, the names and habits and language of whom are known to Mr. Jefferies alone, from the blackbird, the missel-thrush, and the tomtit, down to the little insects in the bark and the very larvae on the leaves. A ditch is to most of us, even the poets, little more than a deep furrow overgrown with bramble, tall grass, wild flowers, and thorn; it is well if we know just enough about plants to be able to tell the names of the lords and ladies, fox-gloves, eyebright, hawkweed, and the rest of the flowers which grow upon its brink. When the Master is there, however, the place becomes full, to his eyes, of the most wonderful and delightful things, the relation of which never tires him who tells or him who listens, and would be, by itself, occupation for the longest life. For what books were ever made large enough for the things which might be written of every animal, every creeping thing, every flower, every blade of grass in that ditch? And when he stands upon the 'Roman Camp' on the top of the hill, the wind whispers to him that great secret of nature, only comprehended beyond the ways of man—the brook down below has already revealed it to him—that 'there never was a yesterday, and there never will be to-morrow, and it is all one long to-day.' He is like Solomon, because it has been given to him to speak with understanding of trees, and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things. And if by the 'sons of Mahol' we may understand other botanists, observers, naturalists, entomologists, bird-men, flower-, wood-, and tree-men, then is Mr. Jefferies doubly like the wise king, for he is wiser than all of them."

VERY useful for the student or art-lover, who has not the time for the more elaborate or the means to purchase the more costly treatises, is "A Short History of Art," by Julia B. de Forest (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Following for the most part Lübke's well-known history and other standard works, it gives in the most compact possible form the leading facts in the history of art from the time of the Egyptians to the present day, with brief accounts of the principal schools and the most influential artists. Its illustrations are noteworthy for copiousness and excellence, and the volume also contains a number of

highly useful chronological tables.—A new volume (the sixth) in "Appletons' Home Books," is "Household Hints," by Emma Whitcomb Babcock, the aim of which is to help the young housekeeper who comes to her new duties without much preparation and with no one to advise or assist her; and contains hints and suggestions the value of which the author herself has learned, as she assures us, "through experiences not always sweet."—The Messrs. Putnam are evidently convinced that the public has become interested in the High North. Besides Mr. Frank Vincent's book, noticed last month, they have just published "The Story of a Scandinavian Summer," by Katharine E. Tyler, comprising sketches of travel in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, written in an easy and chatty style.—From the same publishers we have a monograph on "Bacon," by Professor Thomas Fowler, of Oxford University, forming a volume in the series of "English Philosophers"; an elaborately illustrated little treatise on "The Human Figure," by Henry Warren, forming a highly useful addition to "Putnam's Art Hand-Books," edited by Mrs. Susan N. Carter; and Mr. W. Fraser Rae's book entitled "Newfoundland to Manitoba," describing journeys through Canada's maritime, mining, and prairie provinces, and provided with maps and illustrations.—From Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York) we have Rev. E. P. Roe's long-expected novel, "Without a Home," upon which he assures us that he has bestowed more labor than upon any of his books that has preceded it. Besides the story, it contains an interesting preface, telling how the author came to be a novelist, and what view he takes of his work.—The same publishers send us "Mildred and Elsie," a story for girls, by Martha Finley (Martha Farquharson), author of the well-known "Elsie Books."—Another story for girls, handsomely printed and illustrated, is "Dr. Gilbert's Daughters," by Margaret Harriet Mathews (Porter & Coates).—"Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany," by Thomas and Katharine Macquoid (Putnams), is a very neatly printed volume of some three hundred and twenty pages, with thirty-four illustrations, many of them full-page.—From Roberts Brothers we have a dainty little collection of descriptive essays and stories by Mrs. Sarah O. Jewett, entitled "Country By-ways."—From White & Stokes, New York, we are in receipt of "Esau Harding: a Novel of American Life," by William O. Stoddard, author of "The Heart of It" and other books, and of many telling stories and sketches in the magazines. Mr. Stoddard writes of our own people and times, depicting for the most part homely phases of life, and he writes in a vivid, dramatic style.





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